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From the Keepsake.

MY AUNT MARGARET'S MIRROR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

"There are times
When Fancy plays her gambols, in despite
Even of our watchful senses, when in sooth
Substance seems shadow, shadow substance seems,
When the broad, palpable, and mark'd partition
'Twixt that which is and is not, seems dissolved,
As if the mental eye gain'd power to gaze
Beyond the limits of the existing world.
Such hours of shadowy dreams I better love
Than all the gross realities of life."—*Anonymous.*

My Aunt Margaret was one of that respected sisterhood, upon whom devolve all the trouble and solicitude incidental to the possession of children, excepting only that which attends their entrance into the world. We were a large family, of very different dispositions and constitutions. Some were dull and peevish—they were sent to Aunt Margaret to be amused; some were rude, romping, and boisterous—they were sent to Aunt Margaret to be kept quiet, or rather, that their noise might be removed out of hearing: those who were indisposed were sent with the prospect of being nursed—those who were stubborn, with the hope of their being subdued by the kindness of Aunt Margaret's discipline: in short, she had all the various duties of a mother, without the credit and dignity of the maternal character. The busy scene of her various cares is now over—of the invalids and the robust, the kind and the rough, the peevish and pleased children who thronged her little parlour from morning to night, not one now remains alive but myself; who, afflicted by early infirmity, was one of the most delicate of her nurselings, yet, nevertheless, have outlived them all.

It is still my custom, and shall be so while I have the use of my limbs, to visit my respected relation at least three times a week. Her abode is about half a mile from the suburbs of the town in which I reside; and is accessible, not only by the high road, from which it stands at some distance, but by means of a green-sward foot-path, leading through some pretty meadows. I have so little left to torment me in life, that it is one of my greatest vexations to know that several of these sequestered fields have been devoted as sites for building. In that which is nearest the town, wheel-barrows have been at work for several weeks in such numbers, that, I verily believe, its whole surface, to the depth of at least eighteen inches,

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was mounted in these monotrochs at the same moment, and in the act of being transported from one place to another. Huge triangular piles of planks are also reared in different parts of the devoted messuage; and a little group of trees, that still grace the eastern end, which rises in a gentle ascent, have just received warning to quit, expressed by a daub of white paint, and are to give place to a curious grove of chimneys.

It would, perhaps, hurt others in my situation to reflect that this little range of pasture once belonged to my father (whose family was of some consideration in the world), and was sold by patches to remedy distresses in which he involved himself in an attempt by commercial adventure to redeem his diminished fortune. While the building scheme was in full operation, this circumstance was often pointed out to me by the class of friends who are anxious that no part of your misfortunes should escape your observation. "Such pasture ground!—lying at the very town's end—in turnips and potatoes, the packs would bring £20 per acre, and if leased for building—O, it was a gold mine!—And all sold for an old song out of the ancient possessor's hands." My comforters cannot bring me to repine much on this subject. If I could be allowed to look back on the past without interruption, I could willingly give up the enjoyment of present income, and the hope of future profit, to those who have purchased what my father sold. I regret the alteration of the ground only because it destroys associations, and I would more willingly (I think) see the Earl's Closes in the hands of strangers, retaining their sylvan appearance, than know them for my own, if torn up by agriculture, or covered with buildings. Mine are the sensations of poor Logan:

"The horrid plough has razed the green
Where yet a child I stray'd;
The axe has fell'd the hawthorn screen,
The schoolboy's summer shade."

I hope, however, the threatened devastation will not be consummated in my day. Although the adventurous spirit of times short while since passed gave rise to the undertaking, I have been encouraged to think, that the subsequent changes have so far damped the spirit of speculation, that the rest of the woodland foot-path leading to Aunt Margaret's retreat will be left undisturbed for her time and mine. I

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am interested in this, for every step of the way, after I have passed through the green already mentioned, has for me something of early remembrance:—There is the stile at which I can recollect a cross child's maid upbraiding me with my infirmity, as she lifted me coarsely and carelessly over the flinty steps, which my brothers traversed with shout and bound. I remember the suppressed bitterness of the moment, and, conscious of my own inferiority, the feeling of envy with which I regarded the easy movements and elastic steps of my more happily formed brethren. Alas! these goodly barks have all perished on life's wide ocean, and only that which seemed so little sea-worthy, as the naval phrase goes, has reached the port when the tempest is over. Then there is the pool where, manœuvring our little navy, constructed out of the broad water-flags, my elder brother fell in, and was scarce saved from the watery element, to die under Nelson's banner. There is the hazel copse, also, in which my brother Henry used to gather nuts; thinking little that he was to die in an Indian jungle in quest of rupees.

There is so much more of remembrance about the little walk, that,—as I stop, rest on my crutch-headed cane, and look round with that species of comparison between the thing I was and that which I now am,—it almost induces me to doubt my own identity; until I find myself in face of the honeysuckle porch of Aunt Margaret's dwelling, with its irregularity of front, and its odd projecting latticed windows; where the workmen seem to have made a study that no one of them should resemble another, in form, size, or in the old-fashioned stone entablature, and labels, which adorn them. This tenement, once the manor-house of Earl's Closes, we still retain a slight hold upon; for, in some family arrangements, it had been settled upon Aunt Margaret during the term of her life. Upon this frail tenure depends, in a great measure, the last shadow of the family of Bothwell of Earl's Closes, and their last slight connexion with their paternal inheritance. The only representative will then be an infirm old man, moving not unwillingly to the grave, which has devoured all that were dear to his affections.

When I have indulged such thoughts for a minute or two, I enter the mansion, which is said to have been the gatehouse only of the original building, and find one being on whom time seems to have made little impression; for the Aunt Margaret of to-day bears the same proportional age to the Aunt Margaret of my early youth, that the boy of ten years old does to the man of (by'r Lady!) some fifty-six years. The old lady's invariable costume has doubtless some share in confirming one in the opinion, that time has stood still with Aunt Margaret.

The brown or chocolate-coloured silk gown, with ruffles of the same stuff at the elbow, within which are others of Mechlin lace—the black-silk gloves, or mitts, the white hair combed back upon a roll, and the cap of spotless cambric, which closes around the venerable countenance, as they were not the costume of 1780, so neither were they that of 1826; they are altogether a style peculiar to the in-

dividual Aunt Margaret. There she still sits, as she sat thirty years since, with her wheel or the stocking, which she works by the fire in winter, and by the window in summer; or, perhaps, venturing as far as the porch in an unusually fine summer evening. Her frame, like some well constructed piece of mechanics, still performs the operations for which it had seemed destined; going its round with an activity which is gradually diminished, yet indicating no probability that it will soon come to a period.

The solicitude and affection which had made Aunt Margaret the willing slave to the inflictions of a whole nursery have now for their object the health and comfort of one old and infirm man; the last remaining relative of her family, and the only one who can still find interest in the traditional stores which she hoards; as some miser hides the gold which he desires that no one should enjoy after his death.

My conversation with Aunt Margaret generally relates little either to the present or to the future: for the passing day we possess as much as we require, and we neither of us wish for more; and for that which is to follow we have on this side of the grave neither hopes, nor fears, nor anxiety. We therefore naturally look back to the past; and forget the present fallen fortunes and declined importance of our family, in recalling the hours when it was wealthy and prosperous.

With this slight introduction, the reader will know as much of Aunt Margaret and her nephew as is necessary to comprehend the following conversation and narrative.

Last week, when, late in a summer evening, I went to call on the old lady to whom my reader is now introduced, I was received by her with all her usual affection and benignity; while, at the same time, she seemed abstracted and disposed to silence. I asked her the reason. "They have been clearing out the old chapel," she said; "John Clayhudgeon's having, it seems, discovered that the stuff within,—being, I suppose, the remains of our ancestors,—was excellent for top-dressing the meadows."

Here I started up with more alacrity than I have displayed for some years; but sat down while my aunt added, laying her hand upon my sleeve, "The chapel has been long considered as common ground, my dear, and used for a penfold, and what objection can we have to the man for employing what is his own, to his own profit? Besides, I did speak to him, and he very readily and civilly promised, that, if he found bones or monuments, they should be carefully respected and reinstated; and what more could I ask? So, the first stone they found bore the name of Margaret Bothwell, 1585, and I have caused it to be laid carefully aside, as I think it betokens death; and having served my namesake two hundred years, it has just been cast up in time to do me the same good turn. My house has been long put in order, as far as the small earthly concerns require it, but who shall say that their account with heaven is sufficiently revised?"

"After what you have said, aunt," I replied, "perhaps I ought to take my hat and go away,

and so I should, but that there is on this occasion a little alloy mingled with your devotion. To think of death at all times is a duty—to suppose it nearer from the finding an old grave-stone is superstition; and you, with your strong useful common sense, which was so long the prop of a fallen family, are the last person whom I should have suspected of such weakness."

"Neither would I deserve your suspicions, kinsman," answered Aunt Margaret, "if we were speaking of any incident occurring in the actual business of human life. But for all this, I have a sense of superstition about me, which I do not wish to part with. It is a feeling which separates me from this age, and links me with that to which I am hastening; and even when it seems, as now, to lead me to the brink of the grave, and bids me gaze on it, I do not love that it should be dispelled. It soothes my imagination, without influencing my reason or conduct."

"I profess, my good lady," replied I, "that had any one but you made such a declaration, I should have thought it as capricious as that of the clergyman, who, without vindicating his false reading, preferred from habit's sake, his old Mumpsimus to the modern Sumpsimus."

"Well," answered my aunt, "I must explain my inconsistency in this particular, by comparing it to another. I am, as you know, a piece of that old-fashioned thing called a Jacobite; but I am so in sentiment and feeling only; for a more loyal subject never joined in prayers for the health and wealth of George the Fourth, whom God long preserve! But I dare say that kind hearted Sovereign would not deem that an old woman did him much injury, if she leaned back in her arm-chair, just in such a twilight as this, and thought of the high-mettled men, whose sense of duty called them to arms against his grandfather; and how, in a cause which they deemed that of their rightful prince and country—

'They fought till their hand to the broadsword was glued,
They fought against fortune with hearts un-
subdued.'

Do not come at such a moment, when my head is full of plaids, pibrochs, and claymores, and ask my reason to admit what, I am afraid, it cannot deny,—I mean, that the public advantage peremptorily demanded that these things should cease to exist. I cannot, indeed, refuse to allow the justice of your reasoning; but yet, being convinced against my will, you will gain little by your motion. You might as well read to an infatuated lover the catalogue of his mistress's imperfections; for, when he has been compelled to listen to the summary, you will only get for answer, that, 'he lo'es her a' the better.'"

I was not sorry to have changed the gloomy train of Aunt Margaret's thoughts, and replied in the same tone, "Well, I can't help being persuaded that our good king is the more sure of Mrs. Bothwell's loyal affection, that he has the Stuart right of birth, as well as the Act of Succession, in his favour."

"Perhaps my attachment, were its source of consequence, might be found warmer for the

union of the rights you mention," said Aunt Margaret; "but, upon my word, it would be as sincere if the King's right were founded only on the will of the nation, as declared at the Revolution. I am none of your *jure divino* folks."

"And a Jacobite notwithstanding."

"And a Jacobite notwithstanding; or rather, I will give you leave to call me one of the party, which, in Queen Anne's time, were called *Whimsicals*; because they were sometimes operated upon by feelings, sometimes by principle. After all, it is very hard that you will not allow an old woman to be as inconsistent in her political sentiments, as mankind in general show themselves in all the various courses of life; since you cannot point out one of them, in which the passions and prejudices of those who pursue it are not perpetually carrying us away from the path which our reason points out."

"True, aunt; but you are a wilful wanderer, who should be forced back into the right path."

"Spare me, I entreat you," replied Aunt Margaret. "You remember the Gaelic song, though I dare say I mispronounce the words—

'Hatil mohatil, na dowski mi.'

'I am asleep, do not waken me.'

I tell you, kinsman, that the sort of waking dreams which my imagination spins out, in what your favourite Wordsworth calls 'moods of my own mind,' are worth all the rest of my more active days. Then, instead of looking forwards, as I did in youth, and forming for myself fairy palaces, upon the verge of the grave, I turn my eyes backward upon the days, and manners, of my better time; and the sad, yet soothing recollections, come so close and interesting, that I almost think it sacrilege to be wiser or more rational, or less prejudiced, than those to whom I looked up in my younger years."

"I think I now understand what you mean," I answered, "and can comprehend why you should occasionally prefer the twilight of illusion to the steady light of reason."

"Where there is no task," she rejoined, "to be performed, we may sit in the dark if we like it—if we go to work, we must ring for candles."

"And amidst such shadowy and doubtful light," continued I, "imagination frames her enchanted and enchanting visions, and sometimes passes them upon the senses for reality."

"Yes," said Aunt Margaret, who is a well-read woman, "to those who resemble the translator of Tasso,

'Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung.'

It is not required for this purpose, that you should be sensible of the painful horrors, which an actual belief in such prodigies inflicts—such a belief, now-a-days, belongs only to fools and children. It is not necessary, that your ears should tingle, and your complexion change, like that of Theodore, at the approach of the spectral huntsman. All that is indispensable for the enjoyment of the milder feeling of supernatural awe is, that you should be susceptible of the slight shuddering which creeps over you, when you hear a tale of terror—that well-

vouched tale which the narrator, having first expressed his general disbelief of all such legendary lore, selects and produces, as having something in it which he has been always obliged to give up as inexplicable. Another symptom is, a momentary hesitation to look round you, when the interest of the narrative is at the highest; and the third, a desire to avoid looking into a mirror, when you are alone, in your chamber, for the evening. I mean such are signs which indicate the crisis, when a female imagination is in due temperature to enjoy a ghost story. I do not pretend to describe those which express the same disposition in a gentleman."

"That last symptom, dear aunt, of shunning the mirror, seems likely to be a rare occurrence amongst the fair sex."

"You are a novice in toilette fashions, my dear cousin. All women consult the looking-glass with anxiety, before they go into company; but when they return home, the mirror has not the same charm. The die has been cast—the party has been successful or unsuccessful, in the impression which she desired to make. But, without going deeper into the mysteries of the dressing-table, I will tell you that I, myself, like many other honest folks, do not like to see the blank black front of a large mirror in a room dimly lighted, and where the reflection of the candle seems rather to lose itself in the deep obscurity of the glass, than to be reflected back again into the apartment. That space of inky darkness seems to be a field for Fancy to play her revels in. She may call up other features to meet us, instead of the reflection of our own; or, as in the spells of Hallowe'en, which we learned in childhood, some unknown form may be seen peeping over our shoulder. In short, when I am in a ghost-seeing humour, I make my hand-maiden draw the green curtains over the mirror, before I go into the room, so that she may have the first shock of the apparition, if there be any to be seen. But to tell you the truth, this dislike to look into a mirror in particular times and places has, I believe, its original foundation in a story, which came to me by tradition from my grandmother, who was a party concerned in the scene of which I will now tell you."

THE MIRROR.—CHAPTER I.

You are fond (said my aunt) of sketches of the society which has passed away. I wish I could describe to you Sir Philip Forester, the "Chartered Libertine" of Scottish good company, about the end of the last century. I never saw him, indeed, but my mother's traditions were full of his wit, gallantry, and dissipation. This gay knight flourished about the end of the 17th and beginning of the 18th century. He was the Sir Charles Easy and the Lovelace of his day and country: renowned for the number of duels he had fought, and the successful intrigues which he had carried on. The supremacy which he had attained in the fashionable world was absolute; and when we combine it with one or two anecdotes, for which, "if laws were made for every degree," he ought certainly to have been hanged, the popularity of such a person really serves to

show, either, that the present times are much more decent, if not more virtuous, than they formerly were; or, that high breeding then was of more difficult attainment than that which is now so called; and, consequently, entitled the successful professor to a proportional degree of plenary indulgences and privileges. No beau of this day could have borne out so ugly a story as that of Pretty Peggy Grindstone, the miller's daughter at Sillemills—it had well nigh made work for the Lord Advocate. But it hurt Sir Philip Forester no more than the hail hurts the hearth-stone. He was as well received in society as ever, and dined with the Duke of A—the day the poor girl was buried. She died of heart break. But that has nothing to do with my story.

Now, you must listen to a single word upon kith, kin, and ally; I promise you I will not be prolix. But it is necessary to the authenticity of my legend, that you should know that Sir Philip Forester, with his handsome person, elegant accomplishments, and fashionable manners, married the younger Miss Falconer, of King's-Copland. The elder sister of this lady had previously become the wife of my grandfather, Sir Geoffrey Bothwell, and brought into our family a good fortune. Miss Jemima, or Miss Jemmie Falconer, as she was usually called, had also about ten thousand pounds sterling; then thought a very handsome portion indeed.

The two sisters were extremely different, though each had their admirers while they remained single. Lady Bothwell had some touch of the old King's-Copland blood about her. She was bold, though not to the degree of audacity: ambitious, and desirous to raise her house and family; and was, as has been said, a considerable spur to my grandfather, who was otherwise an indolent man; but whom, unless he has been slandered, his lady's influence involved in some political matters which had been more wisely left alone. She was a woman of high principle, however, and masculine good sense, as some of her letters testify, which are still in my wainscot cabinet.

Jemmie Falconer was the reverse of her sister in every respect. Her understanding did not reach above the ordinary pitch, if, indeed, she could be said to have attained it. Her beauty, while it lasted, consisted, in a great measure, of delicacy of complexion and regularity of features, without any peculiar force of expression. Even these charms faded under the sufferings attendant on an ill-sorted match. She was passionately attached to her husband, by whom she was treated with a callous, yet polite, indifference; which, to one whose heart was as tender as her judgment was weak, was more painful perhaps than absolute ill-usage. Sir Philip was a voluptuary, that is, a completely selfish egotist; whose disposition and character resembled the rapier he wore, polished, keen and brilliant, but inflexible and unyielding. As he observed carefully all the usual forms towards his lady, he had the art to deprive her even of the compassion of the world; and useless and unavailing as that may be while actually possessed by the sufferer, it is, to a mind like Lady Forester's, most painful to know she has it not.

The tattle of society did its best to place the peccant husband above the suffering wife. Some called her a poor spiritless thing, and declared, that with a little of her sister's spirit, she might have brought to reason any Sir Philip whatsoever, were it the termagant Falconbridge himself. But the greater part of their acquaintance affected candour, and saw faults on both sides; though, in fact, there only existed the oppressor and the oppressed. The tone of such critics was—"To be sure, no one will justify Sir Philip Forester, but then we all know Sir Philip, and Jemie Falconer might have known what she had to expect from the beginning.—What made her set her cap at Sir Philip?—He would never have looked at her if she had not thrown herself at his head, with her poor ten thousand pounds. I am sure, if it is money he wanted, she spoiled his market. I know where Sir Philip could have done much better.—And then, if she *would* have the man, could not she try to make him more comfortable at home, and have his friends oftener, and not plague him with the squalling children, and take care all was handsome and in good style about the house? I declare I think Sir Philip would have made a very domestic man, with a woman who knew how to manage him."

Now these fair critics, in raising their profound edifice of domestic felicity, did not recollect that the corner-stone was wanting; and that to receive good company with good cheer, the means of the banquet ought to have been furnished by Sir Philip; whose income (dilapidated as it was) was not equal to the display of the hospitality required, and at the same time to the supply of the good knight's *menus plaisirs*. So, in spite of all that was so sagely suggested by female friends, Sir Philip carried his good humour every where abroad, and left at home a solitary mansion, and a pining spouse.

At length, inconvenienced in his money affairs, and tired even of the short time which he spent in his own dull house, Sir Philip Forester determined to take a trip to the continent, in the capacity of a volunteer. It was then common for men of fashion to do so; and our knight perhaps was of opinion that a touch of the military character, just enough to exalt, but not render pedantic, his qualities as a *beau garçon*, was necessary to maintain possession of the elevated situation which he held in the ranks of fashion.

Sir Philip's resolution threw his wife into agonies of terror; by which the worthy baronet was so much annoyed, that, contrary to his wont, he took some trouble to soothe her apprehensions; and once more brought her to shed tears, in which sorrow was not altogether unmingled with pleasure. Lady Bothwell asked, as a favour, Sir Philip's permission to receive her sister and her family into her own house during his absence on the continent. Sir Philip readily assented to a proposition which saved expense, silenced the foolish people who might have talked of a deserted wife and family, and gratified Lady Bothwell; for whom he felt some respect, as for one who often spoke to him, always with freedom, and sometimes with severity, without

being deterred either by his railloiry, or the *prestige* of his reputation.

A day or two before Sir Philip's departure, Lady Bothwell took the liberty of asking him, in her sister's presence, the direct question, which his timid wife had often desired, but never ventured to put to him.

"Pray, Sir Philip, what route do you take when you reach the continent?"

"I go from Leith to Helvoet by a packet with advices."

"That I comprehend perfectly," said Lady Bothwell drily; "but you do not mean to remain long at Helvoet, I presume, and I should like to know what is your next object?"

"You ask me, my dear lady," answered Sir Philip, "a question which I have not dared to ask myself. The answer depends on the fate of war. I shall, of course, go to head-quarters, wherever they may happen to be for the time; deliver my letters of introduction; learn as much of the noble art of war as may suffice a poor interloping amateur; and then take a glance at the sort of thing of which we read so much in the Gazette."

"And I trust, Sir Philip," said Lady Bothwell, "that you will remember that you are a husband and a father; and that though you think fit to indulge this military fancy, you will not let it hurry you into dangers which it is certainly unnecessary for any save professional persons to encounter."

"Lady Bothwell does me too much honour," replied the adventurous knight, "in regarding such a circumstance with the slightest interest. But to soothe your flattering anxiety, I trust your ladyship will recollect, that I cannot expose to hazard the venerable and paternal character which you so obligingly recommend to my protection, without putting in some peril an honest fellow, called Philip Forester, with whom I have kept company for thirty years, and with whom, though some folks consider him a coxcomb, I have not the least desire to part."

"Well, Sir Philip, you are the best judge of your own affairs; I have little right to interfere—you are not my husband."

"God forbid!"—said Sir Philip hastily; instantly adding, however, "God forbid that I should deprive my friend Sir Geoffrey of so inestimable a treasure."

"But you are my sister's husband," replied the lady; "and I suppose you are aware of her present distress of mind—"

"If hearing of nothing else from morning to night can make me aware of it," said Sir Philip, "I should know something of the matter."

"I do not pretend to reply to your wit, Sir Philip," answered Lady Bothwell; "but you must be sensible that all this distress is on account of apprehensions for your personal safety."

"In that case, I am surprised that Lady Bothwell, at least, should give herself so much trouble upon so insignificant a subject."

"My sister's interest may account for my being anxious to learn something of Sir Philip Forester's motions; about which otherwise, I know, he would not wish me to concern

myself: I have a brother's safety to be anxious for."

"You mean Major Falconer, your brother by the mother's side—What can he possibly have to do with our present agreeable conversation?"

"You have had words together, Sir Philip," said Lady Bothwell.

"Naturally; we are connexions," replied Sir Philip, "and as such have always had the usual intercourse."

"That is an evasion of the subject," answered the lady. "By words, I mean angry words, on the subject of your usage of your wife."

"If," replied Sir Philip Forester, "you suppose Major Falconer simple enough to intrude his advice upon me, Lady Bothwell, in my domestic matters, you are indeed warranted in believing that I might possibly be so far displeased with the interference, as to request him to reserve his advice till it was asked."

"And being on these terms, you are going to join the very army in which my brother Falconer is now serving."

"No man knows the path of honour better than Major Falconer," said Sir Philip. "An aspirant after fame, like me, cannot choose a better guide than his footsteps."

Lady Bothwell rose and went to the window, the tears gushing from her eyes.

"And this heartless railery," she said, "is all the consideration that is to be given to our apprehensions of a quarrel which may bring on the most terrible consequences? Good God! of what can men's hearts be made, who can thus dally with the agony of others?"

Sir Philip Forester was moved; he laid aside the mocking tone in which he had hitherto spoken.

"Dear Lady Bothwell," he said, taking her reluctant hand, "we are both wrong:—you are too deeply serious; I, perhaps, too little so. The dispute I had with Major Falconer was of no earthly consequence. Had any thing occurred betwixt us that ought to have been settled *par voie du fait*, as we say in France, neither of us are persons that are likely to postpone such a meeting. Permit me to say, that, were it generally known that you or my Lady Forester are apprehensive of such a catastrophe, it might be the very means of bringing about what would not otherwise be likely to happen. I know your good sense, Lady Bothwell, and that you will understand me when I say, that really my affairs require my absence for some months;—this *Jemima* cannot understand; it is a perpetual recurrence of questions, why can you not do this, or that, or the third thing; and when you have proved to her that her expedients are totally ineffectual, you have just to begin the whole round again. Now, do you tell her, dear Lady Bothwell, that you are satisfied. She is, you must confess, one of those persons with whom authority goes farther than reasoning. Do but repose a little confidence in me, and you shall see how amply I will repay it."

Lady Bothwell shook her head, as one but half satisfied. "How difficult it is to extend confidence, when the basis on which it ought

to rest has been so much shaken! But I will do my best to make *Jemima* easy; and farther, I can only say, that for keeping your present purpose I hold you responsible both to God and man."

"Do not fear that I will deceive you," said Sir Philip; "the safest conveyance to me will be through the general post-office, Helvoetsluis, where I will take care to leave orders for forwarding my letters. As for Falconer, our only encounter will be over a bottle of Burgundy; so make yourself perfectly easy on his score."

Lady Bothwell could not make herself easy; yet she was sensible that her sister hurt her own cause by *taking on*, as the maid servants call it, too vehemently; and by showing before every stranger, by manner, and sometimes by words also, a dissatisfaction with her husband's journey, that was sure to come to his ears, and equally certain to displease him. But there was no help for this domestic dissension, which ended only with the day of separation.

I am sorry I cannot tell, with precision, the year in which Sir Philip Forester went over to Flanders; but it was one of those in which the campaign opened with extraordinary fury; and many bloody, though indecisive, skirmishes were fought between the French on the one side, and the allies on the other. In all our modern improvements there are none, perhaps, greater than in the accuracy and speed with which intelligence is transmitted from any scene of action to those in this country whom it may concern. During Marlborough's campaigns, the sufferings of the many who had relations in, or along with, the army were greatly augmented by the suspense in which they were detained for weeks, after they had heard of bloody battles, in which, in all probability, those for whom their bosoms throbbed with anxiety had been personally engaged. Amongst those who were most agonized by this state of uncertainty was the, I had almost said deserted, wife of the gay Sir Philip Forester. A single letter had informed her of his arrival on the continent—no others were received. One notice occurred in the newspapers, in which Volunteer Sir Philip Forester was mentioned as having been intrusted with a dangerous reconnaissance, which he had executed with the greatest courage, dexterity, and intelligence, and received the thanks of the commanding officer. The sense of his having acquired distinction brought a momentary glow into the lady's pale cheek; but it was instantly lost in ashen whiteness at the recollection of his danger. After this they had no news whatever, neither from Sir Philip, nor even from their brother Falconer. The case of Lady Forester was not indeed different from that of hundreds in the same situation; but a feeble mind is necessarily an irritable one, and the suspense which some bear with constitutional indifference or philosophical resignation, and some with a disposition to believe and hope the best, was intolerable to Lady Forester, at once solitary and sensitive, low-spirited, and devoid of strength of mind, whether natural or acquired.

CHAPTER II.

As she received no further news of Sir Philip, whether directly or indirectly, his unfortunate lady began now to feel a sort of consolation, even in those careless habits which had so often given her pain. "He is so thoughtless," she repeated a hundred times a day to her sister, "he never writes when things are going on smoothly; it is his way: had any thing happened he would have informed us."

Lady Bothwell listened to her sister without attempting to console her. Probably she might be of opinion, that even the worst intelligence which could be received from Flanders might not be without some touch of consolation; and that the Dowager Lady Forester, if so she was doomed to be called, might have a source of happiness unknown to the wife of the gayest and finest gentleman in Scotland. This conviction became stronger as they learned from inquiries made at head-quarters, that Sir Philip was no longer with the army; though whether he had been taken or slain in some of those skirmishes which were perpetually occurring, and in which he loved to distinguish himself, or whether he had, for some unknown reason or capricious change of mind, voluntarily left the service, none of his countrymen in the camp of the allies could form even a conjecture. Meantime his creditors at home became clamorous, entered into possession of his property, and threatened his person, should he be rash enough to return to Scotland. These additional disadvantages aggravated Lady Bothwell's displeasure against the fugitive husband; while her sister saw nothing in any of them, save what tended to increase her grief for the absence of him whom her imagination now represented,—as it had before marriage,—gallant, gay, and affectionate.

About this period there appeared in Edinburgh a man of singular appearance and pretensions. He was commonly called the Paduan Doctor, from having received his education at that famous university. He was supposed to possess some rare receipts in medicine, with which, it was affirmed, he had wrought remarkable cures. But though, on the one hand, the physicians of Edinburgh termed him an empiric, there were many persons, and among them some of the clergy, who, while they admitted the truth of the cures and the force of his remedies, alleged that Doctor Baptista Damiotti made use of charms and unlawful arts in order to obtain success in his practice. The resorting to him was even solemnly preached against, as a seeking of health from idols, and a trusting to the help which was to come from Egypt. But the protection which the Paduan doctor received from some friends of interest and consequence enabled him to set these imputations at defiance, and to assume, even in the city of Edinburgh, famed as it was for abhorrence of witches, and necromancers, the dangerous character of an expounder of futurity. It was at length rumoured, that, for a certain gratification, which of course was not an inconsiderable one, Doctor Baptista Damiotti could tell the fate of the absent, and even show his visitors the personal form of their absent friends, and

the action in which they were engaged at the moment. This rumour came to the ears of Lady Forester, who had reached that pitch of mental agony in which the sufferer will do any thing, or endure any thing, that suspense may be converted into certainty.

Gentle and timid in most cases, her state of mind made her equally obstinate and reckless, and it was with no small surprise and alarm that her sister, Lady Bothwell, heard her express a resolution to visit this man of art, and learn from him the fate of her husband. Lady Bothwell remonstrated on the improbability that such pretensions as those of this foreigner could be founded in any thing but imposture.

"I care not," said the deserted wife, "what degree of ridicule I may incur: if there be any one chance out of a hundred that I may obtain some certainty of my husband's fate, I would not miss that chance for whatever else the world can offer me."

Lady Bothwell next urged the unlawfulness of resorting to such sources of forbidden knowledge.

"Sister," replied the sufferer, "he who is dying of thirst cannot refrain from drinking even poisoned water. She who suffers under suspense, must seek information, even were the powers which offer it unhallowed and infernal. I go to learn my fate alone; and this very evening will I know it: the sun that rises to-morrow shall find me, if not more happy, at least more resigned."

"Sister," said Lady Bothwell, "if you are determined upon this wild step, you shall not go alone. If this man be an impostor, you may be too much agitated by your feelings to detect his villany. If, which I cannot believe, there be any truth in what he pretends, you shall not be exposed alone to a communication of so extraordinary a nature. I will go with you, if indeed you determine to go. But yet reconsider your project, and renounce inquiries which cannot be prosecuted without guilt, and perhaps without danger."

Lady Forester threw herself into her sister's arms, and, clasping her to her bosom, thanked her a hundred times for the offer of her company; while she declined with a melancholy gesture the friendly advice with which it was accompanied.

When the hour of twilight arrived,—which was the period when the Paduan doctor was understood to receive the visits of those who came to consult with him,—the two ladies left their apartments in the Canongate of Edinburgh, having their dress arranged like that of women of an inferior description, and their plaids disposed around their faces as they were worn by the same class; for, in those days of aristocracy, the quality of the wearer was generally indicated by the manner in which her plaid was disposed, as well as by the fineness of its texture. It was Lady Bothwell who had suggested this species of disguise, partly to avoid observation as they should go to the conjuror's house, and partly in order to make trial of his penetration, by appearing before him in a feigned character. Lady Forester's servant, of tried fidelity, had been employed by her to propitiate the doctor by a suitable fee, and a story intimating that a sol-

dier's wife desired to know the fate of her husband; a subject upon which, in all probability, the sage was very frequently consulted.

To the last moment, when the palace clock struck eight, Lady Bothwell earnestly watched her sister, in hopes that she might retreat from her rash undertaking; but as mildness, and even timidity, is capable at times of vehemence and fixed purposes, she found Lady Forester resolutely unmoved and determined when the moment of departure arrived. Ill satisfied with the expedition, but determined not to leave her sister at such a crisis, Lady Bothwell accompanied Lady Forester through more than one obscure street and lane, the servant walking before and acting as their guide. At length he suddenly turned into a narrow court, and knocked at an arched door, which seemed to belong to a building of some antiquity. It opened, though no one appeared to act as porter; and the servant stepping aside from the entrance, motioned the ladies to enter. They had no sooner done so, than it shut, and excluded their guide. The two ladies found themselves in a small vestibule, illuminated by a dim lamp, and having, when the door was closed, no communication with the external light or air. The door of an inner apartment, partly open, was at the further side of the vestibule.

"We must not hesitate now, *Jemima*," said Lady Bothwell, and walked forwards into the inner room, where, surrounded by books, maps, philosophical utensils, and other implements of peculiar shape and appearance, they found the man of art.

There was nothing very peculiar in the Italian's appearance. He had the dark complexion and marked features of his country, seemed about fifty years old, and was handsomely, but plainly, dressed in a full suit of black clothes, which was then the universal costume of the medical profession. Large wax lights, in silver sconces, illuminated the apartment, which was reasonably furnished. He rose as the ladies entered; and, notwithstanding the inferiority of their dress, received them with the marked respect due to their quality, and which foreigners are usually punctilious in rendering to those to whom such honours are due.

Lady Bothwell endeavoured to maintain her proposed incognito; and as the doctor ushered them to the upper end of the room, made a motion declining his courtesy, as unfitted for their condition. "We are poor people, sir," she said; "only my sister's distress has brought us to consult your worship whether—"

He smiled as he interrupted her—"I am aware, madam, of your sister's distress, and its cause; I am aware, also, that I am honoured with a visit from two ladies of the highest consideration—Lady Bothwell and Lady Forester. If I could not distinguish them from the class of society which their present dress would indicate, there would be small possibility of my being able to gratify them by giving the information which they came to seek."

"I can easily understand," said Lady Bothwell—

"Pardon my boldness to interrupt you, *mi-lady*," cried the Italian; "your ladyship was

about to say, that you could easily understand that I had got possession of your names by means of your domestic. But in thinking so, you do injustice to the fidelity of your servant, and I may add, to the skill of one who is also not less your humble servant—Baptista Damiotti."

"I have no intention to do either, sir," said Lady Bothwell, maintaining a tone of composure, though somewhat surprised, "but the situation is something new to me. If you know who we are, you also know, sir, what brought us here."

"Curiosity to know the fate of a Scottish gentleman of rank, now, or lately, upon the continent," answered the seer; "his name is *Il Cavaliere Philippo Forester*; a gentleman who has the honour to be husband to this lady, and, with your ladyship's permission for using plain language, the misfortune not to value as it deserves that inestimable advantage."

Lady Forester sighed deeply, and Lady Bothwell replied—

"Since you know our object without our telling it, the only question that remains is, whether you have the power to relieve my sister's anxiety."

"I have, madam," answered the Paduan scholar; "but there is still a previous inquiry. Have you the courage to behold with your own eyes what the *Cavaliere Philippo Forester* is now doing? or will you take it on my report?"

"That question my sister must answer for herself," said Lady Bothwell.

"With my own eyes will I endure to see whatever you have power to show me," said Lady Forester, with the same determined spirit which had stimulated her since her resolution was taken upon this subject.

"There may be danger in it."

"If gold can compensate the risk," said Lady Forester, taking out her purse.

"I do not such things for the purpose of gain," answered the foreigner. "I dare not turn my art to such a purpose. If I take the gold of the wealthy, it is but to bestow it on the poor; nor do I ever accept more than the sum I have already received from your servant. Put up your purse, madam; an adept needs not your gold."

Lady Bothwell, considering this rejection of her sister's offer as a mere trick of an empiric, to induce her to press a larger sum upon him, and willing that the scene should be commenced and ended, offered some gold in turn, observing that it was only to enlarge the sphere of his charity.

"Let Lady Bothwell enlarge the sphere of her own charity," said the Paduan, "not merely in giving of alms, in which I know she is not deficient, but in judging the character of others; and let her oblige Baptista Damiotti by believing him honest till she shall discover him to be a knave. Do not be surprised, madam, if I speak in answer to your thoughts rather than your expressions, and tell me once more whether you have courage to look on what I am prepared to show?"

"I own sir," said Lady Bothwell, "that your words strike me with some sense of fear; but whatever my sister desires to witness I will not shrink from witnessing along with her."

"Nay, the danger only consists in the risk of your resolution failing you. The sight can only last for the space of seven minutes; and should you interrupt the vision by speaking a single word, not only would the charm be broken, but some danger might result to the spectators. But if you can remain steadily silent for the seven minutes, your curiosity will be gratified without the slightest risk; and for this I will engage my honour."

Internally Lady Bothwell thought the security was but an indifferent one: but she suppressed the suspicion, as if she had believed that the adept, whose dark features wore a half-formed smile, could in reality read even her most secret reflections. A solemn pause then ensued, until Lady Forester gathered courage enough to reply to the physician, as he termed himself, that she would abide with firmness and silence the sight which he had promised to exhibit to them. Upon this, he made them a low obeisance, and saying he went to prepare matters to meet their wish, left the apartment. The two sisters, hand in hand, as if seeking by that close union to divert any danger which might threaten them, sat down on two seats in immediate contact with each other: Jemima seeking support in the manly and habitual courage of Lady Bothwell; and she, on the other hand, more agitated than she had expected, endeavouring to fortify herself by the desperate resolution which circumstances had forced her sister to assume. The one perhaps said to herself, that her sister never feared any thing; and the other might reflect, that what so feeble a minded woman as Jemima did not fear, could not properly be a subject of apprehension to a person of firmness and resolution like her own.

In a few moments the thoughts of both were diverted from their own situation, by a strain of music so singularly sweet and solemn, that, while it seemed calculated to avert or dispel any feeling unconnected with its harmony, increased at the same time, the solemn excitation which the preceding interview was calculated to produce. The music was that of some instrument with which they were unacquainted; but circumstances afterwards led my ancestress to believe that it was that of the harmonica, which she heard at a much later period in life.

When these heaven-born sounds had ceased a door opened in the upper end of the apartment, and they saw Damotti, standing at the head of two or three steps, sign to them to advance. His dress was so different from that which he had worn a few minutes before, that they could hardly recognise him; and the deadly paleness of his countenance, and a certain stern rigidity of muscles, like that of one whose mind is made up to some strange and daring action, had totally changed the somewhat sarcastic expression with which he had previously regarded them both, and particularly Lady Bothwell. He was barefooted, excepting a species of sandals in the antique fashion: his legs were naked beneath the knee; above them he wore hose, and a doublet of dark crimson silk close to his body; and over that a flowing loose robe, something resembling a surplice, of snow-white linen; his throat and neck were

uncovered, and his long, straight, black hair was carefully combed down at full length.

As the ladies approached at his bidding, he showed no gesture of that ceremonious courtesy of which he had been formerly lavish. On the contrary, he made the signal of advance with an air of command; and when, arm in arm, and with insecure steps, the sisters approached the spot where he stood, it was with a warning from that he pressed his finger to his lips, as if reiterating his condition of absolute silence, while, stalking before them, he led the way into the next apartment.

This was a large room, hung with black, as if for a funeral. At the upper end was a table, or rather a species of altar, covered with the same lugubrious colour, on which lay divers objects resembling the usual implements of sorcery. These objects were not indeed visible as they advanced into the apartment; for the light which displayed them, being only that of two expiring lamps, was extremely faint.—The master—to use the Italian phrase for persons of this description—approached the upper end of the room, with a genuflexion like that of a Catholic to the crucifix, and at the same time crossed himself. The ladies followed in silence and arm in arm. Two or three low broad steps led to a platform in front of the altar, or what resembled such. Here the sage took his stand, and placed the ladies beside him, once more earnestly repeating by signs his injunctions of silence. The Italian then, extending his bare arm from under his linen vestment, pointed with his fore-finger to five large flambeaux, or torches, placed on each side of the altar. They took fire successively at the approach of his hand, or rather of his finger, and spread a strong light through the room. By this the visitors could discern that, on the seeming altar, were disposed two naked swords laid crosswise: a large open book, which they conceived to be a copy of the Holy Scriptures, but in a language to them unknown; and beside this mysterious volume was placed a human skull. But what struck the sisters most was a very tall and broad mirror, which occupied all the space behind the altar, and, illumined by the lighted torches, reflected the mysterious articles which were laid upon it.

The master then placed himself between the two ladies, and, pointing to the mirror, took each by the hand, but without speaking a syllable. They gazed intently on the polished and sable space to which he had directed their attention. Suddenly the surface assumed a new and singular appearance. It no longer simply reflected the objects placed before it, but, as if it had self-contained scenery of its own, objects began to appear within it, at first in a disorderly, indistinct, and miscellaneous manner, like form arranging itself out of chaos; at length, in distinct and defined shape and symmetry. It was thus that after some shifting of light and darkness over the face of the wonderful glass, a long perspective of arches and columns began to arrange itself on its sides, and a vaulted roof on the upper part of it; till, after many oscillations, the whole vision gained a fixed and stationary appearance, representing the interior of a foreign church. The pillars were stately, and hung with scutcheons; the arches were

lofly and magnificent; the floor was lettered with funeral inscriptions. But there were no separate shrines, no images, no display of chalice or crucifix on the altar. It was, therefore, a Protestant church upon the continent. A clergyman dressed in the Geneva gown and band stood by the communion-table, and, with the Bible opened before him, and his clerk awaiting in the back ground, seemed prepared to perform some service of the church to which he belonged.

At length, there entered the middle aisle of the building a numerous party, which appeared to be a bridal one, as a lady and gentleman walked first, hand in hand, followed by a large concourse of persons of both sexes, gaily, nay, richly, attired. The bride, whose features they could distinctly see, seemed not more than sixteen years old, and extremely beautiful. The bridegroom, for some seconds, moved rather with his shoulder towards them, and his face averted; but his elegance of form and step struck the sisters at once with the same apprehension. As he turned his face suddenly, it was frightfully realised, and they saw, in the gay bridegroom before them, Sir Philip Forester. His wife uttered an imperfect exclamation, at the sound of which the whole scene stirred and seemed to separate.

"I could compare it to nothing," said Lady Bothwell while recounting the wonderful tale, "but to the dispersion of the reflection offered by a deep and calm pool, when a stone is suddenly cast into it, and the shadows become dissipated and broken." The master pressed both the ladies' hands severally, as if to remind them of their promise, and of the danger which they incurred. The exclamation died away on Lady Forester's tongue, without attaining perfect utterance, and the scene in the glass, after the fluctuation of a minute, again resumed to the eye its former appearance of a real scene, existing within the mirror, as if represented in a picture, save that the figures were moveable instead of being stationary.

The representation of Sir Philip Forester, now distinctly visible in form and feature, was seen to lead on towards the clergyman that beautiful girl, who advanced at once with diffidence and with a species of affectionate pride. In the mean time, and just as the clergyman had arranged the bridal company before him, and seemed about to commence the service, another group of persons, of whom two or three were officers, entered the church. They moved, at first, forward, as though they came to witness the bridal ceremony, but suddenly one of the officers, whose back was towards the spectators, detached himself from his companions, and rushed hastily towards the marriage party; when the whole of them turned towards him, as if attracted by some exclamation which had accompanied his advance. Suddenly the intruder drew his sword; the bridegroom unsheathed his own, and made towards him; swords were also drawn by other individuals, both of the marriage party, and of those who had last entered. They fell into a sort of confusion, the clergyman and some elder and some graver persons, labouring apparently to keep the peace, while the hotter spirits on both sides brandished their weapons. But now, the period

of the brief space during which the soothsayer, as he pretended, was permitted to exhibit his art, was arrived. The fumes again mixed together, and dissolved gradually from observation; the vaults and columns of the church rolled asunder, and disappeared; and the front of the mirror reflected nothing save the blazing torches, and the melancholy apparatus placed on the altar or table before it.

The doctor led the ladies, who greatly required his support, into the apartment from whence they came; where wine, essences, and other means of restoring suspended animation had been provided during his absence. He motioned them to chairs, which they occupied in silence; Lady Forester, in particular wringing her hands, and casting her eyes up to heaven, but without speaking a word, as if the spell had been still before her eyes.

"And what we have seen is even now acting?" said Lady Bothwell, collecting herself with difficulty.

"That," answered Baptista Damiotti, "I cannot justly, or with certainty, say. But it is either now acting, or has been acted, during a short space before this. It is the last remarkable transaction in which the Cavalier Forester has been engaged."

Lady Bothwell then expressed anxiety concerning her sister, whose altered countenance, and apparent unconsciousness of what passed around her, excited her apprehensions how it might be possible to convey her home.

"I have prepared for that," answered the adept; "I have directed the servant to bring your equipage as near to this place as the narrowness of the street will permit. Fear not for your sister; but give her, when you return home, this composing draught, and she will be better to-morrow morning. Few," he added, in a melancholy tone, "leave this house as well in health as they entered it. Such being the consequence of seeking knowledge by mysterious means, I leave you to judge the condition of those who have the power of gratifying such irregular curiosity. Farewell, and forget not the potion."

"I will give her nothing that comes from you," said Lady Bothwell; "I have seen enough of your art already. Perhaps you would poison us both to conceal your own necromancy. But we are persons who want neither the means of making our wrongs known, nor the assistance of friends to right them."

"You have had no wrongs from me, madam," said the adept. "You sought one who is little grateful for such honour. He seeks no one, and only gives responses to those who invite and call upon him. After all, you have but learned a little sooner the evil which you must still be doomed to endure. I hear your servant's step at the door, and will detain your ladyship and Lady Forester no longer. The next packet from the continent will explain what you have already partly witnessed. Let it not, if I may advise, pass too suddenly into your sister's hands."

So saying, he bid Lady Bothwell good night. She went, lighted by the adept, to the vestibule, where he hastily threw a black cloak over

his singular dress, and opening the door, entrusted his visitors to the care of the servant. It was with difficulty that Lady Bothwell sustained her sister to the carriage, though it was only twenty steps distant. When they arrived at home, Lady Forester required medical assistance. The physician of the family attended, and shook his head on feeling her pulse.

"Here has been," he said, "a violent and sudden shock on the nerves. I must know how it has happened."

Lady Bothwell admitted they had visited the conjuror, and that Lady Forester had received some bad news respecting her husband, Sir Philip.

"That rascally quack would make my fortune were he to stay in Edinburgh," said the graduate; "this is the seventh nervous case I have heard of his making for me, and all by effect of terror." He next examined the composing draught which Lady Bothwell had unconsciously brought in her hand, tasted it, and pronounced it very germain to the matter, and what would save an application to the apothecary. He then paused, and looking at Lady Bothwell very significantly, at length added, "I suppose I must not ask your ladyship any thing about this Italian warlock's proceedings?"

"Indeed, doctor," answered Lady Bothwell, "I consider what passed as confidential; and though the man may be a rogue, yet, as we were fools enough to consult him, we should, I think, be honest enough to keep his counsel."

"May be a knave—come," said the doctor, "I am glad to hear your ladyship allows such a possibility in any thing that comes from Italy."

"What comes from Italy may be as good as what comes from Hanover, doctor. But you and I will remain good friends, and that it may be so, we will say nothing of whig and tory."

"Not I," said the doctor, receiving his fee; and taking his hat, "a Carolus serves my purpose as well as a Willielmus. But I should like to know why old Lady Saint Ringans, and all that set, go about wasting their decayed lungs in puffing this foreign fellow."

"Ay—you had best set him down a Jesuit, as Scrub says." On these terms they parted.

The poor patient—whose nerves, from an extraordinary state of tension, had at length become relaxed in as extraordinary a degree—continued to struggle with a sort of imbecility, the growth of superstitious terror, when the shocking tidings were brought from Holland, which fulfilled even her worst expectations.

They were sent by the celebrated Earl of Stair, and contained the melancholy event of a duel betwixt Sir Philip Forester, and his wife's half-brother, Captain Falconer, of the Scotch-Dutch, as they were then called, in which the latter had been killed. The cause of quarrel rendered the incident still more shocking. It seemed that Sir Philip had left the army suddenly, in consequence of being unable to pay a very considerable sum, which he had lost to another volunteer at play. He had changed his name, and taken up his residence at Rotterdam, where he had insinuated himself into the good graces of an ancient and

rich burgomaster, and by his handsome person and graceful manners captivated the affections of his only child, a very young person of great beauty, and the heiress of much wealth. Delighted with the specious attractions of his proposed son-in-law, the wealthy merchant—whose idea of the British character was too high to admit of his taking any precaution to acquire evidence of his condition and circumstances—gave his consent to the marriage. It was about to be celebrated in the principal church of the city, when it was interrupted by a singular occurrence.

Captain Falconer having been detached to Rotterdam to bring up a part of the brigade of Scottish auxiliaries, who were in quarters there, a person of consideration in the town, to whom he had been formerly known, proposed to him for amusement to go to the high church, to see a countryman of his own married to the daughter of a wealthy burgomaster. Captain Falconer went accordingly, accompanied by his Dutch acquaintance, with a party of his friends, and two or three officers of the Scotch brigade. His astonishment may be conceived when he saw his own brother-in-law, a married man, on the point of leading to the altar the innocent and beautiful creature, upon whom he was about to practise a base and unmanly deceit. He proclaimed his villany on the spot, and the marriage was interrupted of course. But against the opinion of more thinking men, who considered Sir Philip Forester as having thrown himself out of the rank of men of honour, Captain Falconer admitted him to the privileges of such, accepted a challenge from him, and in the encounter received a mortal wound. Such are the ways of Heaven, mysterious in our eyes. Lady Forester never recovered the shock of this dismal intelligence.

"And did this tragedy," said I, "take place exactly at the time when the scene in the mirror was exhibited?"

"It is hard to be obliged to maim one's story," answered my aunt; "but to speak the truth, it happened some days sooner than the apparition was exhibited."

"And so there remained a possibility," said I, "that by some secret and speedy communication the artist might have received early intelligence of that incident."

"The incredulous pretended so," replied my aunt.

"What became of the adept?" demanded I.

"Why, a warrant came down shortly afterwards to arrest him for high-treason, as an agent of the Chevalier St. George; and Lady Bothwell recollecting the hints which had escaped the doctor, an ardent friend of the Protestant succession, did then call to remembrance, that this man was chiefly *prone* among the ancient matrons of her own political persuasion. It certainly seemed probable that intelligence from the continent, which could easily have been transmitted by an active and powerful agent, might have enabled him to prepare such a scene of phantasmagoria as she had herself witnessed. Yet there were so many difficulties in assigning a natural explanation, that, to the day of her death, she remained in great doubt

on the subject, and much disposed to cut the Gordian knot by admitting the existence of supernatural agency."

"But my dear aunt," said I, "what became of the man of skill?"

"Oh, he was too good a fortune-teller not to be able to foresee that his own destiny would be tragical if he waited the arrival of a man with the silver greyhound upon his sleeve. He made, as we say, a moonlight flitting, and was no where to be seen or heard of. Some noise there was about papers or letters found in the house, but it died away, and Doctor Baptista Damiotti was soon as little talked of as Galen or Hippocrates."

"And Sir Philip Forester," said I, "did he too vanish for ever from the public scene?"

"No," replied my kind informer. "He was heard of once more, and it was upon a remarkable occasion. It is said that we Scots, when there was such a nation in existence, have, among our full peck of virtues, one or two little barleycorns of vice. In particular, it is alleged that we rarely forgive, and never forget, any injuries received; that we used to make an idol of our resentment, as poor Lady Constance did of her grief: and are addicted, as Burns says, to 'nursing our wrath to keep it warm.' Lady Bothwell was not without this feeling; and, I believe, nothing whatever, scarce the restoration of the Stuart line, could have happened so delicious to her feelings as an opportunity of being revenged on Sir Philip Forester for the deep and double injury which had deprived her of a sister and of a brother. But nothing of him was heard or known till many a year had passed away."

"At length—it was on a Fastern's E'en (Shrovetide) assembly, at which the whole fashion of Edinburgh attended, full and frequent, and when Lady Bothwell had a seat amongst the lady patronesses, that one of the attendants on the company whispered into her ear, that a gentleman wished to speak with her in private."

"In private? and in an assembly-room?—he must be mad—tell him to call upon me to-morrow morning."

"I said so, my lady," answered the man, "but he desired me to give you this paper."

She undid the billet, which was curiously folded and sealed. It only bore the words, "*On business of life and death,*" written in a hand which she had never seen before. Suddenly it occurred to her that it might concern the safety of some of her political friends: she therefore followed the messenger to a small apartment where the refreshments were prepared, and from which the general company was excluded. She found an old man, who at her approach rose up and bowed profoundly. His appearance indicated a broken constitution, and his dress, though sedulously rendered conforming to the etiquette of a ball-room, was worn and tarnished, and hung in folds about his emaciated person. Lady Bothwell was about to feel for her purse, expecting to get rid of the supplicant at the expense of a little money, but some fear of a mistake arrested her purpose. She therefore gave the man leisure to explain himself.

"I have the honour to speak with the Lady Bothwell?"

"I am Lady Bothwell; allow me to say that this is no time or place for long explanations.—What are your commands with me?"

"Your ladyship," said the old man, "had once a sister."

"True; whom I loved as my own soul."

"And a brother."

"The bravest, the kindest, the most affectionate," said Lady Bothwell.

"Both these beloved relatives you lost by the fault of an unfortunate man," continued the stranger.

"By the crime of an unnatural, bloody-minded murderer," said the lady.

"I am answered," replied the old man, bowing, as if to withdraw.

"Stop, sir, I command you," said Lady Bothwell.—"Who are you, that, at such a place and time, come to recal these horrible recollections? I insist upon knowing."

"I am one who means Lady Bothwell no injury; but, on the contrary, to offer her the means of doing a deed of Christian charity which the world would wonder at, and which Heaven would reward; but I find her in no temper for such a sacrifice as I was prepared to ask."

"Speak out, sir; what is your meaning?" said Lady Bothwell.

"The wretch that has wronged you so deeply," rejoined the stranger, "is now on his deathbed. His days have been days of misery, his nights have been sleepless hours of anguish—yet he cannot die without your forgiveness. His life has been an unrelenting penance—yet he dares not part from his burthen while your curses load his soul."

"Tell him," said Lady Bothwell sternly, "to ask pardon of that Being whom he has so greatly offended; not of an erring mortal like himself. What could my forgiveness avail him?"

"Much," answered the old man. "It will be an earnest of that which he may then venture to ask from his Creator, lady, and from yours. Remember, Lady Bothwell, you too have a deathbed to look forward to; your soul may, all human souls must, feel the awe of facing the judgment-seat, with the wounds of an untended conscience, raw, and rankling—what thought would it be then that should whisper, 'I have given no mercy, how then shall I ask it?'"

"Man, whosoever thou mayest be," replied Lady Bothwell, "urge me not so cruelly. It would be but blasphemous hypocrisy to utter with my lips the words which every throb of my heart protests against. They would open the earth and give to light the wasted form of my sister—the bloody form of my murdered brother.—Forgive him?—Never, never!"

"Great God!" cried the old man, holding up his hands; "is it thus the worms which thou hast called out of dust obey the commands of their Maker? Farewell, proud and unforgiving woman. Exult that thou hast added to a death in want and pain the agonies of religious despair; but never again mock Heaven by petitioning for the pardon which thou hast refused to grant."

He was turning from her.
"Stop," she exclaimed; "I will try; yes, I will try to pardon him."

"Gracious lady," said the old man, "you will relieve the overburdened soul which dare not sever itself from its sinful companion of earth without being at peace with you. What do I know—your forgiveness may perhaps preserve for penitence the dregs of a wretched life."

"Ha!" said the lady, as a sudden light broke on her, "it is the villain himself." And grasping Sir Philip Forester, for it was he, and no other, by the collar, she raised a cry of "Murder, murder! seize the murderer!"

At an exclamation so singular, in such a place, the company thronged into the apartment, but Sir Philip Forester was no longer there. He had forcibly extricated himself from Lady Bothwell's hold, and had run out of the apartment which opened on the landing-place of the stair. There seemed no escape in that direction, for there were several persons coming up the steps, and others descending. But the unfortunate man was desperate. He threw himself over the balustrade, and alighted safely in the lobby, though a leap of fifteen feet at least, then dashed into the street, and was lost in darkness. Some of the Bothwell family made pursuit, and had they come up with the fugitive they might have perhaps slain him; for in those days men's blood ran warm in their veins. But the police did not interfere; the matter most criminal having happened long since, and in a foreign land. Indeed it was always thought that this extraordinary scene originated in a hypothetical experiment, by which Sir Philip desired to ascertain whether he might return to his native country in safety from the resentment of a family which he had injured so deeply. As the result fell out so contrary to his wishes, he is believed to have returned to the continent, and there died in exile. So closed the tale of the MYSTERIOUS MIRROR.

From the London Weekly Review.

THE LITERARY REMAINS OF THE LATE HENRY NEELE, *Author of the "Romance of History," &c. &c. consisting of Lectures on English Poetry, Tales, and other Miscellaneous Pieces, in Prose and Verse. Post 8vo. London. 1829. Smith, Elder and Co.*

THIS work will be read with a melancholy interest by all who were acquainted with the late unfortunate author. Mr. Neele, we have understood from various quarters, was highly esteemed in private life, and we can speak from our own knowledge of his literary success. There is scarcely a periodical in London that has not received assistance from his pen; and the works which he published in a collected form were very favourably received. His "Romance of History" was his last and most popular production. The volume before us contains his hitherto unpublished Lectures on English Poetry, which were delivered at the Museum.—VOL. XIV.

Russell Institution, and were well attended. We cannot, however, affirm that they are likely to add much to the writer's reputation, as they are very slight and undigested. Nothing, for instance, could have been more absurd and unphilosophical than commencing a series of Lectures upon Poetry, with the remark that poetry was "a mere superfluity and ornament." This, too, from a poet who should have felt the divinity and power of his art, is altogether inexcusable and surprising. As some of the Lake school had anatomised the poetry of Gray, and pronounced him to be no poet, Mr. Neele has echoed their audacious absurdities, and designated the author of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," a mere "verse constructor." We have no doubt whatever, if Mr. Neele had lived to edit these Lectures himself, and reflect upon what he had said and written, that these inconsistencies would have been avoided, and their general style and arrangement materially improved. We may reasonably come to this conclusion, from observing the great superiority of those articles in the book, which were published during the author's life-time, over those which are now brought forward for the first time, "with all their imperfections on their heads." The story of the "Magician's Visitor," which was originally printed in the "Forget-Me-Not," and many other pieces in prose and verse, that have been collected from various periodicals, and now form a large portion of the present volume, reflect the greatest honour on the author's talents. In fact, independent of the interest justly felt by many in every thing connected with the memory of the amiable and talented being who has so lately left us, the book has great and numerous attractions; and we sincerely hope it may meet with an extensive sale. We shall present our readers with two or three specimens of the poetry, which is generally extremely tender, elegant, and harmonious.

THE CRUSADERS' SONG.

"Remember the Holy Sepulchre."

Forget the land which gave ye birth;
Forget the womb that bore ye;
Forget each much-loved spot of earth;
Forget each dream of glory;
Forget the friends that by your side,
Stood firm as rocks unbroken;
Forget the late affianced Bride,
And every dear love token;
Forget the hope that in each breast
Glow'd like a smould'ring ember;
But still the Holy Sepulchre,
Remember! Oh remember!

Remember all the vows ye've sworn
At holy Becket's Altar;
Remember all the ills ye've borne,
And scorn'd to shrink or falter;
Remember every laurel'd field,
Which saw the Crescent waving;
Remember when compell'd to yield,
Uncounted numbers braving:
Remember these, remember too
The cause ye strive for, ever;
The Cross! the Holy Sepulchre!
Forget,—forget them never!
No. 81.—S

By Him who in that Sepulchre
Was laid in Death's cold keeping;
By Her who bore, who rear'd him, Her
Who by that Cross sat weeping;
By those whose blood so oft has cried
Revenge for souls unshriven!
By those whose sacred precepts guide
The path to yonder Heaven!
From youth to age, from morn to eve,
From Spring-tide to December;
The Holy Sepulchre of Christ,
Remember! Oh remember!

A SERENADE.

Wake, Lady! wake! the midnight Moon
Sails through the cloudless skies of June;
The Stars gaze sweetly on the stream,
Which in the brightness of their beam,
One sheet of glory lies;
The glow-worm lends its little light,
And all that's beautiful and bright
Is shining on our world to-night
Save thy bright eyes.

Wake, Lady! wake! the nightingale
Tells to the Moon her love-lorn tale;
Now doth the brook that's hush'd by day,
As through the vale she winds her way,
In murmurs sweet rejoice;
The leaves by the soft night-wind stirr'd,
Are whispering many a gentle word,
And all Earth's sweetest sounds are heard,
Save thy sweet voice.

Wake, Lady! wake! thy lover waits,
Thy steed stands saddled at the gates;
Here is a garment rich and rare,
To wrap thee from the cold night-air;
Th' appointed hour is flown.
Danger and doubt have vanish'd quite,
Our way before lies clear and right,
And all is ready for the flight,
Save thou alone!

Wake, Lady! wake! I have a wreath
Thy broad fair brow should rise beneath;
I have a ring that must not shine
On any finger, Love! but thine;
I've kept my plighted vow;
Beneath thy casement here I stand,
To lead thee by thine own white hand,
Far from this dull and captive strand,
But where art thou?

Wake Lady! wake! She wakes! she wakes!
Through the green mead her course she takes;
And now her lover's arms enfold
A prize more precious far than gold,
Blushing like morning's ray;
Now mount thy palfrey, Maiden kind!
Nor pause to cast one look behind,
But swifter than the viewless wind,
Away! away!

STANZAS.

Suns will set, and moons will wane,
Yet they rise and wax again;
Trees, that Winter's storms subdue,
Their leafy livery renew;
Ebb and flow is Ocean's lot;
But Man lies down and rises not:
Heaven and Earth shall pass away,
Ere shall wake his slumbering clay!

Vessels but to havens steer;
Paths denote a resting near;
Rivers flow into the main;
Ice-falls rest upon the plain;
The final end of all is known;
Man to darkness goes alone:
Cloud, and doubt, and mystery,
Hide his future destiny.

Nile, whose waves their boundaries burst,
Slakes the torrid desert's thirst;
Dew, descending on the hills,
Life in Nature's veins instils;
Showers, that on the parch'd meads fall,
Their faded loveliness recall;
Man alone sheds tears of pain,
Weeps, but ever weeps in vain!

The volume extends to above 540 pages, and is adorned with a portrait of the author.

From the London Weekly Review.

THE PROTESTANT, A TALE OF THE
REIGN OF QUEEN MARY. *By the Author of "De Foix," "The White Hoods," &c.*
3 vols. 12mo. London. 1828. Colburn.

IN relating the actions of two contending religious parties, whether historically or in fiction, it is the paramount duty of the writer to avoid even the semblance of prejudice. The author of the volumes before us has fallen, perhaps unwittingly, into the besetting sin of most polemical writers,—attributing all good and amiable qualities to her own sect, and clothing her religious enemies with every odious and frightful attribute. Although, for our own part, we are no admirers of the Catholic religion, we do think it possible that some of its members may have a little more of the milk of human kindness than the author of "The Protestant" would allow them. The time she has chosen to write about was certainly a dreadful one; but the crimes even of that period may be exaggerated. Characters, too, by having only their dark side exhibited, appear monstrous and unnatural, which, properly painted, would seem perfectly conceivable. Does the writer expect that the reader will believe in the existence of such a wretch as Harpsfield? The following is a sample of his doings,—the worst, perhaps that could be chosen, but it will give the reader a tolerably correct idea of his amiable disposition.

"Harpsfield immediately went into the room which Thornton had just quitted, and was about to shut the door, but Lawyer Cluny, who was that moment returned, came in and told him, that he had safely deposited Owen Wilford, according to the Archdeacon's directions, in a dungeon of Canterbury Castle.

"May God be with my poor father!" said Rose, 'as He has promised to be with those who trust in Him. May He give him strength to bear the burthen He has suffered to be laid on His faithful servant!'

"You should have given your father better counsel, if you desired to save him," observed Harpsfield. 'But I see you are like to follow

his steps.—Look upon me,' continued the Archdeacon; 'do you fear me?'

"Far less than I fear the man who has just left the room," replied Rose, "and who sent you to me. For I know you hate me, but he professed to love me."

"Harpfield now stood glaring with his fierce eyes upon Rose, whilst a savage exultation overspread his horrid features. 'I see you will burn, you naughty harlot,' said he, 'for I know your faith; but I will put you to the trial.—Here,' he continued, as he drew forth a small cross from under his gown,—here, kneel down before that; declare that you believe his Holiness of Rome to be God's vicar here on earth; kiss the cross, or I will make you suffer.'

"I will worship no graven image," replied Rose, "and I will acknowledge no power on earth that has not its warrant in the written Word of God."

"I see she will burn," said Cluny, who was still present: 'that's a clear case,—her own words are evidence.'

"I will prove her," cried Harpfield; 'she will cry loud enough, ay, and disclaim her faith too, if a flame should but touch the end of her little finger.'

"I will not, as God shall judge me," said Rose.

"I have almost a mind to try," continued Harpfield.

"Do so," replied Rose, 'put me to the proof; and if I once so far forget myself, to raise my voice against my Maker, hold my faith for falsehood.'

"By the rood, I will make thee cry out then, and that lustily," said Harpfield; 'I will prove the harlot; and he took the candle out of her hand.'

"Holy Virgin,—surely you would not," ejaculated Cluny.

"Peace, you knave," said Harpfield; 'I will prove the heretic by a fiery test!' And with these words, he seized Rose by the arm, and holding her fast by the wrist in his inhuman grasp, with his other hand he held the flaming candle under her little palm, and let the fire do its work.

"Rose stood perfectly still, holding the pitcher in her left hand,—for it was the right which Harpfield had submitted to the torture. She never spoke, not a sigh escaped her lips; but, raising her eyes upward, she seemed mentally to invoke the support of Providence. This done, she bent her head a little, fixed her eye on the ferocious Harpfield, and stood with a noble constancy and an unchanged mien in deep silence, enduring the burning flame. Not a nerve in her body appeared to be shaken; for, though the pitcher of water that she held in her left hand was full, not a drop of it fell to the ground."

"Cluny, even Cluny, turned aside his head, as if ashamed to witness the scene; and Harpfield, who had gone through the whole catalogue of tortures as an executioner, was astonished at such firmness of spirit."

"At length the sinews of her hand, that were withered by the flame, cracked, and burst asunder. Rose only turned her eyes for a moment and looked upon her hand. Awe-struck,

confounded, and even abashed by her magnanimity, Harpfield dashed the candle on the ground, uttered a horrid oath, and walked towards the lower end of the room."

"Have you done with me?" said Rose.

"Yes, woman, angel, or devil,—for I know not what you are," cried Harpfield; 'for something more or less than human you must be.'

"I may retire then," said Rose, "and beg some one in the house for charity to look to my hurt. And my poor mother will be wanting the water."

"Allow me, Archdeacon," said Cluny to Harpfield, "to beg old Martha, who has some knowledge how to treat accidents of this kind, to attend to the poor damsel's hurt."

"Do what you will," cried Harpfield; 'I care not what you do.'

"Cluny offered to assist Rose, in leading her out of the room,—for she still held the pitcher in the only hand of which she now retained the use; and, turning to Harpfield, she said, as she paused a moment before she passed the door, 'this little quantity of water will, I trust, cool the thirst of fever. But not all the rivers of the earth could quench thy thirst, cruel man, for blood. This withered hand,' she added, and raised it as she spoke, 'shall write thy name in the book of perdition, unless it is stayed by thy repentance. May God touch your heart, and forgive you, for it is Him you have offended!'"
vol. ii. p. 111—116.

Rose Wilford is almost too much of a heroine in this case; as we do not think it altogether natural that a young woman should exhibit so much fortitude in the midst of such agonies. But, notwithstanding, she is a sweet character, retiring and timid in every thing but what relates to her religion and her parents. The greatest fault we find in the book is, that there is no relief—all is affliction, darkness, and horror. Some particular scenes, however, are very powerfully described, and in spite of their shocking and repulsive nature, do great credit to the writer's talents. Of all the characters depicted in the novel, we like the Protestant himself the best. Though determined to suffer rather than compromise with his persecutors, and sternly daring them to do their worst, the feelings of a father and a husband break forth and overcome him for a moment. His brief interviews with his family are extremely affecting, and impress us with a very favourable idea of the writer. Of the Catholics there is only one that has the least touch of human feeling in him, and he is weak, and suffers himself to be guided by an artful and unprincipled priest, almost to the destruction of his only child. As the most agreeable specimen of the author's abilities, we select the scene at the stake;—not the whole of it, for we have not space enough to spare, but the concluding portion, which is also the best. To render this extract intelligible, it will perhaps be necessary to observe, that the Protestant is brought to the stake, accompanied by his son and daughter, who are determined to perform the dreadful duty of attending him in his last moments. On this occasion Rose shows a courage and presence of mind worthy of a heroine. Just before the bell sounds which is to be the signal for firing the

faggots, she requests permission to speak a few words with her father in private.

"Edward," said Rose, addressing her brother with an expression of countenance that defies all attempts at description,—Edward, put your hands under my cloak, for I have but one hand I can use, and cannot do it readily; untie my girdle, and take from it the bags you will find hanging there under my cloak; be quick."

"Edward obeyed, for he instantly guessed her purpose.

"Great God!" said Rose, as he produced the bags, 'to think that a child should thus offer to a father, as the kindest act she can do for him, this horrid, but sudden, means of death!"

"What are you about to do, Rose?" inquired Wilford.

"It is gunpowder!" she continued, in the most agitated manner; 'hang the largest bag about your neck, and it will as speedily release you from your torments as the like did Latimer at Oxford. But, oh! to think that I—that I should be the bearer of it to a father!"

"You have shown by such an act the constancy and the firmness of your mind," replied Owen. 'Be comforted, my child; I receive it as a merciful intervention of Providence to shorten my torments. Have you some for my fellow sufferers?"

"Yes, there is a bag for each," said Rose; 'they hang at my girdle."

"Give them quickly, Edward," said Owen to his son, 'or you may be interrupted."

"No," said Rose, 'do not fear that. The Mayor consented that they might be used, as the prisoners were under his control; but no one dared to incur the vengeance of Harpsfield and Thornton by becoming the bearer of them."

"Make ready; forward to the stake," was the word now given and received.—Owen was the first led on, after one last solemn farewell to his children. When he reached the fatal spot, Edward and Rose threw themselves upon their knees before him, and fervently prayed God to support their parent in death, and to receive his soul to mercy.—Gammer Plaise now led on her grandson with an air of triumph. She raised her arm, and beckoning Abel Allen to follow her, she said to him, 'Remember, brother Abel, the last words of Latimer to Ridley, I speak the same now to you, 'Be of good comfort, brother, and play the man; for we by our deaths shall this day light up such a candle in England, as with God's grace shall never be put out.'—Merciful God! into Thy hands I commend my spirit! forgive the sins of my life, and take this poor innocent child to Thy bosom.' She clasped Tommy in her arms, and gave him a kiss of such warm affection, that it seemed as if her aged lips would never part from his.

"The time expires," said the officer; 'the bell is about to sound."

"Granny," cried Tommy, as he stood next to her at the stake, 'I am not frightened now; I feel my heart much lighter ever since I came out of prison. I am sure God will take us. Where is Master Wilford? and where is Abel Allen?"

"I am by your side, child," said Owen;

'may God receive us all this day into Paradise!"

"And may He take from the land," cried old Abel, 'the curse of this cruel Queen, though I forgive her my death, as I hope God will forgive me!"

"The time is spent," said the officer. 'Smith, make an end of your business. You have driven in that staple fast enough; the chain will not break.—Hark! the bell is about to sound."

"Do you hear that, Thornton?" said Gammer Plaise; and turning to the smith, who was passing the chain about her body, she added, 'Ay, drive it in hard and firm, fellow; for the flesh will cry out,—it will resist, though the spirit never quails."

"The bell sounds indeed," said Harpsfield, as the deep peal, that told the solemn note for the dying, fell upon the ear of every one present with a chill and harrowing effect. Harpsfield and Thornton were alone unmoved. 'That bell,' said the latter, 'tells to the time of the Queen's justice.—Oh! sweet Mary, how melodiously dost thou sound in my ears!"

"Thornton!" cried Gammer Plaise, 'do you hear that bell?"

"Woman, I do hear it," answered the Suffragan of Dover; 'in another minute your time is gone."

"And yours, too, Thornton," said Gammer Plaise; 'in another minute you must obey my summons, for the day and the hour of my burning are both come. They stand before you like the handwriting on the wall, that summoned the wicked Belshazzar from his impious feast to the tribunal of God. Remember your own guilt; and tremble."

"I will hear no more of this," cried Thornton; 'give me the brand, I will fire the faggots myself.' He advanced to do so, with the utmost fury, although his cheek was livid, and every nerve in the body of the strong bad man shook with the terror of his mind. He raised the torch, he uttered horrid imprecations upon the heretic, who, even at the stake itself, could thus agonise his conscience, when suddenly he staggered, and fell backwards on the ground."

"Gammer Plaise saw him fall, and exclaimed aloud, 'God has heard me. His judgment is upon thee. Repent, if thou hast sense enough left for repentance. The arrow of death is in thy heart."

"Harpsfield instantly ran to the assistance of Thornton, as did Friar John, and many others who stood near. They raised him from the ground, and tore open the upper part of his dress, so as to give relief to his throat. He still breathed, but was senseless. His eyes were closed, and his hand convulsively yet grasped the lighted torch; it could only be wrested from him by force. Friar John now ordered him to be removed from the spot, and, leaving the conduct of the execution to the care of Harpsfield, set forward to attend the dying Bishop."

"This circumstance occasioned a short delay in the execution. But Harpsfield, whose whole soul was a compound of bigotry, cruelty, and malice, eagerly prepared to fire the pile without farther delay. When Rose saw him ad-

vancing to do so, she screamed fearfully, and starting up from the ground, where she had been kneeling, exclaimed, 'Wretched man! would you murder the innocent? But you are a villain accused in the sight of Heaven.'

"Harpfield turned to look upon her, and said with a malicious smile, 'Nay, then, if you are so insolent, you shall fire the pile yourself. Take the torch and do as I command you, or I will commit you to prison, and the next burning shall be your own. You are not the first woman who has been made to set fire to her father's stake.'

"'Monster!' cried Rose, 'you shall tear me piecemeal before I would do it.'

"Edward Wilford felt so incensed at this act of hardened insult and cruelty on the part of Harpfield, towards his sister, that he raised his arm to knock him down upon the spot. An officer who stood near saw his purpose, and prevented it, but in the scuffle the torch fell and was extinguished; another flaming brand was speedily procured, and once more the arch-deacon was preparing to fire the pile.

"The condemned Protestants saw what he was about to do. They all lifted up their hands together and cried with a loud voice, 'Lord have mercy upon us!' and so they continued to cry and to beat their breasts, and to call upon the name of God.

"Harpfield now deliberately walked up to the pile of faggots. He was in the act of stooping down to kindle into a blaze the dry straw and brushwood that lay beneath them, when he was induced for a moment to raise his head by a loud and tumultuous burst from the populace, as the crowd were in motion and making way for two persons mounted on horseback, who rode towards the place of execution with the utmost speed.

"The foremost rider was Sir Richard Southwell. He dashed on into the very centre of the market-place within a few yards of the stake, reined up his gallant steed, and snatching the cap off his head, waved it to and fro in the air, as he cried aloud in a voice of exultation, 'God save Queen Elizabeth!'

"The cry was taken up by the multitude: for in a moment all men understood that Mary was dead, and that the High-sheriff for Kent had now hastened to proclaim her successor; and 'God save Queen Elizabeth!' was shouted, echoed, and shouted again and again, by a thousand and a thousand tongues.

"Sir Richard Southwell leaped from his horse, passed within the line of halberets, and tearing asunder, with the help of his sword, the staple that confined the chain to the stake, he again exclaimed aloud, 'I give liberty to these people in the name of our new Queen, in the name of Elizabeth.' The scene that followed baffles all description, so sudden, so exhilarating, nay, almost so maddening, was the transition from the deepest agonies of grief to the transports of perfect joy. The multitude hailed, greeted, cheered Sir Richard Southwell as an angel sent from Heaven to deliver his faithful servants. The rescued Protestants fell on their knees, whilst tears burst from their eyes as they poured forth their souls in thanksgiving to God for their deliverance; and next they turned to Southwell, as their earthly deliverer,

clinging to him by the cloak, sobbing, embracing, and shaking him by the hand, forgetful of all personal distinction in the remembrance of the act of mercy he had so lately shown to them." vol. iii. p. 227—237.

In conclusion, we must observe, that although the work exhibits traces of considerable power, its author is evidently an ungente and narrow minded bigot,—desirous of keeping up the reign of persecution, and anxious to retaliate upon the Catholics of the present day for the sins of their ancestors.

From the Keepsake.

THE SISTERS OF ALBANO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANKENSTEIN.

And near Albano's scarce divided waves
Shine from a sister valley; and afar
The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean lavas
The Latian coast where sprang the Epic war,
"Arms and the Man," whose re-ascending star
Rose o'er an empire; but beneath thy right
Tully reposed from Rome; and where you bar,
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight
The Sabine farn was till'd, the weary bard's delight.

It was to see this beautiful lake that I made my last excursion before quitting Rome. The spring had nearly grown into summer, the trees were all in full but fresh green foliage, the vine-dresser was singing, perched among them, training his vines; the cicada had not yet begun her song, the heats therefore had not commenced; but at evening the fire-flies gleamed among the hills, and the cooing aziola assured us of what in that country needs no assurance, fine weather for the morrow. We set out early in the morning to avoid the heats, breakfasted at Albano, and till ten o'clock passed our time in visiting the Mosaic, the villa of Cicero, and other curiosities of the place. We reposed during the middle of the day in a tent elevated for us at the hill top, whence we looked on the hill-embosomed lake, and the distant eminence crowned by a town with its church. Other villages and cottages were scattered among the foldings of mountains, and beyond we saw the deep blue sea of the southern poets, which received the swift and immortal Tiber, rocking it to repose among its devouring waves. The Coliseum falls and the Pantheon decays—the very hills of Rome are perishing, but the Tiber lives for ever, flows for ever—and for ever feeds the land-encircling Mediterranean with fresh waters.

Our summer and pleasure-seeking party consisted of many: to me the most interesting person was the Countess Atanasia D——, who was as beautiful as an imagination of Raphael, and good as the ideal of a poet. Two of her children accompanied her, with animated looks and gentle manners, quiet, yet enjoying. I sat near her, watching the changing shadows of the landscape before us. As the sun descended, it poured a tide of light into the valley of the lake, deluging the deep bank formed by the mountain with liquid gold. The domes and turrets of the far town flashed and gleamed, the trees were dyed in splendour; two or three slight clouds, which had drunk the radiance till it became their essence, float-

ed golden islets in the lustrous empyrean. The waters, reflecting the brilliancy of the sky and the fire-tinted banks, beamed a second heaven, a second irradiated earth, at our feet. The Mediterranean gazing on the sun—as the eyes of a mortal bride fail and are dimmed when reflecting her lover's glance—was lost, mixed in his light, till it had become one with him.—Long (our souls, like the sea, the hills, and lake, drinking in the supreme loveliness) we gazed, till the too full cup overflowed, and we turned away with a sigh.

At our feet there was a knoll of ground, that formed the foreground of our picture; two trees lay basking against the sky, glittering with the golden light, which like dew seemed to hang amid their branches—a rock closed the prospect on the other side, twined round by creepers, and redolent with blooming myrtle—a brook crossed by huge stones gushed through the turf, and on the fragments of rock that lay about, sat two or three persons, peasants, who attracted our attention. One was a hunter, as his gun, lying on a bank not far off, demonstrated, yet he was a tiller of the soil; his rough straw hat, and his picturesque but coarse dress, belonged to that class. The other was some contadina, in the costume of her country, returning, her basket on her arm, from the village to her cottage home. They were regarding the stores of a pedlar, who with doffed hat stood near: some of these consisted of pictures and prints—views of the country, and portraits of the Madonna. Our peasants regarded these with pleased attention.

"One might easily make out a story for that pair," I said: "his gun is a help to the imagination, and we may fancy him a bandit with his contadina love, the terror of all the neighbourhood, except of her, the most defenceless being in it."

"You speak lightly of such a combination," said the lovely countess at my side, "as if it must not in its nature be the cause of dreadful tragedies. The mingling of love with crime is a dread conjunction, and lawless pursuits are never followed without bringing on the criminal, and all allied to him, ineffable misery. I speak with emotion, for your observation reminds me of an unfortunate girl, now one of the Sisters of Charity in the convent of Santa Chiara at Rome, whose unhappy passion for a man, such as you mention, spread destruction and sorrow widely around her."

I entreated my lovely friend to relate the history of the nun: for a long time she resisted my entreaties, as not willing to depress the spirit of a party of pleasure by a tale of sorrow. But I urged her, and she yielded. Her sweet Italian phraseology now rings in my ears, and her beautiful countenance is before me. As she spoke, the sun set, and the moon bent her silver horn in the ebbing tide of glory he had left. The lake changed from purple to silver, and the trees, before so splendid, now in dark masses, just reflected from their tops the mild moonlight. The fire-flies flashed among the rocks; the bats circled round us: meanwhile thus commenced the Countess Atanasia:

The nun of whom I speak had a sister older than herself; I can remember them when as children they brought eggs and fruit to my fa-

ther's villa. Maria and Anina were constantly together. With their large straw hats to shield them from the scorching sun, they were at work in their father's *podere* all day, and in the evening, when Maria, who was the elder by four years, went to the fountain for water, Anina ran at her side. Their cot—the folding of the hill conceals it—is at the lake side opposite; and about a quarter of a mile up the hill is the rustic fountain of which I speak. Maria was serious, gentle, and considerate; Anina was a laughing, merry little creature, with the face of a cherub. When Maria was fifteen, their mother fell ill, and was nursed at the convent of Santa Chiara at Rome. Maria attended her, never leaving her bedside day or night. The nuns thought her an angel, she deemed them saints: her mother died, and they persuaded her to make one of them; her father could not but acquiesce in her holy intention, and she became one of the Sisters of Charity, the nun-nurses of Santa Chiara. Once or twice a year she visited her home, gave sage and kind advice to Anina, and sometimes wept to part from her; but her piety and her active employments for the sick reconciled her to her fate. Anina was more sorry to lose her sister's society. The other girls of the village did not please her; she was a good child, and worked hard for her father, and her sweetest recompense was the report he made of her to Maria, and the fond praises and caresses the latter bestowed on her when they met.

It was not until she was fifteen that Anina showed any diminution of affection for her sister. Yet I cannot call it diminution, for she loved her perhaps more than ever, though her holy calling and sage lectures prevented her from reposing confidence, and made her tremble lest the nun, devoted to heaven and good works, should read in her eyes, and disapprove of the earthly passion that occupied her. Perhaps a part of her reluctance arose from the reports that were current against her lover's character, and certainly from the disapprobation and even hatred of him that her father frequently expressed. Ill-fated Anina! I know not if in the north your peasants love as ours; but the passion of Anina was entwined with the roots of her being, it was herself; she could die, but not cease to love. The dislike of her father for Domenico made their intercourse clandestine. He was always at the fountain to fill her pitcher, and lift it on her head. He attended the same mass; and when her father went to Albano, Velletri, or Rome, he seemed to learn by instinct the exact moment of his departure, and joined her in the *podere*, labouring with her and for her, till the old man was seen descending the mountain-path on his return. He said he worked for a contadino near Nemi. Anina sometimes wondered that he could spare so much time for her; but his excuses were plausible, and the result too delightful not to blind the innocent girl to its obvious cause.

Poor Domenico! the reports spread against him were too well founded: his sole excuse was that his father had been a robber before him, and he had spent his early years among these lawless men. He had better things in his nature, and yearned for the peace of the

guiltless. Yet he could hardly be called guilty, for no dread crime stained him; nevertheless, he was an outlaw and a bandit, and now that he loved Anina these names were the stings of an adder to pierce his soul. He would have fled from his comrades to a far country, but Anina dwelt amid their very haunts. At this period, also, the police established by the French government, which then possessed Rome, made these bands more alive to the conduct of their members, and rumours of active measures to be taken against those who occupied the hills near Albano, Nemi, and Velletri, caused them to draw together in tighter bonds. Domenico would not, if he could, desert his friends in the hour of danger.

On a *festa* at this time—it was towards the end of October—Anina strolled with her father among the villagers, who all over Italy make holiday, by congregating and walking in one place. Their talk was entirely of the *laddri* and the French, and many terrible stories were related of the extirpation of banditti in the kingdom of Naples, and the mode by which the French succeeded in their undertaking was minutely described. The troops scoured the country, visiting one haunt of the robbers after the other, and dislodging them, tracked them, as in those countries they hunt the wild beasts of the forest, till drawing the circle narrower, they enclosed them in one spot. They then drew a cordon round the place, which they guarded with the utmost vigilance, forbidding any to enter it with provisions, on pain of instant death. And as this menace was rigorously executed, in a short time the besieged bandits were starved into a surrender. The French troops were now daily expected, for they had been seen at Velletri and Nemi; at the same time it was affirmed that several outlaws had taken up their abode at Rocca Giovane, a deserted village on the summit of one of these hills, and it was supposed that they would make that place the scene of their final retreat.

The next day, as Anina worked in the *podere*, a party of French horse passed by along the road that separated her garden from the lake. Curiosity made her look at them; and her beauty was too great not to attract: their observations and address soon drove her away—for a woman in love consecrates herself to her lover, and deems the admiration of others to be profanation. She spoke to her father of the impertinence of these men, and he answered by rejoicing at their arrival, and the destruction of the lawless bands that would ensue. When, in the evening, Anina went to the fountain, she looked timidly around, and hoped that Domenico would be at his accustomed post, for the arrival of the French destroyed her feeling of security. She went rather later than usual, and a cloudy evening made it seem already dark; the wind roared among the trees, bending hither and thither even the stately cypresses; the waters of the lake were agitated into high waves, and dark masses of thunder-cloud lowered over the hills, giving a lurid tinge to the landscape. Anina passed quickly up the mountain path: when she came in sight of the fountain, which was rudely hewn in the living rock, she saw Domenico leaning against a projection of the

hill, his hat drawn over his eyes, his *tabaro* fallen from his shoulders, his arms folded in an attitude of dejection. He started when he saw her; his voice and phrases were broken and unconnected; yet he never gazed on her with such ardent love, nor solicited her to delay her departure with such impassioned tenderness.

"How glad I am to find you here!" she said: "I was fearful of meeting one of the French soldiers: I dread them even more than the banditti."

Domenico cast a look of eager inquiry on her, and then turned away, saying, "Sorry am I that I shall not be here to protect you. I am obliged to go to Rome for a week or two. You will be faithful, Anina mia; you will love me, though I never see you more?"

The interview, under these circumstances, was longer than usual: he led her down the path till they nearly came in sight of her cottage; still they lingered: a low whistle was heard among the myrtle underwood at the lake side; he started; it was repeated, and he answered it by a similar note: Anina, terrified, was about to ask what this meant, when, for the first time, he pressed her to his heart, kissed her roseate lips, and, with a muttered "*Carissima addio*," left her, springing down the bank; and as she gazed in wonder, she thought she saw a boat cross a line of light made by the opening of a cloud. She stood long absorbed in reverie, wondering and remembering with thrilling pleasure the quick embrace and impassioned farewell of her lover. She delayed so long that her father came to seek her.

Each evening after this, Anina visited the fountain at the Ave Maria; he was not there; each day seemed an age; and incomprehensible fears occupied her heart. About a fortnight after, letters arrived from Maria. They came to say that she had been ill of the malarial fever, that she was now convalescent, but that change of air was necessary for her recovery, and that she had obtained leave to spend a month at home at Albano. She asked her father to come the next day to fetch her. These were pleasant tidings for Anina; she resolved to disclose every thing to her sister, and during her long visit she doubted not but that she would contrive her happiness. Old Andrea departed the following morning, and the whole day was spent by the sweet girl in dreams of future bliss. In the evening Maria arrived, weak and wan, with all the marks of that dread illness about her; yet, as she assured her sister, feeling quite well.

As they sat at their frugal supper, several villagers came in to inquire for Maria; but all their talk was of the French soldiers and the robbers, of whom a band of at least twenty was collected in Rocca Giovane, strictly watched by the military.

"We may be grateful to the French," said Andrea, "for this good deed: the country will be rid of these ruffians."

"True, friend," said another; "but it is horrible to think what these men suffer: they have, it appears, exhausted all the food they brought with them to the village, and are literally starving. They have not an ounce of maccheroni among them; and a poor fellow,

who was taken and executed yesterday, was a mere anatomy; you could tell every bone in his skin."

"There was a sad story the other day," said another, "of an old man from Nemi, whose son, they say, is among them at Rocca Giovane: he was found within the lines with some *baccalà* under his *pastrano*, and shot on the spot."

"There is not a more desperate gang," observed the first speaker, "in the states and the regno put together. They have sworn never to yield but upon good terms: to secure these, their plan is to way-lay passengers and make prisoners, whom they keep as hostages for mild treatment from the government. But the French are merciless; they are better pleased that the bandits wreak their vengeance on these poor creatures than spare one of their lives."

"They have captured two persons already," said another; "and there is old Betta Tossi half frantic, for she is sure her son is taken: he has not been at home these ten days."

"I should rather guess," said an old man, "that he went there with good will: the young scape-grace kept company with Domenico Baldi of Nemi."

"No worse company could he have kept in the whole country," said Andrea: "Domenico is the bad son of a bad race. Is he in the village with the rest?"

"My own eyes assured me of that," replied the other. "When I was up the hill with eggs and fowls to the piquette there, I saw the branches of an ilex move; the poor fellow was weak, perhaps, and could not keep his hold: presently he dropt to the ground; every musket was levelled at him, but he started up and was away like a hare among the rocks. Once he turned, and then I saw Domenico as plainly, though thinner, poorer lad, by much than he was, as plainly as I now see—Santa Virgine! what is the matter with Nina?"

She had fainted; the company broke up, and she was left to her sister's care. When the poor child came to herself she was fully aware of her situation, and said nothing, except expressing a wish to retire to rest. Maria was in high spirits at the prospect of her long holiday at home, but the illness of her sister made her refrain from talking that night, and blessing her, as she said good night, she soon slept. Domenico starving!—Domenico trying to escape and dying through hunger, was the vision of horror that wholly possessed poor Anina. At another time, the discovery that her lover was a robber might have inflicted pangs as keen as those which she now felt; but this, at present, made a faint impression, obscured by worse wretchedness. Maria was in a deep and tranquil sleep. Anina rose, dressed herself silently, and crept down stairs. She stored her market basket with what food there was in the house, and, unlatching the cottage door, issued forth, resolved to reach Rocca Giovane, and to administer to her lover's dreadful wants. The night was dark, but this was favourable, for she knew every path and turn of the hills; every bush and knoll of ground between her home and the deserted village which occupies the summit of that hill: you may see the dark

outline of some of its houses about two hours' walk from her cottage. The night was dark, but still; the libeccio brought the clouds below the mountain tops, and veiled the horizon in mist; not a leaf stirred; her footsteps sounded loud in her ears, but resolution overcame fear. She had entered yon ilex grove, her spirits rose with her success, when suddenly she was challenged by a sentinel; no time for escape; fear chilled her blood; her basket dropped from her arm; its contents rolled out on the ground; the soldier fired his gun and brought several others round him; she was made prisoner.

In the morning, when Maria awoke, she missed her sister from her side. I have overslept myself, she thought, and Nina would not disturb me. But when she came down stairs and met her father, and Anina did not appear, they began to wonder. She was not in the *podere*; two hours passed, and then Andrea went to seek her. Entering the near village, he saw the *contadini* crowding together, and a stifled exclamation of "Ecco il padre!" told him that some evil had betided. His first impression was that his daughter was drowned; but the truth, that she had been taken by the French carrying provisions within the forbidden line, was still more terrible. He returned in frantic desperation to his cottage, first to acquaint Maria with what had happened, and then to ascend the hill to save his child from her impending fate. Maria heard his tale with horror; but an hospital is a school in which to learn self-possession and presence of mind. "Do you remain, my father," she said: "I will go. My holy character will awe these men; my tears move them: trust me; I swear that I will save my sister." Andrea yielded to her superior courage and energy.

The nuns of Santa Chiara when out of their convent do not usually wear their monastic habit, but dress simply in a black gown. Maria, however, had brought her nun's habiliments with her, and thinking thus to impress the soldiers with respect, she now put it on. She received her father's benediction, and asking that of the Virgin and the Saints, she departed on her expedition. Ascending the hill, she was soon stopped by the sentinels. She asked to see their commanding officer, and being conducted to him, she announced herself as the sister of the unfortunate girl who had been captured the night before. The officer, who had received her with carelessness, now changed countenance: his serious look frightened Maria, who clasped her hands, exclaiming, "You have not injured the child! she is safe!"

"She is safe—now," he replied with hesitation; "but there is no hope of pardon."

"Holy Virgin, have mercy on her! what will be done to her?"

"I have received strict orders; in two hours she dies."

"No! no!" exclaimed Maria impetuously, "that cannot be! you cannot be so wicked as to murder a child like her."

"She is old enough, madame," said the officer, "to know that she ought not to disobey orders; mine are so strict, that were she but nine years old, she dies."

These terrible words stung Maria to fresh resolution: she entreated for mercy; she knelt;

she vowed that she would not depart without her sister; she appealed to Heaven and the saints. The officer, though cold-hearted, was good-natured and courteous, and he assured her with the utmost gentleness that her supplications were of no avail; that were the criminal his own daughter he must enforce his orders. As a sole concession, he permitted her to see her sister. Despair inspired the nun with energy; she almost ran up the hill, outspeeding her guide: they crossed a folding of the hills to a little sheep-cot, where sentinels paraded before the door. There was no glass to the windows, so the shutters were shut, and when Maria first went in from the bright daylight she hardly saw the slight figure of her sister leaning against the wall, her dark hair fallen below her waist, her head sunk on her bosom, over which her arms were folded. She started wildly as the door opened, saw her sister, and sprung with a piercing shriek into her arms.

They were left alone together: Anina uttered a thousand frantic exclamations, beseeching her sister to save her, and shuddering at the near approach of her fate. Maria had felt herself, since their mother's death, the natural protectress and support of her sister, and she never deemed herself so called on to fulfil this character as now that the trembling girl clasped her neck; her tears falling on her cheeks, and her choked voice entreating her to save her. The thought—O could I suffer instead of you! was in her heart, and she was about to express it, when it suggested another idea, on which she was resolved to act. First she soothed Anina by her promises, then glanced round the cot; they were quite alone: she went to the window, and through a crevice saw the soldiers conversing at some distance. "Yes, dearest sister," she cried, "I will—I can save you—quick—we must change dresses—there is no time to be lost!—you must escape in my habit."

"And you remain to die?"

"They dare not murder the innocent, a nun! Fear not for me—I am safe."

Anina easily yielded to her sister, but her fingers trembled; every string she touched she entangled. Maria was perfectly self-possessed, pale, but calm. She tied up her sister's long hair, and adjusted her veil over it so as to conceal it; she unlaced her bodice, and arranged the folds of her own habit on her with the greatest care—then more hastily she assumed the dress of her sister, putting on, after a lapse of many years, her native contadina costume. Anina stood by, weeping and helpless, hardly hearing her sister's injunctions to return speedily to their father, and under his guidance to seek sanctuary. The guard now opened the door. Anina clung to her sister in terror, while she, in soothing tones, entreated her to calm herself.

The soldier said, they must delay no longer, for the priest had arrived to confess the prisoner.

To Anina the idea of confession associated with death was terrible; to Maria it brought hope. She whispered, in a smothered voice, "The priest will protect me—fear not—hasten to our father!"

Anina almost mechanically obeyed: weeping, with her handkerchief placed unaffectedly before her face, she passed the soldiers; they closed the door on the prisoner, who hastened to the window, and saw her sister descend the hill with tottering steps, till she was lost behind some rising ground. The nun fell on her knees—cold dew bathed her brow, instinctively she feared: the French had shown small respect for the monastic character; they destroyed the convents and desecrated the churches. Would they be merciful to her, and spare the innocent! Alas! was not Anina innocent also? Her sole crime had been disobeying an arbitrary command, and she had done the same.

"Courage!" cried Maria; "perhaps I am fitter to die than my sister is. Gesu, pardon me my sins, but I do not believe that I shall outlive this day!"

In the mean time, Anina descended the hill slowly and tremblingly. She feared discovery—she feared for her sister—and above all at the present moment, she feared the reproaches and anger of her father. By dwelling on this last idea, it became exaggerated into excessive terror, and she determined, instead of returning to her home, to make a circuit among the hills, to find her way by herself to Albano, where she trusted to find protection from her pastor and confessor. She avoided the open paths, and following rather the direction she wished to pursue than any beaten road, she passed along nearer to Rocca Giovane than she anticipated. She looked up at its ruined houses and bell-less steeple, straining her eyes to catch a glimpse of him, the author of all her ills. A low but distinct whistle reached her ear, not far off; she started—she remembered that on the night when she last saw Domenico a note like that had called him from her side; the sound was echoed and re-echoed from other quarters; she stood aghast, her bosom heaving, her hands clasped. First she saw a dark and ragged head of hair, shadowing two fiercely gleaming eyes, rise from beneath a bush. She screamed, but before she could repeat her scream three men leapt from behind a rock, secured her arms, threw a cloth over her face, and hurried her up the acclivity. Their talk, as she went along, informed her of the horror and danger of her situation.

Pity, they said, that the holy father and some of his red stockings did not command the troops: with a nun in their hands, they might obtain any terms. Coarse jests passed as they dragged their victim towards their ruined village. The paving of the street told her when they arrived at Rocca Giovane, and the change of atmosphere that they entered a house. They unbandaged her eyes: the scene was squalid and miserable, the walls ragged and black with smoke, the floor strewn with offals and dirt; a rude table and broken bench was all the furniture; and the leaves of Indian corn, heaped high in one corner, served, it seemed, for a bed, for a man lay on it, his head buried in his folded arms. Anina looked round on her savage hosts: their countenances expressed every variety of brutal ferocity, now rendered more dreadful from gaunt famine and suffering.

"O there is none who will save me!" she cried. The voice startled the man who was lying on the floor; he leapt up—it was Domenico: Domenico, so changed, with sunk cheeks and eyes, matted hair, and looks whose wildness and desperation differed little from the dark countenances around him. Could this be her lover?

His recognition and surprise at her dress led to an explanation. When the robbers first heard that their prey was no prize, they were mortified and angry; but when she related the danger she had incurred by endeavouring to bring them food, they swore with horrid oaths that no harm should befall her, but that if she liked she might make one of them in all honour and equality. The innocent girl shuddered. "Let me go," she cried; "let me only escape and hide myself in a convent for ever!"

Domenico looked at her in agony. "Yes, poor child," he said; "go, save yourself: God grant no evil befall you; the ruin is too wide already." Then turning eagerly to his comrades, he continued—"You hear her story. She was to have been shot for bringing food to us: her sister has substituted herself in her place. We know the French; one victim is to them as good as another: Maria dies in their hands. Let us save her. Our time is up; we must fall like men, or starve like dogs: we have still ammunition, still some strength left. To arms! let us rush on the poltroons, free their prisoner, and escape or die!"

There needed but an impulse like this to urge the outlaws to desperate resolves. They prepared their arms with looks of ferocious determination. Domenico, meanwhile, led Anina out of the house, to the verge of the hill, inquiring whither she intended to go. On her saying, to Albano, he observed, "That were hardly safe; be guided by me, I entreat you: take these piastres, hire the first conveyance you find, hasten to Rome, to the convent of Santa Chiara: for pity's sake, do not linger in this neighbourhood."

"I will obey your injunctions, Domenico," she replied, "but I cannot take your money; it has cost you too dear: fear not, I shall arrive safely at home without that ill-fated silver."

Domenico's comrades now called loudly to him: he had no time to urge his request; he threw the despised dollars at her feet.

"Nina, adieu for ever," he said: "may you love again more happily!"

"Never!" she replied. "God has saved me in this dress; it were sacrilege to change it: I shall never quit Santa Chiara."

Domenico had led her a part of the way down the rock; his comrades appeared at the top, calling to him.

"Gesù save you!" cried he: "reach the convent—Maria shall join you there before night. Farewell!" He hastily kissed her hand, and sprang up the acclivity to rejoin his impatient friends.

The unfortunate Andrea had waited long for the return of his children. The leafless trees and bright clear atmosphere permitted every object to be visible, but he saw no trace of them on the hill side; the shadows of the

dial showed noon to be passed, when, with uncontrollable impatience, he began to climb the hill, towards the spot where Anina had been taken. The path he pursued was in part the same that this unhappy girl had taken on her way to Rome. The father and daughter met: the old man saw the nun's dress, and saw her unaccompanied: she covered her face with her hands in a transport of fear and shame; but when, mistaking her for Maria, he asked in a tone of anguish for his youngest darling, her arms fell; she dared not raise her eyes, which streamed with tears.

"Unhappy girl!" exclaimed Andrea, "where is your sister?"

She pointed to the cottage prison, now discernible near the summit of a steep acclivity. "She is safe," she replied: "she saved me; but they dare not murder her."

"Heaven bless her for this good deed!" exclaimed the old man, fervently; "but you hasten on your way, and I will go in search of her."

Each proceeded on an opposite path. The old man wound up the hill, now in view, and now losing sight of the hut where his child was captive: he was aged, and the way was steep. Once, when the closing of the hill hid the point towards which he for ever strained his eyes, a single shot was fired in that direction: his staff fell from his hands, his knees trembled and failed him; several minutes of dead silence elapsed before he recovered himself sufficiently to proceed: full of fears he went on, and at the next turn saw the cot again. A party of soldiers were on the open space before it, drawn up in a line as if expecting an attack. In a few moments from above them shots were fired, which they returned, and the whole was enveloped and veiled in smoke. Still Andrea climbed the hill, eager to discover what had become of his child: the firing continued quick and hot. Now and then, in the pauses of musquetry and the answering echoes of the mountains, he heard a funeral chant; presently, before he was aware, at a turning of the hill, he met a company of priests and contadina, carrying a large cross and a bier. The miserable father rushed forward with frantic impatience; the awe-struck peasants sat down their load—the face was uncovered, and the wretched man fell lifeless on the corpse of his murdered child.

The Countess Atanasia paused, overcome by the emotions inspired by the history she related. A long pause ensued: at length one of the party observed, "Maria, then, was the sacrifice to her goodness."

"The French," said the countess, "did not venerate her holy vocation; one peasant girl to them was the same as another. The immolation of any victim suited their purpose of awe-striking the peasantry. Scarcely, however, had the shot entered her heart, and her blameless spirit been received by the saints in paradise, when Domenico and his followers rushed down the hill to avenge her and themselves. The contest was furious and bloody; twenty French soldiers fell, and not one of the banditti escaped; Domenico, the foremost of the assailants, being the first to fall."

I asked, "And where are now Anina and her father?"

"You may see them, if you will," said the countess, "on your return to Rome. She is a nun of Santa Chiara. Constant acts of benevolence and piety have inspired her with calm and resignation. Her prayers are daily put up for Domenico's soul, and she hopes, through the intercession of the Virgin, to rejoin him in the other world."

"Andrea is very old; he has outlived the memory of his sufferings; but he derives comfort from the filial attentions of his surviving daughter. But when I look at his cottage on this lake, and remember the happy laughing face of Anina among the vines, I shudder at the recollection of the passion that has made her cheeks pale, her thoughts for ever conversant with death, her only wish to find repose in the grave."

From the London Weekly Review.

MR. LUKE HANSARD.

THIS eminent typographer, who died on the 29th ult. at the house of his son James in Southampton Street, Bloomsbury Square, in his 79th year, was for more than fifty years printer to the House of Commons. He is one of the many instances to be found in this metropolis, which prove that success in life never fails to attend those who unite principle with talent and industry, and who, at the commencement of their career, choose for their motto the emphatic sentence, *Probitas verus honos*.

As many paltry, vexatious, and unprincipled attempts have been lately made to deprive the late Mr. Hansard, and his two sons, James and Luke, of their well-earned fame, and to take from them the means of supporting themselves and their numerous families by honourable and active exertions, as servants of the public,—we consider it but an act of justice to the memory of the lamented deceased, as well as to his respectable successors, to occupy a column or two of our paper with a sketch of the typographical progress of the late Mr. Hansard; and which, connected as it was with the names of Mr. Burke, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Bryant, Porson, Mr. Pitt, and other eminent persons of the day, cannot fail to interest the majority of our readers.

Mr. Hansard was employed in the business of the House of Commons from the year 1772, and came into the management of the printing business as a partner of Mr. Hughes in 1774. Half a century ago the printing of the House of Commons was comparatively of small extent; and the types of the printer were oftener employed in the service of booksellers and authors than at present. Mr. Hansard, early in his career, was employed by Mr. Orme in printing his "History of India;" and from personally attending that gentleman, and assisting him in the correction of the proofs and revises, he gained a competent knowledge of Indian affairs, which afterwards became highly useful to himself and the public. He had previously become acquainted with Mr. Burke, in carrying

through the press for him the early editions of his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful;" so that when Mr. Burke came into public life, and commenced his Indian inquiries in the House of Commons, he was highly pleased to see his humble friend again at hand, and soon found him his most useful assistant, in discovering, among the mass of Indian papers (reluctantly furnished to the Committee), such as were essential to his purpose; especially the various "Consultations," which developed the secrets of the then policy of our Indian empire. After this, Mr. Burke of course employed Mr. Hansard in printing his "Essay on the French Revolution;" and the large and frequent impressions were carried through the press, with a facility that called forth Mr. Burke's warm commendations.

Dr. Johnson, when in connexion with Mr. Dodsley, preferred Mr. Hansard as his printer, whenever his services could be obtained; who also carried the original edition of the "Hermes" through the press, greatly to the satisfaction of Dr. Harris. Mr. Bryant presented Mr. Hansard with a copy of his work, in token of satisfaction of his manner of printing it; and Porson pronounced him to be the most accurate of Greek printers. Mr. Hansard was in consequence employed to print the Port Royal Greek Grammar, Clarke's Homer, and some other books; but the influx of parliamentary business compelled him in a great measure, to abandon the printing of classical works. Living authors, of solid reputation, might here be named among Mr. Hansard's friends and employers.

In public employment Mr. Hansard first attracted Mr. Pitt's notice, when the latter having drafted, in his own hand-writing, (which was not remarkably legible,) the Report of the Secret Committee on the French Revolution, sent for the printer, and stated to him the pressure of the occasion, doubting, however, the possibility of his reading the manuscript. The printer however was accustomed to the hurried writing of great men,—and having read it to Mr. Pitt immediately, undertook to copy it himself for press;—when a question of secrecy and expedition arising, Mr. Hansard at once showed in what manner the first object was perfectly secure, and the more so, among numerous workmen; and as for expedition, Mr. Pitt was astonished at receiving all the proof sheets early the next morning, and was not slow in expressing his sense of this opportune service. The same thing happened in the case of the Report of 1794, on advancing Exchequer Bills in relief of a commercial panic; when expedition was of the last importance for insuring full effect to the aid thus wisely and effectually afforded by a judicious government.

Mr. Hansard next distinguished himself in the service of the Finance Committee of 1796.—7. In the next year the Slave Trade was brought before the Privy Council; and the mass of matter printed at the suggestion of Mr. Wilberforce and Dr. Porteus, (afterwards Bishop of London,) was such that three printers were employed. Mr. Hansard planning and distributing the whole.

After the union with Ireland, the printing of

the House of Commons increased rapidly; and Mr. Speaker Abbot (now Lord Colchester), duly appreciated the merit of Mr. Hansard, already well known to him as Chairman of the Finance Committee of 1797.

Among the combinations of workmen in the year 1805, the printing trade did not escape; and the standing order for the delivery of printed bills before their first reading, was deemed by the workmen a good opportunity to try an experiment of forcing a rise of wages in Mr. Hansard's printing office. The pressmen were put in front of the battle; twenty-four of them simultaneously left their work. Their master lost no time in seeking and finding unemployed men in the streets and stable-yards; and he was seen by more members of parliament than one in a working-jacket, and, with his sons, instructing these new men by precept and example. In the year 1807, his compositors, a more informed sort of workmen, to the number of thirty, insisted upon restraining the introduction of new hands by apprenticeship; and upon their right (as was till then too usually acquiesced in,) to print as they pleased, according to the MS. furnished to them; that is, in a diffuse manner. In the House of Commons Table-work (accounts and columns) this last alleged privilege would have been peculiarly expensive to the public, and Mr. Hansard withstood it accordingly. His door was never again open to the mutineers, and no degree of personal inconvenience was regarded until they were replaced from the country and other adventitious sources. In short, from the beginning of Mr. Hansard's official life, he established this rule for his conduct—"To spare no cost or personal labour in attempting to perform the important duty intrusted to him, *better, cheaper, and more expeditiously*, than any other printing business was done in London." Such was Mr. Hansard's indefatigable attention to business, that during the Session of parliament he was often employed for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four; and during the vacation, for ten hours every day. He was never one day out of town during any Session of parliament, and not quite six weeks in the whole half-century. Such was Mr. Hansard's ascetic life; dwelling himself in small apartments attached to the Turn-stile Printing office, and harassed there by endless calls of persons, whom he could not refuse to see;—with the consolation, indeed, that considerate members of parliament sometimes thanked him, and even kindly apologized for the extra trouble they occasionally imposed upon him. M.

From the Keepsake.

SKETCH OF A FRAGMENT OF THE HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

[In the following sketch an attempt has been made to adopt the temper with which the writer believes that some events and persons of our time may be considered by a future histo-

rian; though with a conviction that it is impossible for him to reach that temper, and with a deep consciousness of the want of other qualification for the task which he thus ventures to undertake.]

THE wars of religious opinion continued to agitate Europe from the preaching of Luther in 1517 till the conclusion of the treaty of Westphalia in 1648, by which the security of both the Catholic and Protestant religions in Germany became a part of the European system. Perhaps indeed the religious contest may rather be said to close with the establishment of Catholic intolerance in France, by the revocation of the edict of Nantz in 1685, and with that of the Protestant supremacy in the British islands by the reduction of Ireland in 1691; two events which prolonged for more than a century, in the former case the proscription, and in the latter the prostration of an obnoxious and vanquished communion.

The wars of political opinion which first disturbed British America in 1775, and in fourteen years afterwards broke out with more violence in France, of all countries subject to absolute power that where reason was most active and knowledge most diffused, raged with little remission for twenty-five years in the successive forms of a struggle to spread democracy over Europe, and of an attempt to impose on it a revolutionary dictatorship. They paused in 1814, when the restoration of the Bourbons to a limited authority, under a legal constitution, laid the foundation of peace between royalists and constitutionalists. Their source, however, lay so deep, that in ten years afterwards they shook the most distant regions where there was any fellow-feeling with the European spirit; severed Spanish America from Spain, and consumed the Turkish fetters, which for three centuries had galled the unhappy Greeks. The shocks of the same commotion, repeatedly felt in the Italian and Spanish peninsulas, being either weaker or counteracted by other intestine agents, were for the time compressed from without.

Mr. Canning was the first English minister who attempted to compose the general disorder by mediation between the contending parties. Probably the tempest must have so far spent its force before it was reasonable to entertain serious thoughts of such an arduous attempt—the fulness of time had not perhaps even then come: for a mediator is odious to all combatants till their strength be exhausted, and their pride and hatred subdued by necessity.

The coincidence of some particulars of Mr. Canning's public life with the history of an eminent contemporary in France, is not unworthy of observation, as an instance of the power of the general movements of mankind to dispose men in different countries, without concert, with unequal abilities, with little resemblance of character or fortune, to shape some remarkable parts of their political course alike. A coincidence of this sort may be offered as an example of the fainter and more obscure influence of such a series of revolutions on the temper and opinion of the majority of their contemporaries.

Both Mr. Canning and M. de Chateaubriant were entering on man's estate when the states general of France were called together. They both partook, in unequal degrees, the prevalent opinions from which the revolution sprang. In neither of them were these opinions embraced after such experience, or so much confirmed by habit, as to render subsequent modifications of them an indication of culpable levity; still less in themselves a ground for more grave reproach. The alienation from religion, which the alliance of church and state in despotic countries had blended with the reforming spirit, was soon thrown off by M. de Chateaubriant, and had never touched Mr. Canning. Both became rather the foremost champions than the leaders of the anti-revolutionary party in their respective countries; and they retained that station as long as any heavings of the original revolution were perceived by them. Their opposition was bold, and their language and measures were such as afterwards to supply their adversaries with charges of inconsistency, which might be explained, but could hardly be contradicted. M. de Chateaubriant concurred in the invasion of Spain in 1823, at a moment when the unwise institutions but merciful measures of the Spanish leaders furnished no just ground of alarm and aggression. That invasion was loudly condemned by Mr. Canning, though he shrunk from so near an advance to the verge of war as might perhaps have prevented it. Soon after, when the reforming spirit was moderated, and its opponents struggled for the unreasonable retention or the oppressive exercise of power, both considered the grounds of difference to be so altered, that consistency allowed and reason required them to approach more and more near to the more cautious portion of the party then called liberal. In conformity with this principle, when the general election of 1827 had manifested the unshaken adherence of France to a free government, M. de Chateaubriant contributed to form a moderate administration, in which he brought some royalists to take a share: as Mr. Canning some months before placed himself at the head of a government more liberal in its spirit, though less decisive in its domestic policy than that of France. For their unequal shares in these ministerial changes, both were assailed by their former associates with the bitterness of personal resentment rather than with the warmth of political opposition. Both were men of letters; though the compositions of Mr. Canning were all occasional, and it were presumption in a foreigner to question the justice of the admiration of the French nation for the larger and more elaborate writings of M. de Chateaubriant. Adverse, perhaps impartial criticism, considered the eloquence of both as too florid; though an English critic must add, that the adorned diction of Mr. Canning, if not exempted from profusion and display, is untainted with affectation.

Here the comparison, perhaps too long continued, must finally close. When Mr. Canning, in 1822, assumed the conduct of foreign affairs and of the House of Commons, he adopted measures and disclosed views which had no parallel among contemporary ministers. The

wish, indeed, that England should retire into a more neutral station, and assume a more mediatorial attitude than perhaps her share in alliance against France could before have easily allowed, had then become so prevalent, that even his predecessor, though entangled in another policy, showed no doubtful marks of a desire to change his course. Perhaps little could have been done to give it effect until all reasonable royalists were taught by experience that the passion for reformation was too deeply rooted to be torn up by force, and till the eagerness of inexperienced nations for sudden and violent changes had been chastised by defeat. In the five years which followed, the plan for re-establishing the tranquillity of Europe, by balancing the force and reconciling the pretensions of the parties then openly or secretly agitating every country, which probably arose by slow degrees in Mr. Canning's mind as circumstance became auspicious, and as his own power was more consolidated, began to be carried into execution by three measures, of which the spirit, object, and example were yet more important than the immediate effects; namely, the recognition of the Spanish republics in America, the aid to Portugal, with the countenance thereby afforded to limited monarchy in that country, and the treaty concluded with Russia and France for the rescue and preservation of Greece. The last of these transactions will now be considered as the most memorable, and as that which best illustrates the comprehensive policy towards which he at length approached. It was a measure eminently pacific, which aimed at the lasting establishment of amity between states, and peace between parties, and which, if executed with spirit, was likely to avoid the inconvenience even of a slight and short rupture with the Ottoman Porte itself. It engaged royalists and liberals in an enterprise on which the majority of both concurred; it tended to knit more closely the ties of friendship between the most powerful governments, and to fasten more firmly the bands between rulers and nations, by uniting the former for an object generally acceptable to the latter. It combined the lustre of a generous enterprise with the greatest probability of preventing the unsafe aggrandizement of any state. In the midst of these high designs, and before that pacific alliance, of which the liberation of Greece was to be the cement, had acquired consistence, Mr. Canning was cut off. He left his system, and much of his fame, at the mercy of his successors.

Without invidious comparison, it may be safely said that from the circumstances in which he died, his death was more generally interesting among civilized nations, than that of any other English statesman had ever been. It was an event in the internal history of every country. From Lima to Athens, every nation struggling for independence or existence was filled by it with sorrow and dismay. The Miguelites of Portugal, the apostolicals of Spain, the Jesuitical faction in France, and the Divan of Constantinople, raised a shout of joy at the fall of their dreaded enemy. He was regretted by all who, heated by no personal or party re-

sentment, felt for genius struck down in the act of attempting to heal the revolutionary distemper, and to render future improvements pacific: on the principle since successfully adopted by more fortunate, though not more deserving, ministers; that of a deep and thorough compromise between the interests and the opinions, the prejudices and the demands of the supporters of establishment, and the followers of reformation.

The family of Mr. Canning, which for more than a century had filled honourable stations in Ireland, was a younger branch of an ancient family among the English gentry. His father, a man of letters, was disinherited for an imprudent marriage, and the inheritance went to a younger brother, whose son was afterwards created Lord Garvagh. Mr. Canning was educated at Eton and Oxford, according to that exclusively classical system, which, whatever may have been its defects, must be owned, when taken with its constant appendages, to be eminently favourable to the cultivation of sense and taste, as well as to the development of wit and spirit. From his boyhood he was the foremost among very distinguished contemporaries, and continued to be regarded as the best specimen, and the most brilliant representative of that eminently national education. His youthful eye sparkled with quickness and arch pleasantry, and his countenance early betrayed that jealousy of his own dignity, and sensibility to suspected disregard, which were afterwards softened, but never quite subdued. Neither the habits of a great school, nor those of a popular assembly, were calculated to weaken his love of praise and passion for distinction. But, as he advanced in years, his fine countenance was ennobled by the expression of thought and feeling; he more pursued that lasting praise, which is not to be earned without praiseworthiness; and, if he continued to be a lover of fame, he also passionately loved the glory of his country. Even he who almost alone was entitled to look down on fame as "that last infirmity of noble mind," had not forgotten that it was

"The spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
To scorn delights, and live laborious days."

The natural bent of character is perhaps better ascertained from the undisturbed and unconscious play of the mind in the common intercourse of society, than from its movements under the power of strong interest or warm passions in public life. In social intercourse Mr. Canning was delightful. Happily for the true charm of his conversation, he was too busy otherwise, not to treat society as more fitted for relaxation than display. It is but little to say, that he was neither disputatious, declamatory, nor sententious; neither a dictator, nor a jester. His manner was simple and unobtrusive, his language always quite familiar. If a higher thought stole from his mind, it came in its conversational undress. From this plain ground his pleasantry sprang with the happiest effect, and it was nearly exempt from

that alloy of taunt and banter, which he sometimes mixed with more precious materials in public contest. He may be added to the list of those eminent persons who pleased most in their friendly circle. He had the agreeable quality of being more easily pleased in society, than might have been expected from the keenness of his discernment, and the sensibility of his temper. He was liable to be discomposed, or even silenced by the presence of any one whom he did not like. His manner in society betrayed the political vexations or anxieties which preyed on his mind, nor could he conceal that sensitiveness to public attacks which their frequent recurrence wears out in most English politicians. These last foibles may be thought interesting as the remains of natural character, not destroyed by refined society and political affairs. He was assailed by some adversaries so ignoble as to wound him through his filial affection, which preserved its respectful character through the whole course of his advancement. The ardent zeal for his memory, which appeared immediately after his death, attests the warmth of those domestic affections which seldom prevail where they are not mutual. To his touching epitaph on his son parental love has given a charm which is wanting in his other verses. It was said of him at one time, that no man had so little popularity and such affectionate friends, and the truth was certainly more sacrificed to point in the former than in the latter member of the contrast. Some of his friendships continued in spite of political differences, which, by rendering intercourse less unconstrained, often undermine friendship; and others were remarkable for a warmth, constancy, and disinterestedness, which, though chiefly honourable to those who were capable of so pure a kindness, yet redound to the credit of him who was the object of it. No man is so beloved who is not himself formed for friendship.

Notwithstanding his disregard for money, he was not tempted in youth by the example or the kindness of affluent friends much to overstep his little patrimony. He never afterwards sacrificed to parade or personal indulgence: though his occupations scarcely allowed him to think enough of his private affairs. Even from his moderate fortune, his bounty was often liberal to suitors to whom official relief could not be granted. By a sort of generosity still harder for him to practise, he endeavoured, in cases where the suffering was great, though the suit could not be granted, to satisfy the feelings of the suitor by full explanation in writing of the causes which rendered compliance impracticable. Wherever he took an interest, he showed it as much by delicacy to the feelings of those whom he served or relieved, as by substantial consideration for their claims; a rare and most praiseworthy merit among men in power.

In proportion as the opinion of a people acquires influence over public affairs, the faculty of persuading men to support or oppose political measures, acquires importance. The peculiar nature of parliamentary debate contributes to render eminence in that province not so imperfect a test of political ability as it might appear to be. Recited speeches can seldom show

more than powers of reasoning and imagination, which have little connexion with a capacity for affairs. But the unforeseen events of debate, and the necessity of immediate answer in unpremeditated language, afford scope for quickness, firmness, boldness, wariness, presence of mind, and address in the management of men, which are among the qualities most essential to a statesman. The most flourishing period of our parliamentary eloquence extends for about half a century, from the maturity of Lord Chatham's genius to the death of Mr. Fox. During the twenty years which succeeded, Mr. Canning was sometimes the leader, and always the greatest orator of the party who supported the administration: among whom he was supported, but not rivalled, by able men, against opponents who were not thought by him inconsiderable, of whom one, at least, was felt by every hearer, and acknowledged in private by himself, to have always forced his faculties into their very uttermost stretch.

Had he been a dry and meagre speaker, he would have been universally allowed to be one of the greatest masters of argument; but his hearers were so dazzled by the splendour of his diction, that they did not perceive the acuteness and the sometimes excessive refinement of his reasoning; a consequence which, as it shows the injurious influence of a seductive fault, can with the less justice be overlooked in the estimate of his understanding. Ornament, it must be owned, when it only pleases or amuses, without disposing the audience to adopt the sentiments of the speaker, is an offence against the first law of public speaking, of which it obstructs instead of promoting the only reasonable purpose. But eloquence is a widely extended art, comprehending many sorts of excellence, in some of which, ornamented diction is more liberally employed than in others, and in none of which the highest rank can be attained without an extraordinary combination of mental powers. Among our own orators, Mr. Canning seems to be the best model of the adorned style. The splendid and sublime descriptions of Mr. Burke, his comprehensive and profound views of general principle, though they must ever delight and instruct the readers, must be owned to have been digressions which diverted the minds of the hearers from the object on which the speaker ought to have kept them steadily fixed. Sheridan, a man of admirable sense, and matchless wit, laboured to follow Burke into the foreign regions of feeling and grandeur, where the specimens preserved of his most celebrated speeches show too much of the exaggeration and excess to which those are peculiarly liable who seek by art and effort what nature has denied. By the constant part which Mr. Canning took in debate, he was called upon to show a knowledge which Sheridan did not possess, and a readiness which that accomplished man had no such means of strengthening and displaying. In some qualities of style Mr. Canning surpassed Mr. Pitt. His diction was more various, sometimes more simple, more idiomatical even in its more elevated parts. It sparkled with imagery, and was brightened by illustration, in both of which

Mr. Pitt for so great an orator was defective.

Mr. Canning possessed in a high degree the outward advantages of an orator. His expressive countenance varied with the changes of his eloquence; his voice, flexible and articulate, had as much compass as his mode of speaking required. In the calm part of his speeches, his attitude and gesture might have been selected by a painter to represent grace rising towards dignity.

No English speaker used the keen and brilliant weapon of wit so long, so often, or so effectively, as Mr. Canning. He gained more triumphs and incurred more enmity by it than any other. Those whose importance depends much on birth and fortune, are impatient of seeing their own artificial dignity, or that of their order, broken down by derision; and perhaps few men heartily forgive a successful jest against themselves, but those who are conscious of being unhurt by it. Mr. Canning often used this talent imprudently. In sudden flashes of wit, and in the playful description of men or things, he was often distinguished by that natural felicity which is the charm of pleasantry; to which the air of art and labour is more fatal than to any other talent. Sheridan was sometimes betrayed, by an imitation of the dialogue of his master, Congreve, into a sort of laboured and finished jesting, so balanced and expanded, as sometimes to vie in tautology and monotony with the once applauded triads of Johnson, and which, even in its most happy passages, is more sure of commanding serious admiration than hearty laughter. It cannot be denied that Mr. Canning's taste was, in this respect, somewhat influenced by the example of his early friend.

There are some of his speeches which deserve notice, as evincing powers which he did not ordinarily exert. At the beginning of the discussion, in 1811, on the resumption of cash payments by the bank of England, he was so little acquainted with the subject, as to be a stranger to its elementary terms. He so profited, however, by the friendly conversation of a master of the science, that his two speeches on that question were numbered among his most successful exertions. In them his exposition was simple and clear. His fancy was content with supplying illustration, and even his wit was confined to exposing to ridicule what he proved to be absurd.

Nothing could better prove the imperfect education of English statesmen at that time, and the capacity of Mr. Canning to master subjects the least agreeable to his pursuits and inclinations.

On the vote of thanks to the Marquis of Hastings, he related the events of the Indian war with a clearness, order, and rapidity, which gave occasion to his speech being called, in the debate, the most beautiful model of spoken history. In his speeches during the session in which he was appointed governor-general of India, he thought that he was about to leave his country, and was bidding farewell to the assembly which was the scene of his fame, seemed to have softened his asperities as well as chastened his diction, with an increase of uninterrupted power over his audience, which

showed how very little more restraint on temper and fancy was wanting to enlarge and prolong his ascendant as a speaker, and to teach the public a more just conception of the virtues for which he was, with so much justice, beloved. Into the few unseemly expressions, which would have subjected a man of less known humanity to more serious imputation, he was seduced by the poignancy, or sometimes by the quaintness of phrases, which, on that account also, were more circulated and more resented.

The exuberance of fancy and wit lessened the gravity of his general manner, and perhaps also indisposed the audience to feel his earnestness where it clearly showed itself. In that important quality he was inferior to Mr. Pitt,

"Deep on whose front engraven,
Deliberation sat, and public care;"

and not less inferior to Mr. Fox, whose fervid eloquence flowed from the love of his country, the scorn of baseness, and the hatred of cruelty, which were the ruling passions of his nature. On the whole, it may be observed, that the range of Mr. Canning's powers as an orator was wider than that in which he usually exerted them. When mere statement only was allowable, no man of his age was more simple. When infirm health compelled him to be brief, no speaker could compress his matter with so little sacrifice of clearness, ease, and elegance. In his speech on colonial reformation, in 1823, he seemed to have brought down the philosophical principles and the moral sentiments of Mr. Burke, to that precise level where they could be happily blended with a grave and dignified speech, intended as an introduction to a new system of legislation. As his oratorical faults were those of youthful genius, the progress of age seemed to purify his eloquence, and every year appeared to remove some speck which hid, or at least, dimmed a beauty. He daily rose to larger views, and made, perhaps, as near approaches to philosophical principles as the great difference between the objects of the philosopher and those of the orator will commonly allow.

When the memorials of his own time, the composition of which he is said never to have interrupted in his busiest moments, are made known to the public, his abilities as a writer may be better estimated. His only known writings in prose are State Papers, which, when considered as the composition of a minister for foreign affairs, in one of the most extraordinary periods of European history, are undoubtedly of no small importance. Such of these papers as were intended to be a direct appeal to the judgment of mankind, combine so much precision, with such uniform circumspection and dignity, that they must ever be studied as models of that very difficult species of composition. His Instructions to Ministers Abroad, on occasions both perplexing and momentous, will be found to exhibit a rare union of comprehensive and elevated views, with singular ingenuity in devising means of execution; on which last faculty he sometimes relied perhaps more confidently than the short and dim foresight of man will warrant. "Great affairs," says Lord Bacon, "are commonly too

coarse and stubborn to be worked upon by the fine edges and points of wit."¹⁶ His papers in negotiation were occasionally somewhat too controversial in their tone. They are not near enough to the manner of an amicable conversation about a disputed point of business, in which a negotiator does not so much draw out his argument, as hint his own object, and sound the intention of his opponent. He sometimes seems to pursue triumph more than advantage, and not enough to remember that to leave the opposite party satisfied with what he has got, and in good humour with himself, is not one of the least proofs of a negotiator's skill. Where the papers were intended ultimately to reach the public through parliament, it might be prudent to regard chiefly the final object; and when this excuse was wanting, much must be pardoned to the controversial habits of a parliamentary life. It is hard for a debater to be a negotiator. The faculty of guiding public assemblies is very remote from the art of dealing with individuals.

Mr. Canning's power of writing verse may rather be classed with his accomplishments, than numbered among his high and noble faculties. It would have been a distinction for an inferior man. His verses were far above those of Cicero, of Burke, and of Bacon. The taste prevalent in his youth led him to more relish for sententious declaimers in verse than is shared by lovers of the more true poetry of imagination and sensibility. In some respects his poetical compositions were also influenced by his early intercourse with Mr. Sheridan, though he was restrained by his more familiar contemplation of classical models from the glittering conceits of that extraordinary man. Something of an artificial and composite diction is discernible in the English poems of those who have acquired reputation by Latin verse, more especially since the pursuit of rigid purity has required so timid an imitation as not only to confine itself to the words, but to adopt none but the phrases of ancient poets; an effect of which Gray must be allowed to furnish an example.

Absolute silence about Mr. Canning's writings as a political satirist, which were for their hour so popular, might be imputed to undue timidity. In that character he yielded to General Fitzpatrick in arch stateliness and poignant railery; to Mr. Moore in the gay prodigality with which he squanders his countless stores of wit; and to his own friend Mr. Frere in the richness of a native vein of original and fantastic drollery. In that ungenial province, where the brightest of the hasty laurels are apt very soon to fade, and where Dryden only boasts immortal lays, it is perhaps his best praise that there is no writing of his, which a man of honour might not avow as soon as the first heat of contest was past.

In some of the amusements or tasks of his boyhood there are passages which, without much help from fancy, might appear to contain allusions to his greatest measures of policy, as well as to the tenor of his life, and to the

¹⁶ It may be proper to remind the reader, that here the word "wit" is used in its ancient sense.

melancholy splendour which surrounded his death. In the concluding line of the first English verses written by him at Eton, he expressed a wish, which has been singularly realised, that he might

"Live in a blaze, and in a blaze expire."

It is at least a striking coincidence, that the statesman, whose dying measure was to mature an alliance for the deliverance of Greece, should, when a boy, have written English verses on the slavery of that country; and that in his prize poem at Oxford, on the Pilgrimage to Mecca, a composition as much applauded as a modern Latin poem can aspire to be, he should have as bitterly deplored the lot of other renowned countries, now groaning under the same barbarous yoke.

*Nunc Satrapæ imperio et sævo subdita Turcæ.**

To conclude:—he was a man of fine and brilliant genius, of warm affections, of high and generous spirit; a statesman, who, at home, converted most of his opponents into warm supporters; who, abroad, was the sole hope and trust of all who sought an orderly and legal liberty; and who was cut off in the midst of vigorous and splendid measures, which, if executed by himself, or with his own spirit, promised to place his name in the first class of rulers, among the founders of lasting peace, and the guardians of human improvement.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

KARAMSIN'S HISTORY OF RUSSIA.†

SURPRISE has been often expressed that of an empire so prodigiously extended, and so preponderating in its influence, as Russia, nothing worthy of the name of history, should have appeared before that of Levesque. We have in our own language what is called a history of Russia by Tooke, but this is little more than a meagre abridgment of the French author. Meagre we may well term it; for it comprises within a few pages, the events of six centuries,—a period to which Levesque devotes nearly three, and Karamsin no less than nine, large volumes. Hence the earlier portions of Russian history, is hitherto almost entirely unknown to the English public.

But this surprise will surely cease, when we consider that the chief materials for such a history, can be found only in Russia itself, where the MS. chronicles have lain for ages, shrouded in the dust of libraries, and inaccessible, not only to foreigners, but to natives, without the imperial permission; and that these MSS. being for the most part, in the ancient Slavonic dialect of the country, are intelligible to few. Besides, no one less obstinately persevering, than the veriest German commentator, however well he might be acquainted with the ancient and modern dialects, would have patience

to devote the necessary time to the preparatory, yet indispensable occupation of examining authorities, as dry in their manner, as they are often uninteresting in their details,—authorities, too, not always easy to be decyphered by those even who are most conversant with such matters. This task requires,—not so much brilliancy of imagination, or a facility of moral and philosophic induction, as the obscure and less esteemed qualities of erudition and industry.

No wonder then, that the lively Frenchman, notwithstanding his long residence in the Russian capital, and his access to the chronicles and public documents, should have been found inadequate to such a task. That he opened to us numerous stores of information previously unknown; that his work well entitled him to the gratitude of every reader, we most readily admit; but if he did much, he left more to be done. He has either entirely omitted, or but slightly touched on, some of the most important and interesting parts of his subject; and he frequently indulges in loose and bold conjecture, which more extended research would show to be utterly unfounded. We could not easily point out any history where the mistakes are greater, either in number or in magnitude: a list of them alone would fill a volume.

Convinced of the defects to which we have alluded, and that Russia possessed no satisfactory work on the subject, Mr. Karamsin attempted to supply the desideratum. He rightly judged that no basis yet existed, on which a good history could be raised; accordingly, disregarding what had before appeared, he resolved to collect his own materials at the fountain-head. He ransacked the public and private libraries of the empire, in which preliminary employment he is said to have passed fourteen years. Not only did he consult the native authorities, from the monk Nestor downwards, but the historians and travellers of other countries,—Greek, Latin, Arabian, German, Scandinavian, Polish, Hungarian, and English,—who were contemporary, or nearly so, with the events he relates. To his erudition, or at least his industry, ample testimony is borne by the notes at the end of each volume. In fact, few authorities which could possibly bear on the subject, appear to have escaped him. Hence he has collected a mass of information infinitely more important, as well as more voluminous, than that of Levesque.

But while rendering our tribute of praise to the industry and research of the author, we must protest against the extent to which they have been carried. His anxiety to omit no event of the least importance, has led to a minuteness which we suspect, will prove insufferably tiresome to any but a native reader. The period which his history embraces, is one during the greater part of which the events are obscure, and the authorities comparatively few:—to this no less than eleven ponderous volumes are devoted. With Mr. Karamsin all human labours are at an end; but should the work be continued on the same scale of tedious minuteness for the two last centuries, (a period so much more prolific in historic materials, and those of the highest interest and importance,) it will be swelled to a fearful extent.

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* *Iter. ad Meccam*, Oxford, 1789.

† *Histoire de l'Empire de Russie*, par M. Karamsin; traduite par MM. St. Thomas, Jauffret, et de Divoff. Tom. I.—XI. 8vo. Paris. 1819—1826.

indeed, no life will be protracted long enough to complete it. Besides, whatever be the author's other excellencies, he exhibits little of the sound judgment, the critical acumen, of those higher qualities which some modern historians have taught us to expect, and without which a book may be very learned, but will not long please. His chief merit is, in truth, that of an industrious compiler: he has done little more than transfer, in his own rhetorical language, the substance of his numerous authorities—of the ancient chronicles especially—into the interminable volumes before us. His great fault is that of dwelling with the same minuteness on events which are doubtful or insignificant, as on those which are equally indisputable and momentous. By assigning an undue prominence to *all* his figures, he has produced a picture both disproportionate and ineffectual. On the whole, we may say of him, that it would be difficult to point out any historian, who exhibits equal industry, and at the same time an equal lack of judgment and taste.

The volumes before us (which are all that Karamsin has left behind him,) contain the history of his country from Rurik, the founder of the monarchy in the ninth century, to the death of the reputed impostor Demetrius, at the beginning of the seventeenth. Over this wide space, we purpose to cast sometimes a hurried, at other times a leisurely glance, according to the relative interest, importance, or novelty of the subject. Our object will be to advert to the more striking historical events omitted by Tooke, as well as to the genius, character and manners of the Russians, and to the former state of their society, political, moral and religious, as far as it can be ascertained; not from Karamsin only, but from the concurrent testimony of the authorities to which we have access. But before we proceed to the establishment of the first Russian dynasty, we will imitate our author in giving some introductory notices of the ancient inhabitants of the country.

Most of the numerous tribes which inhabited Russia before the ninth century, were doubtless of Slavonian origin. When they first settled in the country is impossible to be determined; nor is it easier to ascertain at what period they forsook the common cradle of the human race. Probably, however, the Slavi were established in Europe many ages before the foundation of Rome. On the present occasion, we cannot be expected to enter into a controversy which opens so extensive a field to inquiry, but we think the opinion we have expressed—an opinion held by Dolci, Gatterer, Schlozer, Malte-Brun, and others equally eminent—is borne out by Strabo, Tacitus, Jornandes, &c., and above all, by the affinity subsisting between the Slavonic and the ancient languages of Greece and Rome. Of this affinity Levesque and other writers have furnished unquestionable proofs. Now we are certainly not among the number of those who contend that for such kindred words the Slavi were indebted to their southern neighbours: we believe the converse of the proposition; and therefore that the Slavi were settled in Europe long before the existence of historic records.

But whether the position we have advanced be tenable or not, is of little importance in our

present inquiry. All that we are now interested to know is, that the nations anciently inhabiting Russia, by whatever names they were distinguished, were of the origin we have assigned them. We will not weary the reader by repeating their names, or defining the limits of their respective possessions: both were perpetually changing, from the restlessness of those tribes, or the arrival of whole nations from Asia. Like a resistless inundation, the new comers often swept away the petty boundaries which had been erected, and left behind them one wide waste of desolation. Sometimes, however, as in the case of the Huns—whose terrific empire, when no longer upheld by the giant-hand of Attila, soon fell to the earth—the conquerors established themselves in the country, and in time were confounded with the more ancient inhabitants.

But why were those various nations or tribes designated by the generic appellation of *Russians*?

From the testimonies adduced by Malte-Brun and others, there is, we think, no reason to doubt that the name in question is derived from the *Rhoxolani*, or *Rhoxani*,* one of the tribes to which we have alluded. In the time of Strabo they were settled on the vast plains near the source of the Tanais and Borysthenes. Appian tells us that they were warlike and powerful; and we learn from other writers of at least equal weight, that having joined their arms to those of a neighbouring nation, they frequently harassed the Roman confines near the Danube, and the Carpathian mountains; that in A.D. 68 they surprised Mæsia, in 166 carried on war against the Marcomanni, and in 270 were numbered among the enemies over whom Aurelian triumphed. During the three first centuries, then, they occupied the southern parts of Poland, Red Russia and Kiovia,—the very seats possessed by the *Russians* of the ninth century. Jornandes assigns them the same region; and the anonymous geographer of Ravenna fixes them in Lithuania and the neighbouring countries. These authorities are to us decisive that the *Rhoxani* and the *Russians* are the same people; but if any doubt remained, it would be removed by the concurrent testimony of the native chronicles, the Polish traditions, the Byzantine historians, and the Icelandic sagas, all of which are unanimous in applying the term *Russian* to the inhabitants of the country formerly possessed by the *Rhoxani*. Hence, as these were the most celebrated

* This derivation of *Russian* from *Rhoxolani*, or *Rhoxani*, is neither difficult nor improbable. The *z*, it is supposed, was substituted by the Greeks for the *ss*, or *th* of the barbarians: in the Doric and Eolic dialects that character was expressed by the simple *s*. Hence from *Rhoxani* to *Rhoxani*, *Rossani*, *Rossi*, (the proper orthography requires the *o* not the *u* in the first syllable,) the transition is natural and easy. A MS. of Jornandes in the Ambrosian library at Milan has *Rossomannorum* instead of *Rhoxolanorum*,—a reading which confirms the identity of sound between the *z* and the *ss*. The addition by that historian of the Gothic termination *mann*, to the primitive word, will surprise no one.

of the original tribes, that term by synecdoche became generic.

The character of the Slavi, or early Russians, was such as might be expected from their habits—in war courageous, but cruel, and greedy of plunder; in peace barbarous, but simple and hospitable. So far was hospitality carried among them, that if a man were too poor to entertain his guest, he was permitted to steal from his richer neighbour what he lacked for the purpose: the vice was justified by the virtue. Polygamy was allowed; and the woman, as in all savage communities, were a degraded sex. As in India, widows were consumed on the funeral piles of their husbands; and according to the Arabic geographer, Yakut, she was not the only victim: a slave was also sacrificed in the same manner.* This inhuman custom, which both the Indians and the Slavi probably derived from the same source, was originally founded on the notion that wives and slaves were doomed to serve their lord in the next world as well as in this; and that until the former were put to death, the latter would remain without the necessary aid. Male children were reared for war; but if the female infants of a family were considered too numerous, they were destroyed at their birth. A custom still more horrid was that of children leaving their aged and helpless parents to expire for want.

But with all their ferocity and barbarism, the early Russians were not unacquainted with the softer arts of life.

"In the sixth century, the northern Winidæ (a widely extended branch of the Slavi, or perhaps but another name for the old race) told the Emperor of Constantinople that music was their greatest pleasure, and that even in their journeys they seldom carried arms, but always lutes and harps of their own workmanship. They had also other instruments, which still form the delight of the Slavonian nations. It was not in the tranquillity of peace, and in their own country only, that the Slavi indulged in music and rejoicing: even in their warlike expeditions, and within sight of the enemy, they sang and made themselves merry. We learn from Procopius, that when attacked by night, A.D. 562, by a Greek general, the Slavi were so much engrossed by their amusements, that they were surprised before they could adopt any measures of defence. Many popular Slavonic songs of Lusatia, Luxemburg, and Dalmatia, appear very ancient; and so do many Russian couplets now current, in which the gods of Paganism and the Danube are celebrated. That river was dear to our ancestors: for on its banks they made the first essays of their valour, and obtained their first triumphs. Probably those airs, which were so sweet and peaceful among the Winidæ, while military glory and success remained unknown to them, were changed into war-songs when their armies had approached the Roman empire, and penetrated into Dacia."—"Hence the origin of poetry, which among all nations is, in its commencement, the organ for expressing love and

happiness, and for celebrating the bold deeds of the warrior."—vol. i. p. 84.

To this ardent enthusiasm for song among the Slavonian and Teutonic nations, especially among the Poles, the Tyrolese, and the Germans, we can ourselves bear testimony. We well remember—indeed we can never forget—hearing full 30,000 soldiers simultaneously join in one of their favourite songs of triumph, as they were returning through Germany from their expedition to France in 1815. The effect was more than tremendous: it was awful,—far beyond what we had previously imagined possible.

In the earliest stage of their society, the Slavi had no regular form of government, nor did they recognise any authority beyond the natural one which family relations impose. To deliberate on affairs of general concern, the warriors and those "whom age had taught wisdom," assembled in some appointed place,—often in one of their Pagan temples. But superior bravery and success in war soon brought superior power; military chiefs became the civil judges; and often when the son of a hero inherited the great qualities as well as the substance of his father, he succeeded to his dignity. The following extract is curious:

"This power among the Slavi was indicated by the denomination of *boyards*, *royrods*, *kniaz*, *pass*, *jupans*, *karols* or *krols*, &c. The first, which is unquestionably derived from *roye*, a combat, and which might originally designate a warrior of extraordinary valour, became afterwards a public dignity. The Byzantine annals of A.D. 764, speak of *boyards*, who were the lords or chief magistrates of the Bulgarian Slavi. The title of *royrod* also was in its origin applied only to military commanders; but as in time of peace those chiefs would continue to exercise their authority over the people, the term was subsequently used to designate a ruler in general among the Bohemians and the Saxon Vendi: in Carniola it signified a prince; and in Poland not only a general in chief, but a judge. The word *kniaz* is probably derived from *kon*, a horse, though many of the learned deduce it from the oriental word *kagan*. In the countries inhabited by the Slavonians, horses were the most valuable species of property: among the Pomeranians, a maritime people, thirty were esteemed a rich inheritance, and every proprietor of one was termed *kgnaz*, noble captain, or chief.* In Croatia and Servia the title was given to the brother of a king; and in Dalmatia the head judge bore that of *veliky-kgnaz*, or great chief. According to Constantine Porphyrogenitus, a *pan*, among the Slavi of Croatia, governed three districts, and presided over the diets, when the people assembled for the purpose of deliberating. Until the thirteenth century the name, the possessors of which were long all powerful in Hungary, was employed by the Bohemians to designate any rich proprietor; and at present it signifies a lord in Polish. In Slavonic countries, particular districts were called *jupans-toa*, and the governors *jupans* or deans,

* See the translation of a curious article on this subject in the Asiatic Journal for July, 1828.

* In Lusatia politeness awards the appellation *kgnas* to the master, *kgnioguina* to the mistress of the house.

according to the same Constantine: the old word *jupa* means a village. The chief duties of these dignitaries was the administration of justice. This is sufficiently proved by the fact that at this day the peasants of Austria and Upper Saxony call their judges by no other name: but in the middle ages the dignity of *jupan* was more honourable than that of *kgnaz*. These *jupans* had under them certain *suddafs*, or *puise* judges, to assist them in their judicial duties. A singular custom has been preserved in some villages of Lusatia and Brandenburg: the labourers secretly choose from their own body a king, to whom they pay the same tribute as their ancestors paid to the *jupans*. Lastly, in Servia, Dalmatia, and Bohemia, sovereigns assumed the title of *krali*, or *karali*, that is, according to some authorities, punishers of crimes, from the word *kara*, punishment.—vol. i. p. 92.

These dignities, however, were not originally hereditary; indeed, some of them never became so. The people reserved to themselves the right of electing, and often of deposing their chiefs, if convicted or even suspected of malpractices. When some of them became at length hereditary, the innovation was effected by force; and the people never ceased to lament the extinction of their right to elect their rulers. In Carinthia the election of a *voyvod*, or duke, was accompanied by a curious ceremony. The object of their choice appeared before the people clothed in the meanest attire. A labourer was seated on a huge stone which served as a throne: before him the new ruler swore to defend religion and justice, and to support widows and orphans. The labourer then descended from the throne; the duke ascended, and every one present swore fidelity to him.

The religion of the Slavi is too vast a subject to be even noticed here. Some account of it (chiefly extracted from Levesque) may be found in Tooke.

Leaving the ancient inhabitants of Russia, we now proceed to glance at the history of that country from the establishment of the first great dynasty.

In the tenth century—the period when Russian history becomes authentic—the country possessed a few considerable towns independent of each other, and under different rulers. Of these the most powerful were Novgorod and Kief, (Kiow,) both of which, tradition says, had existed some centuries. "Who can resist God and Novgorod the Great?" was a proverb that sufficiently indicated the preponderance of the former over the petty states in the neighbourhood; but the democratic form of her government opened a wide field to internal disorders. "Malheureusement," says Levesque, "il est bien rare que les hommes puissent être paisibles quand ils ne sont pas chargés de chaînes;" a maxim, however, which we should scarcely have expected from the man. While discord prevailed within, the Scandinavian pirates and other enemies, assailed her from without. Convinced that by her own efforts, she could no longer preserve her independence, she called in those pirates, (who were ever ready to draw the sword for any cause which promised them a recompense,) to assist her. Ere long the Scandinavian chief, Rurik, assumed

the sovereignty of Novgorod, whether by force, or by the voluntary suffrages of the inhabitants, is doubtful. The case seems parallel to our calling in the Saxons against the Picts: in both instances, and from the same cause, the allies may have become the masters. It was in A.D. 862, that Rurik thus obtained undisturbed possession of the state; at the same time his brother, Sineus, assumed the government of Bielo-Orzero, and Truvor, a third brother, that of Izborsk. On the death of these two, Rurik became undisputed sovereign of all northern Russia.

That these strangers—the Varages of Nestor, and the *Rassizy* of the Byzantine historians—were Scandinavian pirates, is much more than probable. The very name, *Væringar*, which in the northern tongues, signifies sword-men, or war-men, and the fact that when a king of Sweden, in the tenth century, passed through Constantinople, the Varagian guard acknowledged him as their king, are proofs of their identity with the northern pirates. They had been accustomed for ages, to infest the maritime coasts around the Baltic, and at the period in question in greater numbers than ever. Harold Harfrager, had just driven them from Norway, and compelled them to seek booty in other countries. Thus while some visited Iceland, some the British isles, and others France, many hastened to Novgorod, and, as we have seen, obtained possession of three considerable governments.

Kief also did not long escape the foreign yoke. Two of the Scandinavian chiefs, having some cause of dissatisfaction with Rurik, left Novgorod, with the intention of seeking a more brilliant fortune in the service of the Greek emperor. On their way to Constantinople, they took possession of Kief, and ruled it as independent princes. After Rurik's death, however, and during the minority of his son Igor, Oleg, the regent, added this new conquest to the rest, and transferred to it the seat of government from Novgorod. He made other conquests, and is said even to have humbled the Greek emperor; but as the latter statement is highly improbable, and totally unsupported by the Byzantine annals, we cannot join Mr. Karamsin in his patriotic feeling of triumph on the occasion. The death of this ambitious guardian, who retained the reins of sovereignty long after the majority of his ward, was, according to Nestor, singular enough. He had a favourite horse, which, however, as the diviners had foretold that it would be the cause of his death, he had ceased to mount. Five years having elapsed, he remembered the prediction, and inquired after his horse. He was told that it was dead. Ridiculing, as in appearance he well might, the pretended science of the impostors, and, in the exultation of the moment, he hastened to contemplate his dead enemy. He placed one foot on the skull, exclaiming, "So, this is the dreaded animal!" but scarcely had the words been uttered, when he received a mortal wound in the heel, inflicted by a serpent concealed within.*

* Something very like the above fable, and probably the original, may be found in an Icelandic saga quoted by Torfæus. A witch pre-

After reigning thirty-three years, during which period he made two irruptions into the Greek empire, Igor was assassinated by the Drevlians, A.D. 945. His widow Olga, who governed during the minority of her son Sviatoslaf, revenged his death in a manner equally perfidious and cruel; but her subsequent conversion to Christianity atoned for all. Though that religion had several professors in Kief, into which it had been introduced in the preceding reign, she went to Constantinople, to be more accurately instructed in the new faith; and there she was baptized, the emperor himself (Constantine Porphyrogenitus) standing as sponsor. Her shocking treachery to the Drevlians was not considered any impediment to her canonization: as she was the first Russian sovereign who submitted to the holy rite, a grateful church has placed her in its venerable catalogue of saints. But neither Sviatoslaf nor his subjects were much influenced by her example: the golden-whiskered Perune, and a host of inferior deities, were still the objects of general adoration.

Of the three sons left by Sviatoslaf, Yaropolk, Oleg, and Vladimir, the two former fell victims to their unnatural contentions, (Yaropolk, under the title of grand duke, held Kief, and Oleg the country of the Drevlians,) and the last, who had been ruler of Novgorod, succeeded to the undivided sovereignty. For his success in restoring the unity of power, and in increasing his territories by his wars with the surrounding states, Vladimir, who piqued himself on his superior piety, was anxious to testify his gratitude to the gods. New statues were erected to their honour, and Perune was carefully provided with a new and costly pair of appendages. But, lest these acts of homage should be insufficient to satisfy his divine protectors, he resolved to add a human victim. He fixed on a youth, a Scandinavian and a Christian, whose father, not content with opposing the design, railed with all his might against the idols of the country, and thereby exasperated the inhabitants of Kief to such a degree, that both he and his son were sacrificed in their own house. It is, however, some consolation to think, that if they were the first, they were also the last Christian martyrs in that city; for not only Kief, but the greatest part of Russia was about to embrace the pure faith. We are not informed by what means the zeal of the grand duke in the cause of Paganism began to cool. Certain it is that he became displeased with the deities he had made; so much so, that he resolved on the introduction of a better religion. But how select, when so great a number were offered to his choice? We are told that Christians, Mahometans and Jews, sent the most learned of their doctors to demonstrate the superior excellency of their respective modes of faith; each was anxious to boast the honour of converting so renowned a Pagan. As this is a subject important in itself, and but slightly noticed by

dicted to Orvar-Odda, that Fax, his favourite horse, would occasion his death. The animal died, Orvar visited the ditch in which it lay, when an adder issued from the skull, and bit him mortally in the heel.

Tooke, we willingly make room for the following extract.

"The first ambassadors," says Karamsin, chiefly from Nestor, "were from the Bulgarians of the Volga. The religion of Mahomet, propagated by the victorious arms of the Arabs, already reigned over the eastern and northern borders of the Caspian; the Bulgarians also had embraced it, and they wished Vladimir to do the same. The description of the Mohammedan paradise, with its smiling houries, inflamed the imagination of this voluptuous prince;* but then he disliked circumcision, and the prohibition of wine he thought foolish. 'Wine,' exclaimed he, 'is the chief delight of the Russians; we cannot do without it.' The deputies from the German Catholics harangued him on the greatness of God, and the vanity of idols. 'Go home,' replied the prince, 'our forefathers never received a religion from the pope.' After listening to the Jews, he asked them where their country lay. 'At Jerusalem,' was the reply; 'but in his anger God has dispersed us throughout the earth.' 'What!' said Vladimir, 'do you, who are the cursed of God, pretend to teach others! Away! we have no wish to be without country as you are.' At length a Greek philosopher, (his name is unknown,) after demonstrating in a few words the falsity of other religions, explained to the grand duke the spirit of the Old and New Testament—the creation, original sin, our first parents, the deluge, the people of God, redemption, Christianity, the seven Ecumenical Councils; finally, he drew a forcible picture of the last judgment—the subsequent happiness of the blessed, and the punishment of the damned. Struck with this description, the prince sighed and said: 'What bliss for the good, and misery for the wicked!' 'Be baptized,' replied the philosopher, 'and heaven will be your inheritance.'

"Having dismissed this philosopher laden with presents, Vladimir assembled his boyards;

* "Vladimir was truly the Solomon of his age, if it be true that he had four wives and eight hundred concubines. The first of his wives, Rogueda, who had been affianced to his brother Yaropolk, whose father and brother he had assassinated, and whom he had forcibly carried off, could forgive him the death of her dearest relations, but not his infidelities. She showed her resentment, and was in consequence driven from his palace, and compelled to reside in a solitary building on the Libeda, near Kief. There, however, she was sometimes visited by her husband. As he was one night sleeping by her side, she resolved in a sudden fit of jealousy and revenge, to take away his life. She accordingly raised a dagger to plunge it into his heart; but that instant he opened his eyes, and was fortunate enough to arrest the descending blow. He arose, intending to put her to death, when the child of both rushed between them, and besought pardon for the mother. After a short struggle, nature triumphed: Vladimir embraced his child, and left the house. He was persuaded by his nobles not only to pardon Rogueda, but (probably to remove her) to settle on her the principality formerly held by her father."

he acquainted them with the discourses of the Mahometans, Jews, Catholics, and Greeks, and requested their opinion. 'Prince,' replied the boyards and elders, 'every man praises his own religion; but if you wish to choose the best, send wise men into different countries, to ascertain what people honour God in the manner most worthy of him.' Accordingly, the grand duke selected for this purpose ten of the wisest persons he could find. Among the Bulgarians, they saw nothing but wretched-looking temples, tedious prayers, and sorrowful faces; among the German Catholics, ceremonies without dignity or magnificence. At length they reached Constantinople. 'Let them see the glory of our God!' said the emperor. Knowing that a barbarous mind is more forcibly struck with external splendour than with abstract truths, he conducted the ambassadors into the church of St. Sophia, where the patriarch himself, in his pontifical vestments, was celebrating the divine office. The magnificence of the place, the presence of the clergy the splendour of the sacerdotal garb, the ornaments of the altars, the exquisite odour of the incense, the delightful melody of the choristers, the silence of the people, and finally the holy and mysterious majesty of the ceremonies, powerfully affected the Russians. They thought the temple the residence of the Most High, and the place where his glory was manifested to mortals. On their return to Kief, they gave Vladimir an account of their mission. They spoke with contempt of the Mahometan worship, and with little favour of the Catholic; but of the Greek ritual with the greatest enthusiasm.—vol. i. p. 260.

The representations of his deputies, and the conviction that Olga, "the wisest of mortals," would not have embraced a bad religion, soon determined Vladimir. But he had no notion of being baptized like other men; he could not allow the humble priests, who had been permitted to settle in Kief, to administer the sacred rite to him; he could not condescend to receive it from any one below an archbishop at least. Would he *solicit* the Greek emperors (Basil and Constantine then reigned) for the favour? Not he: he would declare war against them, and *compel* them to see that his baptism was celebrated with all due splendour. Hostilities accordingly commenced, and he eventually succeeded in obtaining his admission not only into the Christian church by no less a dignitary than the Archbishop of Cherson, but even into the imperial family: as he forced the two brothers to bestow on him the hand of their sister the princess Anne, and returned triumphant to Kief, with his royal spouse, with priests, books, vases, and relics without number.

Vladimir was not satisfied with his own conversion; he insisted that his subjects should imitate his example, and the means he adopted for the purpose were efficacious enough. He did more in a single day than would have been performed by a thousand preaching missionaries. He began by demolishing the idols, which had so lately been the objects of his worship, and which he had probably loved the more from their being his own workmanship. Poor Perune found his fine whiskers of little avail; as he was

the greatest of the gods, so he was doomed to receive the greatest measure of contempt. The deified log was tied to the tail of a horse, and while dragged to the top of a hill to be rolled down into the river, it was soundly cudgelled by twelve lusty soldiers. When all these visible signs of Paganism were removed, the royal convert ordered that his subjects should every where conform to the new faith,—an order obeyed without opposition. On a certain day all the inhabitants of Kief were assembled on the banks of the Dnieper; and, on a signal from the monarch, all plunged into the river, some to the waist, and others to the neck; parents held their children in their arms while the ceremony was performed by the priests in attendance. Thus a nation received baptism, not only without murmuring, but with cheerfulness; for all were convinced that a religion, embraced by the sovereign and boyards, must necessarily be the best in the world. In all places, however, this change was not immediate; in some of the more sequestered districts Paganism subsisted until the twelfth century.

Vladimir has obtained the name of Great from his victories, and of Saint from his zeal. His conversion made him a new man. He, who had indulged in the grossest sensuality, was now faithful to his Christian consort: he, who had delighted in blood, now hesitated to make war when his dominions were invaded, and even to punish with death the most atrocious criminals. He founded schools for the instruction of his barbarous subjects, encouraged the liberal as well as the necessary arts, fortified towns, peopled uninhabited regions, and by his salutary judicial regulations, approved himself no indifferent legislator. By the Russian chroniclers he is styled the Solomon of his country—a name which he certainly merited for better reasons than the number of his concubines. But with all his talents and successes—with all the undisputed benefits which he conferred on his subjects, Vladimir was the cause, however unintentional, of Russia's greatest miseries. With the Scandinavians, the feudal system had been introduced into the country; the chiefs had been rewarded for their services by grants of provinces over which they were constituted independent judges as well as governors. They owed no more than military obedience to their superior lord: for their administration in their fiefs they held themselves accountable to no one. So powerful did they become, that they were no more than nominally dependent on the grand duke; they made war on one another without asking his consent, and sometimes in opposition to his commands and threats. To reduce them to obedience was not always practicable, especially after the division of the sovereign power among the sons of the grand duke. Sviatoslaf, as we have seen, was the first to set so fatal an example; but the consequent dissensions of his three sons might have produced a salutary lesson to his successors. That example was too well imitated by Vladimir, who, towards the decline of his life, parcelled out his dominions, under the title of hereditary fiefs, among his numerous sons. Little did he foresee that such a step was preparing unspeakable

horrors for the future; that for many succeeding ages his descendants would be armed against each other, and the blood of the country's best defenders spilt in obscure and criminal contests; that a measure, dictated by the blindness of paternal affection, was laying the foundation of the Tartar dominion over all Russia. Even in his life-time he had an opportunity of contemplating the ruinous consequences of such a measure: his last public act was to march against his rebellious son Yaroslaf, whom he had placed over Novgorod; but he died before he could reach his destination, A.D. 1014.

The history of the country from this period to the first incursion of the Tartars in 1223, presents little more than a sickening picture of civil disorders. The authority of the grand duke at Kiev was no longer able to punish the refractory; he was himself frequently compelled to share the fate of other vanquished princes—to lose his eyes, or retire to a monastery for life. Indeed, Kiev soon ceased to exercise even a nominal influence over the rest. About the middle of the twelfth century, Andrew of Susdal founded the great principality of Vladimir, which was ere long recognised as the chief of the Russian powers; and in 1169, Kiev was taken and sacked by the same ambitious governor. Novgorod began to choose its own rulers, who were so entirely dependent on the citizens, that they were deposed on the slightest pretexts: in the short space of a century, no fewer than thirty-four were successively entrusted with the limited administration of that opulent republic. The nominal governor seems to have been elected chiefly for his military talents, in order that he might protect the inhabitants against foreign aggression: the elders reserved to themselves the greater portion of the internal administration.

But in this obscure period of more than two centuries, the philosopher discovers something more valuable than military achievements, however splendid,—something which exhibits a partial view of Russian society, and of the then existing state of opinions and manners. We allude to the first code of *written* laws which the country possessed, which were partly compiled and partly composed by the Grand Duke Yaroslaf, who reigned over nearly all Russia from 1019 to 1054. A few of its more curious provisions we lay before the reader; he will find some of them not much unlike those of other northern people, especially of our Saxon ancestors.

I. If one man kill another, the latter shall be avenged by his relations, who shall be permitted to put the assassin to death. If no such avengers exist, the assassin shall pay into the public treasury,

1. For a boyard, or thane, the double fine, or eighty grivnas.

2. For a page of the prince, his cook, or other domestics; for a merchant; for the superintendent or sword-bearer of a boyard; for every *free* Russian, whether of Slavonic or Scandinavian origin, the simple fine, or forty grivnas.

3. For the assassination of a woman half the usual fine. There is no fine for killing a slave; but if murdered without sufficient cause, the

value shall be given to the master. For a serf belonging either to a boyard, or free Russian, five grivnas shall be paid to the owner.

4. For the superintendent of a village, acting either for the grand duke or a boyard; for an artisan, schoolmaster, or nurse, twelve grivnas.

5. For a female servant, six grivnas shall be given to the master, and a fine of twelve shall be paid to the state.

II. If in the heat of anger or intoxication one man kill another and conceal himself, the district in which the murder is committed shall be responsible for the fine. But if the assassin keep his ground, he shall pay half the fine, and the district the other half.

III. If one man strike another,

1. With the scabbard or handle of a sword; with a stick, the fist, a cup or goblet, he shall pay twelve grivnas.

2. With a club, three grivnas.

IV. For any slight contusion, three grivnas as a fine, and one to the party injured; but for any wound in the hand, foot, eye, or nose, twenty grivnas to the state, and ten to the plaintiff.

V. If one man pull another by the beard, or knock out a tooth, he shall pay a fine of twelve grivnas,* and one to the plaintiff.

But for the protection of *property* as well as individuals, theft was punished by a minutely regulated scale of fines, corresponding to the value of the thing stolen. Even he who mounted a horse without the owner's permission, was fined; and if through negligence a hired servant suffered his employer's property to be injured, the loss was deducted from his wages. Amidst so much anxiety, however, to protect every description of property, it is singular that so wide a door to fraud, as is exhibited in the following regulation, should be opened. "If one man lend money to another, and the latter deny the loan, the ordeal shall not be applied; the bare oath of the defendant shall be sufficient to exonerate him from the debt."

To this monument of antiquity, so characteristic of the national manners, we may add, that though the state of Russian society after St. Vladimir was materially influenced by the progress of Christianity, yet religion did not so much change as modify these manners. The association of ardent zeal for the faith with the enjoyment of pleasures prohibited by it, exhibited a picture anomalous indeed, but for that very reason the more striking. Princes, nobles and merchants were eager to build churches and monasteries, but at the same time they indulged in their favourite amusements,—music, dancing, wine and women. Almost every man of substance had one concubine at least,—an enjoyment by no means confined to laymen; and sobriety was never a Russian virtue. Doubtless, a zeal for holy church was in itself considered a sufficient expiation for unlawful enjoyments: and towards the close of life, when the empire of the passions had lost its influence, nothing was more common than for a man, whose life had been

* The grivna was a copper coin, and equivalent, we believe, to about 4½d. sterling.

more than ordinarily licentious, to lull his conscience by assuming the monastic habit.

After subduing all northern Asia, from China to the Caspian sea, Ghengis Khan despatched two of his generals to subjugate the nations on the borders of the Euxine. The Polovtses being too weak to offer any resistance, took refuge at Kief, and then the Russians were for the first time acquainted with the formidable enemy which was preparing to march against them. The princes entered into a mutual league to face the common danger, and the fugitive strangers were associated with them. But either there was treachery in their councils, or cowardice in their proceedings; for when the combined army was attacked by the Tartars on the banks of the Kalka, the Prince of Kief rendered so little assistance to the common cause, and the Polovtses made so feeble a defence, that the invaders slaughtered vast numbers of the allies, and obtained a decisive victory. That the Tartars would thence have proceeded to conquer all Russia, which, from its exhausted state, occasioned by intestine wars, would have fallen an easy prey, is certain; but they were recalled by their imperial master, to assist in reducing a more powerful enemy. By this sudden retreat, Russia had time to breathe; and it might naturally be supposed that the princes would suspend their petty animosities, and join heart and hand in making preparations for defence against the too probable return of their assailants. No such thing; civil discord raged as violently as before; the blood of the people flowed as copiously as ever in these shameful contentions; so that when Baty, the grandson of Ghengis, advanced in 1237 at the head of another Mongol army, the country was in too exhausted a condition to offer any effectual resistance. After defeating all opponents, the invader destroyed Moscow, which had for some time been rising into notice; Vladimir and other cities soon shared the same fate; and such were the ravages he committed, that the whole country was little more than a desert. Laden with plunder, he returned to the neighbourhood of the Don, but in the following year he came to invest Kief. He took it by storm, put all the inhabitants to the sword, and destroyed the city so completely, that nothing remained but smoking ruins. Ancient Kief disappeared for ever; and all Russia was the theatre of horrors far surpassing any which it had before exhibited. "It seemed," says our historian, "as if a deluge of fire had passed over it from east to west,—as if pestilence, earthquakes, and all the scourges of nature had united to ensure its destruction." It every where submitted to the conqueror, who resolved to hold it, and the surrounding countries, in subjection for ever: Novgorod was the only city which escaped the common doom. Having also subdued several provinces of Poland, Hungary, Croatia, Servia, Bulgaria, Wallachia, and Moldavia, Baty returned to the banks of the Volga, where he established the seat of his empire over the conquests he had made. He summoned the Russian princes to his camp, to do homage for their respective possessions; and he confirmed the superiority

of Yaroslav over the rest. All agreed to pay annual tributes, which were to be regularly transmitted through the grand duke. From this period to the reign of Ivan III. those princes were in a state of slavish dependence on the khans of Kaptshak, or the Golden Horde.

The fact will doubtless appear singular, but it is not the less true, that the Russo-Greek church enjoyed equal security, and greater privileges, during the domination of the Tartars than under the native princes.

"One of the most remarkable effects resulting from the domination of the Tartars over Russia, was the increased honours awarded to our clergy, and the augmentation of their revenues. The khans, whose policy it was to oppress both prince and people, protected the church and servants of Christ: towards both they testified great benevolence: they caressed the metropolitans and bishops, to whose petitions they turned a favourable ear; and their respect for the shepherds often disarmed their anger against the flocks. Thus the metropolitan Alexis restored tranquillity to his country, by mediating between its people and the horde. Disgusted with the world, and with the evils under which Russia groaned, the highest personages sought for peace in the serenity of the cloister: they exchanged their splendid habits for the mantle of the monk, and thereby added lustre to a state into which even princes entered before the arrival of the mortal hour.* The khans punished with death any of their subjects who dared to pillage, or in any way to molest the monasteries, which piety was ever ready to enrich by valuable legacies. Every man at his death left something to the church, and this was especially the case while the plague continued (and so long continued) to desolate Russia. As the ecclesiastical domains paid no tax, either to the horde, or to the native princes, we need not wonder that they prospered. After the necessary expenditure in church ornaments, and for the maintenance of the monks, money enough remained to purchase new landed possessions. The bishops of Novgorod, indeed, employed the treasures of St. Sophia for the good of the state; but our metropolitans did not follow so laudable an example. Whilst the people languished in misery, the monks, who were occupied in commerce, and exempted from every species of contribution, had no other care than that of augmenting their fortunes. Thus, without adverting to the high estimation attached to the monastic life, and to the force of religion, the temporal privileges alone of the sacred profession influenced the inhabitants of town and country to rush into the cloister; for riches, as well as public esteem, became the reward of piety. There, sheltered from violence, and placed beyond the reach of want, men could reap without the trouble of sowing. We have few monasteries remaining

* Most of the Russian grand dukes made their profession, and assumed the cowl, when they found their end approaching. Sometimes indeed, they recovered, but they were compelled to relinquish for ever their worldly dignity, and retire to the cloister.

which were founded either before or after the Tartars: almost all are monuments of that period."—vol. v. pp. 461—463.

It might also have been expected that the Mongols would have introduced some changes in the national manners, or at least in the internal administration; yet such does not appear to have been the case. The conquerors were first Pagans, then Mahometans; so that, being despised as unbelievers, and hated as enemies, their usages would have little influence over the conquered. The Greeks were the only people from whom the latter derived any thing, like improvement, the only people whom they were desirous of imitating. And as to the internal administration, the Tartars never interfered with it.

In other respects what we have said respecting the civil disorders of Russia, preceding the invasion of the Tartars, will apply with equal, if not greater, justice to the period of their domination. The picture is too revolting to be contemplated by the humane mind, and too uninteresting in itself to fix the attention of any beholder: it is one wide waste, unenlivened by a single verdant spot. The grand-dukes, indeed, seem to have been occasionally sensible that the evils of the country were owing to the division of power; some attempts were made to restore its unity, but unfortunately what was done by one, was undone by his successor. Still some progress was made, however slow, towards the only measure which could ensure independence to the country, or happiness to its inhabitants. Moscow in time became the acknowledged head of the other principalities, many of which, either by conquest, or in default of succession, were permanently incorporated with it. Sometimes, too, the khans themselves augmented the possessions of the grand dukes. In the reign of Vassily the Blind, autocracy made greater strides than ever, but to his son and successor, Ivan III., was reserved the glory of restoring it. This prince, who ascended the throne in 1462, succeeded by his valour, and still more by his prudence, not only in throwing off the foreign yoke, and depriving the principalities of the rights of sovereignty, but in raising his country to no mean rank among the European powers. He was the true founder of the Russian greatness. Become independent autocrat, the humble title of grand duke was no longer suited to his dignity: he assumed that of *Tsar* in his correspondence with other potentates, but at home he was satisfied with the ancient designation. After a splendid reign of forty-three years, this great monarch transmitted the sceptre to his son Vassily, who perseveringly trod in the footsteps of his father, and died in 1534.

We now come to the reign of Ivan IV., called the Terrible by his own subjects, and the Tyrant by foreigners. As we consider him the most extraordinary monarch the world has ever produced, and as little is known of him in this country, we are sure the reader will not be sorry if we enter into a more detailed view of his character and actions.

Ivan was but an infant at his father's death, and he lost his mother, the regent, before he had attained his seventh year. The administration of the government was in consequence entrusted to a council of boyards, whose dis-

sensions and intrigues threw the empire into such disorder that it was nigh becoming a prey to its Tartarian and Lithuanian enemies. During this state of anarchy, the education of the future sovereign was almost totally neglected: it was evidently the object of his ambitious guardians to remove him as much as possible from public affairs, and by thereby rendering him unqualified to hold the reins of government, to secure the continuance of their own authority. But he had received from nature faculties of no ordinary kind: he soon perceived that both he and the nation were slaves to a vile oligarchy: hence he learned to fear and to hate all who afterwards aspired to a participation of the sovereign power. His natural disposition was cruel: to torture or kill domestic animals, and to ride over women and old men, were his favourite amusements—amusements in which he was encouraged by those whose duty it was to restrain his vicious propensities. Hence was laid the foundation of a tyranny which was afterwards to astonish all Europe. The first effects of it were experienced by one who had helped to foster it, and who had therefore little commiseration from the people. This was Prince Shuisky, president of the council. Ivan was no more than thirteen years of age when he resolved to inflict summary vengeance on this object of general execration: the unfortunate wretch, on a signal from the young prince, was dragged out into the street and worried alive by dogs in open daylight. In 1546, Ivan having reached his eighteenth year, was crowned *Tsar* of all the Russias,—a title thenceforward adopted at home, as well as in relations with foreign courts.

In the beginning of his reign, Ivan was doubtless disposed to follow the natural bent of his mind towards cruelty; but the influence of his consort, the mild and amiable Anastasia, and the exhortations of a monk, continued for many years to restrain the monster within. During this period, indeed, he seemed to have undergone an entire change: he was not only indefatigable in discharging the duties of his station, but he exhibited so many instances of generosity and clemency, that he was equally beloved and adored by his people. Victorious over its natural enemies, and tranquil at home, Russia looked forward to long years of happiness under its hopeful monarch. But if the lion was chained, it was not destroyed; if it slumbered, it might be suddenly aroused in its anger to dart its fangs into the heart of the victim. The advice of an old bishop, who during the preceding reign had been banished from court for his crimes, and whom Ivan consulted on the best means of governing his kingdom, made a profound impression on the mind of the *Tsar*. "If you wish to be truly a sovereign," said the bishop, "never seek a counsellor wiser than yourself: never receive advice from any man. Command, but never obey, and you will be a terror to the boyards. Remember that every one who is allowed to *advise*, ends by *ruling* his sovereign."* Ivan kissed the old man's hand, exclaiming—"My own father

* This is said to have been the advice given by the dying Cardinal Mazarin to the young Lewis XIV.

could not have spoken more wisely!" Still, so long as Anastasia lived, no change was perceptible in his conduct: he applied himself unceasingly to the welfare of his subjects; but, on the death of that excellent princess in 1560, the slumbering demon arose in all the terror of his might.

Ivan commenced by banishing his prudent counsellors, and substituting in their place those who were likely to prove most submissive to his will. His vengeance fell on all his former associates. The partizans of the late ministry were every where hunted out: some were put to death, others imprisoned or banished. One prince was stabbed by the Tsar's own hand, because he dared to reproach a new favourite; another was poisoned in the church, because he would not join in the lascivious diversions of the court. A higher victim was denounced, Prince Andrew Kurbsky, who, both in the cabinet and the field, had rendered signal services to the emperor; but, having received some intimation of the fate which awaited him, he fled into Lithuania, and joined himself with the great foe of Russia, Sigismund King of Poland. Not satisfied with becoming a traitor, he sent by a confidential servant an insulting letter to his former master. The messenger had courage to appear before Ivan, who, on learning from whence he came, struck him across the legs with an iron rod which he generally carried in his hand. The blood issued from the wound, while the Tsar, with an unmoved countenance, and leaning on his rod, perused the letter. It certainly did not spare the majesty of the autocrat: it accused him of shedding the blood of Israel's elders, even in the temples of the Highest, and of innumerable other crimes: it threatened him with the tribunal before which he must one day appear to answer the spirits of the murdered; it enumerated the services of the writer, whose face, it concluded by saying, he would never see again in this life. The Tsar, who prided himself on his literary acquirements, and who wrote most of his letters with his own hand, condescended to send a reply to his rebellious subject,—a reply so extraordinary, and so characteristic of the writer, that we make a few extracts from it.

"In the name of the All-powerful God, the master of our being and actions, by whom kings reign and the mighty speak, the humble and Christian-like answer to the Russian ex-boyard, our counsellor and voyvod, Prince Andrew Kurbsky.—Why, thou wretch, dost thou destroy thy traitor-soul in saving by flight thy worthless body? If thou art truly just and virtuous, why not die by thy master's hand, and thereby obtain the martyr's crown? What is life? What are worldly riches and honours? Vanity! a shadow! Happy is he to whom death brings salvation!"

After attempting to answer some of the accusations of Kurbsky, it continues:

"What thou sayest of my pretended cruelties, is an impudent lie: I do *not* destroy the elders of Israel; nor do I stain with their blood the Lord's temples: the peaceful and the righteous live securely in my service. I am severe against traitors only; but who ever spared them? Did not Constantine the Great

sacrifice his own son?"—"I am not a child: I have need indeed of God's grace, of the protection of the Holy Virgin, and all the saints; but I want no advice from men. Glory to the Most High! Russia prospers; my boyards live in peace and concord: it is only your friends, your counsellors, that invent mischief in darkness. Thou threatenest me with the judgment of Christ in the other world: dost thou then believe that the divine power does not also regulate things here below? Manichean heresy! According to you, God reigns in heaven, Satan in hell, and men on earth. All error! falsehood! The power of God is every where, both in this life and the next. Thou tellest me that I shall never again see thy Ethiop face: heavens! what a misfortune! Thou surroundest the throne of the Highest with those whom I have put to death:—a new heresy! *No one*, saith the apostle, *can see God.*"—"But I am silent, for Solomon forbids us to waste words with fools like thee."

The disaffection of Kurbsky raised a powerful army of Poles against Russia, and at the instigation of Sigismund, the Tartar khan also invaded the southern provinces. The Tsar, now considering all his courtiers as partizans of Kurbsky, distrusted every one who approached him. In his rage he put numbers to death on mere suspicion; but he complained that the victims were too few. To increase them, and to get rid of the remonstrances of the clergy, which were sometimes troublesome, he adopted an expedient which has the merit of originality at least to recommend it.—Suddenly a report was spread that the Tsar was about to leave Moscow,—no man knew whither. Accordingly the square of the Kremlin one morning in December was covered with sledges, some of which were filled with gold,

* We could adduce other examples, equally extraordinary, of Ivan's correspondence. We content ourselves with a few extracts from a letter which he wrote to the King of Sweden, after obtaining some successes over that monarch. To understand his allusion to Queen Catharine of Sweden, it is necessary to observe, that Ivan, having been deceived by a false report of her husband's death, had endeavoured to secure her for his harem, or perhaps for his wife.—

"We chastise both thee and Sweden: the righteous are sure to prosper! Deceived by the false report of Catharine's being a widow, I wished indeed to gain possession of her, but with no other design than that of delivering her to the King of Poland, (her brother,) and obtaining in exchange the province of Livonia, without bloodshed. Whatever any of you may calumniously say, such is the truth. What care I for thy wife? Is she worth the undertaking of a war? Many daughters of Polish kings have married grooms and varlets: ask well-informed people who Sroldilo was in the time of Jagellon. Dost thou think I care more for King Eric?"—"Tell me;—whose son was thy father? what was thy grandfather's name? If I am wrong in believing, at this very day, that thou art sprung from some low fellow or other, send me thy genealogy to convince me of my error."—vol. ix. p. 274.

silver, raiment, images, crosses, relics, &c. While the people were staring at each other, out came the emperor, accompanied by his family, the officers of his household, and a numerous retinue. He went to the church of the Assumption, and ordered the metropolitan to celebrate mass, prayed with great fervour, and received the blessing of Athanasius. He held out his hand to be kissed by the surrounding nobles, mounted his sledge with great solemnity, and drove off, escorted by a regiment of horse. This mysterious departure alarmed the city: a month passed in great anxiety, when an officer arrived with two letters from the Tsar,—one addressed to the metropolitan, the other to the inhabitants. In the former, Ivan adverted to the disorders which had prevailed during his minority, and which he asserted were about to break out anew; and he complained that in his attempts to secure the public tranquillity, by punishing the guilty, he was continually thwarted by Athanasius and the clergy. He had therefore abandoned the helm of affairs, and had left the city, to wander whithersoever heaven might direct him. In the other, he assured the people of his goodwill,—that of *them* he had no reason to complain; and he concluded by bidding them a final adieu.

This intelligence was like a thunderbolt to the citizens: all were in the utmost consternation; for experience had taught them that the government of *one* tyrant was infinitely preferable to that of *many*: besides, Ivan, like our Henry the Eighth, was by no means unpopular with the middling and lower classes. The shops were instantly shut, the tribunals of justice were closed, and all business was suspended. "The Tsar has forsaken us, and we are undone!" burst from every mouth. "Who will now defend us against the enemy? what are sheep without the shepherd?" All waited on the metropolitan, whom they besought to turn the emperor from his purpose. "Let him punish," cried they, "all who deserve it: has he not the power of life and death? The state cannot remain without a head; and we will acknowledge no other than the one God has given us." It was soon resolved that a numerous deputation of prelates and nobles should follow Ivan, prostrate themselves to the dust before him, and entreat him to return and rule thenceforward as he pleased. They proceeded to the village of Alexandrovsky, where he then was, and pathetically besought him to have pity on Russia. If he despised the vanity of worldly greatness, he should remember that *religion* claimed his return,—that he was the first of orthodox monarchs, and that, if he abandoned his high duties, who would be able to maintain the purity of the faith? who would preserve millions of souls from error, and consequently from everlasting damnation?—This was just what the artful Ivan expected. Unable to withstand their pressing entreaties, and, above all, to leave the true church a prey to destruction, he consented, but not without much apparent reluctance, to resume his *troublesome* duties, provided the clergy engaged not to interfere when he punished those who were plotting the downfall of the state, and the destruction of himself and family. His

magnanimity was extolled to the skies. The deputation returned, and the Tsar soon followed them, but so changed that his appearance excited universal astonishment. His countenance was dark, his eye had lost its lustre, he was beardless and bald,—fearful effects of the fury which raged within! He expatiated again on the crimes of the boyards, and on the duty of every sovereign to preserve tranquillity by precautionary measures. Then followed some godly observations on the nothingness of this world, and the necessity of preparing for a better. Finally, he concluded his pious harangue by proposing the establishment of a new body-guard, to consist of a thousand men of noble birth, and to be called the *Oprishnina*, or Select Legion. This was instantly conceded by men who were too short-sighted to foresee the dreadful consequences that must result from the use of such an instrument in the hands of such a man. He would no longer inhabit the magnificent palace of his father: he erected a new one outside the walls of the Kremlin, and surrounded it with lofty bulwarks like a fortress: thither he retired, leaving to his nobles and judges the administration of justice.

Now commences the true reign of terror. The first victims were Prince Shuisky and his son Peter, who, though of the royal race of St. Vladimir, were as illustrious for loyalty as for birth. Both approached the place of execution with a calm and dignified air. The younger first offered himself to the axe, but the feelings of nature, which are the strongest in the purest hearts, would not permit the father to witness the death of his son; he insisted on leading the way. The axe descended, the head was severed from the body; and while the survivor was eagerly kissing the lifeless but still venerated countenance, his own head fell with it. Four other princes were beheaded, and a fifth impaled, the same day. Some boyards were compelled to embrace the monastic state; others were exiled to Kazan; and a still greater number were reduced to beggary by confiscation.

In the mean time the Select Legion* was formed: it consisted, not of one, but of six thousand men,—not of the high-born only, but of the lowest and most infamous of the people. To provide for these satellites of tyranny, twelve thousand householders were driven from their habitations and possessions: all Russia became their prey. They plundered and oppressed their unfortunate countrymen with impunity; they invented accusations against men of substance, to share in the spoils of confiscation. Hence they became the objects

* This formidable body, better known by the name of the *Strelitzes*, having, after an existence of a century and a half, ceased to answer the purposes of its institution, was finally put down by Peter the Great, in 1699. In our own days the Turkish sultan, actuated by feelings similar to those of the illustrious founder of the modern greatness of the rival empire, has, by a bold but sanguinary stroke of policy, succeeded in ridding himself of the more ancient and equally formidable power of the Janissaries, who had so often hurled his predecessors from their throne.

of universal fear and execration—the best titles to favour from their master. As symbols of their occupation, he caused each to suspend from the saddle-bow a *dog's head* and a *broom*: the former denoted that they *worried* his enemies; the latter that they *sweep* Russia!

"The new palace had the appearance of an impregnable fortress yet the Tsar did not think it sufficiently secure: he disliked Moscow, and he therefore removed to Alexandrovsky, which was afterwards his ordinary residence, and which, from a humble village, began to expand into a town, with its stone churches, shops and houses. Its celebrated Church of Our Lady was painted outside with the most dazzling colours, enriched with gold and silver; each brick had its representation of the cross. The Tsar inhabited an extensive palace, surrounded by a ditch and rampart; the officers of the court, with the other functionaries, civil and military, had separate houses; the legionaries had their particular street, and so also had the tradespeople. Ivan commanded that no one should either enter or leave the town without his express permission; and to fulfil this order troops were continually patrolling to the distance of three versts. In this threatening castle which was surrounded by dark forests, the Tsar devoted the greater portion of his time to divine service, thus seeking to calm his troubled soul by the constant exercises of devotion. He even transformed his palace into a monastery, and his favourites into monks. He gave the name of *brothers* to three hundred of his most depraved legionaries: he himself took that of *abbot*. He made Prince Viazemsky the *treasurer*, and Skuratof the *sacristan*. Having provided them all with black vestments, under which they wore splendid habits embroidered with fur and gold, he composed the rule of the order, and by his own example inculcated its scrupulous observance. This is the description of so singular a monastic life. At three o'clock every morning the Tsar, accompanied by his children and Skuratof, went to ring the bell for matins; soon all the brotherhood assembled in the church: absentees were punished by a week's imprisonment. During the service, which lasted until six or seven, the emperor sang, read and prayed, and with so much fervour, that his forehead bore marks of his prostrations against the ground. At eight all met again to hear mass; and at ten they sat down to table, except Ivan, who in a standing posture read aloud from some edifying book. In the repast there was no lack of good things; every thing, especially wine and honey, abounded to such a degree, that every day might have been taken for a festival. What remained after eating was carried to the market-place, and distributed to the poor. The Tsar, that is to say the abbot, dined after the rest; he then conversed with his favourites about religious matters; sometimes he slept, or perhaps he descended into the dungeons to see the torture inflicted on some poor wretches. This horrible spectacle seemed to delight him greatly; he always returned from it with a countenance more cheerful than usual: he jested, and spoke with more than his wonted gaiety. At eight in the evening vespers were read, and at ten Ivan returned to his bed-chamber, where three blind

men lulled him to sleep with tales. At midnight he arose, and began the day with prayer. Sometimes while he was in the church he listened to the reports of his ministers about public affairs; and often the most bloody orders were dictated at *matin-song* or during mass! To diversify this uniformity of life, he often took what he called *turns*; he visited monasteries, inspected the frontier fortresses, or pursued the wild-beasts in forests and deserts: he was particularly fond of bear-hunting. But in every place, and at every moment, he was busy with public matters; for notwithstanding their boasted influence in the administration, none of the boyards durst decide on any thing without consulting him."—vol. ix. pp. 106—109.

From his retirement at Alexandrovsky, this precious saint continued to send forth his terrific mandates for the destruction of princes and nobles. Some who dreaded his vengeance renounced the world; but the sanctity of the cloister was but a poor defence for them. They were dragged forth often to be tortured before the fatal blow was given. The Oprishniks, armed with long daggers and hatchets, went from street to street in search of victims, who amounted to a score daily. The streets and squares were covered with dead bodies, which no one dared to bury; few indeed durst leave their houses. Philip, the new metropolitan, whom the emperor had forced from a desert island in the White Sea, was the only man who had the intrepidity to remonstrate with the tyrant: for this he was thrown into prison, and treated with great rigour. Being thus rid of an unpleasant monitor, the monster's thirst for blood was no longer satisfied with that of *individuals*; to quench it whole cities must bleed. The inhabitants of Torjek having one fair-day quarrelled with a few Oprishniks, were all declared rebels, and either tortured or drowned. The same bloody scenes were exhibited at Kolomna, merely because most of the inhabitants were the dependants of an obnoxious noble. Many ladies were first stripped naked, and afterwards shot in sight of the public.* But of all his deeds of blood, none is so memorable, and none would be so incredible were it not attested by incontrovertible proofs, as the punishment of Novgorod and some of the towns in the vicinity.

A vagabond, Peter by name, and a native of Volhynia, having been justly punished for his crimes by the authorities of Novgorod, resolved to be revenged on the whole city. He composed a letter, as if from the archbishop and the inhabitants to the King of Poland, offering to put themselves under the protection of that monarch. This letter he concealed behind an image of the Virgin, in the church of St. Sophia, and then went to Moscow to acquaint the Tsar with the existence of the conspiracy. However willing Ivan might be to take instant vengeance on the inhabitants, who had long

* This exposure of women was not unusual even in Moscow. When the Tsar passed along the streets, he often compelled the wife of an obnoxious boyard to remain in a position we will not describe until he and his attendants were out of sight.

been hateful to him, he despatched a confidential servant with Peter to the place where the treasonable document was concealed. It was soon found, and the condemnation of the whole city pronounced. In December, 1569, the Tsar left Alexandrovsky, accompanied by his son and his favourite legion. On his way he exterminated the whole population of Klin, a town in the principality of Tver. Thence he proceeded to Tver, where his confidant Skuratof secretly strangled the deposed metropolitan, in the cell of a monastery to which that virtuous pastor had been exiled.

"This secret crime was followed by public ones. Instead of entering Tver, Ivan remained during five days at a neighbouring monastery, while his lawless soldiers were pillaging the city: they commenced with the clergy, and did not leave a single house unvisited. The lighter and more valuable property they carried away: what they could not remove they burned; and they amused themselves in torturing, cutting to pieces, or hanging the people. In short, they reminded the unfortunate inhabitants of the terrible era of 1327, when the khan Usbeck exercised his vengeance on their ancestors. The Polish prisoners of war who were detained in the prisons were massacred, or drowned in the Volga. Ivan assisted at this spectacle!"—vol. ix. p. 183.

Proceeding still towards Novgorod, the Tsar depopulated the towns, and laid waste the country to the banks of the Ilmen. On the second of January his advanced guard entered that devoted city. The churches and convents were closed, and the monks who could not pay twenty rubles each were bound and flogged from morning till night. The houses of the inhabitants were guarded, and the owners fettered. Terror seized on all; all in fearful expectation awaited the arrival of the monarch.

"On the sixth of the same month Ivan halted with his troop at Goroditche, a village distant two versts from Novgorod. The following day saw the massacre of all the monks who had not paid the redemption tax: they were beaten to death with clubs, and their bodies transported to their respective monasteries for interment. On the eighth, at the head of his legion, and accompanied by his son, he made his long expected entry. The archbishop, with the clergy and the miraculous images, waited for him on the bridge. He refused to receive the accustomed benediction, and heartily cursed the prelate."—He then ordered the crucifix and images to be carried into the church of St. Sophia, where he heard mass: he prayed with great fervour; and afterwards went to the episcopal palace, and sat down to dinner with his boyards. Suddenly he rose and raised a terrible cry! At this signal his satellites appear; they seize the archbishop, his officers and servants: the palace and cloisters are instantly given up to plunder. Soltikof, master of the court ceremonies, and Eustace, the Tsar's confessor, ventured to ransack the cathedral itself; they bore away its treasures, its sacred vessels, images and bells; they also pillaged the churches attached to the rich monas-

teries. After these acts of sacrilege came the tortures of death, which were executed by Ivan and his son in the following manner. Every day from five hundred to a thousand inhabitants were brought before them, and immediately massacred, tortured to death, or consumed by a combustible composition. Sometimes these unfortunate beings were tied to sledges, by the head or feet, and dragged to the banks of the Volkhof—to a place where that river is never covered with ice. From the bridge which overhangs it whole families were precipitated into the water—wives with their husbands—mothers with their sucking children. In the mean time some soldiers, armed with pikes, lances, and hatchets, sailed on the river, and pierced or hewed in pieces all who attempted to swim on the surface. This massacre continued five weeks, and ended by a general pillage. Ivan, followed by his legion, visited all the neighbouring monasteries: every where he removed the treasures from the churches, ruined the buildings, destroyed the horses and cattle, and burned the corn. In the same manner was Novgorod treated. The Tsar passed from street to street to watch his ruffians besieging the houses and shops: the doors were forced or the windows entered; the silks and furs were divided among the rabble; the hemp and hides were burned; the wax and tallow cast into the river. Detachments of these robbers were sent into the domains of Novgorod to pillage and murder, without examination or respect of persons."—vol. ix. pp. 185–187.

At length Ivan condescended to pardon all who remained alive. He ordered them to assemble: they appeared, pale and ghastly, like spectres rather than living beings, so worn out were they with terror and despair. He spoke to them with mildness; desired them to pray that heaven would grant him a long and happy reign; and, finally, bade them a most gracious adieu! He quitted the city, after transmitting his immense booty to Moscow, and proceeded to Pskof. In the executions at Novgorod and in the environs, the number of victims is estimated at sixty thousand! The surviving inhabitants were in a state approaching to delirium: they had seen enough of life, which indeed they were not long doomed to support, for pestilence and famine destroyed most of those whom the monarch's tender mercies had spared. The city was a desert; it was one vast cemetery.

Pskof was to have shared the same fate as Novgorod; but for once the tyrant suffered humanity to plead for the submissive inhabitants. The houses of the rich were, indeed, plundered, but no lives were taken. The Archbishop of Novgorod, and other prisoners, he forced, along with him to his monastery of Alexandrovsky. There all were closely confined in the dungeons until the pious abbot could find time to pronounce their doom.

Though we are well nigh sickened with describing such horrible scenes, we will present the reader with another, because it exhibits the character of Ivan in a fuller light than the preceding. It is the execution of the prisoners just mentioned, as well as of many others—some hitherto the favourites of the Tsar, but now suspected—whom he had caused to be ar-

* We have omitted the Tsar's tedious address to the archbishop.

rested. We are sure the following picture is without a parallel in the annals of tyranny:—

"On July 25th eighteen gibbets were erected in the market-place of Moscow; instruments of torture were displayed; an enormous fire was made, over which was suspended an immense copper cauldron. Seeing those frightful preparations, the Moscovites were persuaded that their last hour was at hand—that the Tsar was about to annihilate the capital and exterminate its inhabitants. Terrified out of their senses they fly and conceal themselves, leaving their shops open, their merchandise and money exposed. Immediately the streets are deserted; no one is seen except a troop of Opritsniks ranged in profound silence around the gibbets and the blazing fire. Suddenly the air resounds with the beating of drums; the Tsar is seen on horseback, with his eldest son, the beloved object of his affections. He is also accompanied by his boyards, princes, and devoted legion, who marched along in perfect order. After these came the condemned, in number exceeding three hundred, who resembled spectres; they were bruised, torn, bloody, and scarcely able to crawl along. On arriving at the foot of the gallows the Tsar looks around him: he is surprised to find that no spectators are present, and he commands his legionaries to collect the inhabitants in the same place. He becomes impatient at their dilatoriness, and runs himself to call the Moscovites to the treat which he had prepared for them; at the same time he assures them of his perfect good will towards them. None dared to disobey: immediately all issued from their hiding-places, and with trembling steps hastened to the scene of execution, which was instantly crowded; the walls and roofs also were covered with spectators. Then the Tsar cried aloud—'People of Moscow, you are about to witness tortures and punishments; but I punish none but traitors. Tell me, is mine a righteous judgment?' The air is instantly filled with acclamations, 'Long live the Tsar, our lord and master! May his enemies perish!' Ivan separated from the crowd of victims one hundred and twenty, to whom, as less guilty, he granted life. The secretary to the privy council then read the names of the rest from a long roll of parchment which he held in his hand. Viskovaty was first made to advance, to whom the emperor read these words: 'John Mikhailof, confidential ex-counsellor of the Tsar! you have served me disloyally, and have written to King Sigismund, offering to put him in possession of Novgorod: this is your first crime!' The Tsar then struck him on the head with a whip, and continued—'The second crime is not quite so heinous: ungrateful and perfidious man, you have written to the sultan, encouraging him to seize on Astrakhan and Kazan.' Two blows follow. 'You have also invited the Khan of Tauris to invade Russia; this is your third crime!' Here Viskovaty, in a modest but firm voice, replied, lifting his eyes to heaven, 'I take the Teacher of hearts to witness—he who knows the most secret thought—that I have faithfully served my sovereign and country. All that I have heard is a tissue of infamous calumnies; but to defend myself is vain, for my earthly judge is deaf to the voice of pity;

he who reigns in heaven knows my innocence; and you also, Sire, will one day acknowledge it before the throne of the Almighty.' The assassins rush on him to stop his mouth; they hang him up by the feet, and cut him to pieces: Skuratof first began the execution, by dismounting and cutting off the martyr's ear.

"The second victim was the treasurer Funi-kof, the friend of Viskovaty, and accused with as little foundation of the same treasons. 'For the last time,' said he to Ivan 'I salute thee on earth; God grant thee in the next world a meet reward for thy cruelties!' Over this wretch is alternately poured boiling and freezing water: he expires in horrible sufferings. The rest had their throats cut, or were hung and cut in pieces. The Tsar himself on horseback, and with the utmost coolness, pierced one old man with a lance. In four hours about two hundred were thus butchered!"—vol. ix. pp. 197—199.

Amid such scenes—the bare description of which must make the most callous shudder, when all the refinements of ingenious cruelty were added to render death more terrible—Ivan forgot neither his devotions nor his diversions. His palace alternately resounded with praying and carousing. For his pastime bears were brought from Novgorod. When from his window he perceived a group of citizens collected, he let slip two or three of these ferocious animals; and his delight on beholding the flight of the terrified creatures, and especially on hearing the cries of the victims, was unbounded: his bursts of laughter were loud and long continued. To console those who were maimed for life, he would sometimes send each of them a small piece of gold. Another of his chief amusements was in the company of jesters, whose duty it was to divert him, especially before and after the executions; but they often paid dear for an unseasonable joke.

"Among these none were more distinguished than Prince Gvosdef, who held a high rank at court. The Tsar being one day dissatisfied with a jest, poured over his head the boiling contents of a soup-basin: the agonized wretch prepared to retreat from table, but the tyrant struck him with a knife, and he fell senseless, and weltering in his blood. Dr. Arnolph was instantly called. 'Save my good servant,' cried the Tsar; 'I have jested with him a little too hard!' 'So hard,' replied the other, 'that only God and your majesty can restore him to life: he no longer breathes!' Ivane expressed his contempt, called the deceased favourite a dog, and continued his amusement.

"Another day while he sat at table, the voyvod of Staritz, Boris Titof, appeared, bowed to the ground, and saluted him after the customary manner. 'God save thee, my dear voyvod!' said he; 'thou deservest a proof of my favour.' He seized a knife, and cut off an ear! Without showing the least sense of pain, or the slightest change of countenance, Titof thanked the Tsar for his *gracious favour*, and wished him a happy reign."

But we are completely disgusted with detailing such unequalled cruelties. That they should be submitted to without a murmur, nay often with resignation by the victims themselves, may seem incredible, yet nothing is

more true. "It is the will of God and the Tsar!" was the only exclamation when any new execution was ordered. This blasphemous association of names, only proves to what a height the doctrine of passive unresisting obedience, was carried in Russia. When, on mere suspicion, the monster ordered a man of rank to be impaled, the latter, in the midst of his dreadful sufferings, which continued twenty-four hours, never ceased to exclaim, "God save the Tsar!" To use their own metaphor, the Russians were indeed sheep, who considered it impious to repine when their shepherd delivered them into the hands of the butcher. Nor was their future prospect much more cheering than the present; the Tsarevitch promised to inherit with the dignity, the cruelty also of the father; but heaven in mercy willed otherwise. The young prince had one good quality—courage, (he might have had many, had his earlier years been passed in any other place than his father's court,) and he longed to prove it on the enemies of his country. On one occasion he requested the emperor to entrust him with a few troops, that Pskof, which was then besieged by the Poles, might be relieved.

"This laudable proposal excited the wrath of Ivan. 'Rebel, thou wishest to dethrone me in concert with the boyards!' He raises his arm against his son: Boris Godunof vainly endeavours to prevent him: with his iron-rod he inflicts several wounds, and at length a violent blow on the head lays the Tsarevitch at his feet bathed in blood. This sight instantly calms his fury. Terrified, pale, trembling, he exclaims in deep despair,—'Wretch, I have slain my son!' In the agony of his grief he throws himself on the young prince: he embraces his son, and endeavours to stop the blood which flows from a deep wound: he calls aloud on his surgeons; implores mercy from God, and pardon from his son! But divine justice has accomplished its decree! Kissing the hand of his father, and exhibiting the tenderest proofs of love and piety, he exhorted the latter not to give way to despair: 'I die an obedient son and a faithful subject!' and he accordingly expired, four days after receiving his death-blow, in the horrible retirement of Alexandrovsky."—vol. ix. pp. 445, 446.

It would be a libel on the moral justice of God, to suppose that this tyrant, in comparison with whom Caligula and Nero sink into insignificance, escaped punishment even in this world. So touched was he by "the worm that never dies," and by the awful representations of an alarmed fancy, that he often rose in the middle of the night, threw himself on the floor, raised the most frightful cries, and ceased only when nature had wholly exhausted herself. At one time he intimated his intention of retiring to a monastery, when, strange to say! his very subjects,—not merely from attachment to his person, but from fear of his vengeance,—unanimously besought him not to abandon them, but to support still longer the burden of public affairs.

At length approached the too protracted term of the monster's life. In the winter of 1580, he began visibly to decline: in March he was seized with a dangerous illness. According to the superstitious spirit of the times, it is said

that some astrologers predicted his approaching end, and that the Tsar threatened to roast them alive, if they suffered a word of that prediction to escape their lips. From that mysterious admixture of good which is not wanting in the worst of hearts, Ivan on his death-bed did not forget the duties of a sovereign. He made some judicious regulations for the government of his domains after his decease; appointed experienced counsellors to his son Feodor; recommended the preservation of peace, and a diminution of taxes in the then exhausted state of the country; and ordered the liberation of all prisoners not confined for capital offences. Hence it might be inferred that, being about to appear before a tribunal more terrible than his own, he wished to make all possible atonement for his past wickedness. No! this world alone occupied him. He insisted one day on being carried in his arm-chair to the apartment which contained his treasures, that he might feast his eyes with once more beholding them. To Mr. Horsey, an Englishman, who accompanied him, he entered into a learned disquisition on the various qualities of diamonds and jewels, and by what marks their respective value might be ascertained. But bad as is this view of the picture, a more awful and revolting one remains. We are told that when, about two days before his death, his daughter-in-law approached his bed-side, to alleviate his pains by her attentions, she was compelled to retreat with horror,—he attempted her chastity!

"The strength of the Tsar declined more rapidly than ever, and in the delirium of his fever, his senses wandered. As he lay without consciousness, he frequently called loudly on his murdered son, whom in imagination he saw, and to whom he spoke with tenderness. But on the seventeenth of March, he was somewhat better by the application of a warm bath. The day following, if we may believe Horsey, he said to Belsky: 'Go, and order those impostors the astrologers, to be put to death. According to them this is my dying day, and yet I feel stronger and better.' 'Wait,' replied the intended victims, '*the day is not yet passed*.' A second bath was prepared, in which he remained about three hours: he then went to bed, and reposed a little. Soon, however, he rises, calls for the chess-board, and while seated on the bed in his night-gown, preparing the pieces to play with Belsky, suddenly he falls backward, and closes his eyes for ever!"—vol. ix. p. 554.

Thus ended the life of one whom we have characterized—how justly let the reader now determine—as the most extraordinary monarch the world has ever produced: he is assuredly without a parallel. Like Caligula and Nero, indeed, his early reign was not only blameless, but auspicious: he was for some years a model for sovereigns; but neither of those monsters equalled him in the number of victims sacrificed,—in magnificence of crime; neither possessed his boundless influence over his subjects; neither associated the same constant observance of religious ceremonies, with the perpetration of deeds which none but an incarnate demon could have conceived; and neither came to a natural end. Karamsin compares him with Louis XI. of France, but we do not

consider the comparison a happy one. Is cruelty the French tyrant must yield the palm to his Russian brother; and it is certain that while Louis ridiculed—most probably disbelieved—the religion of which he was so apparent a devotee, Ivan treated with sincere reverence, the one he professed and firmly admitted to be true. Nor do we think the former was equally licentious with the latter. Not only did Ivan indulge in open sensuality with the young and beautiful victims of his lust, but he married seven times, (a monstrous crime in Russia,) and was a suitor to our Elizabeth for his eighth wife after he was seized with his last illness.*

In his public conduct Ivan ceased to be fortunate when he ceased to be virtuous. Twice was Russia invaded by the Tartars, who on one occasion laid Moscow in ashes; on both, the Tsar, instead of displaying the bravery of his early reign, fled before the enemy, and left his generals to defend the country as well as they could. Nor was he more successful in his Polish wars; yet, owing to the dissensions of his enemies rather than the valour of his troops, he contrived not only to maintain the integrity of his states, but to add to their extent. In his reign Siberia became part of the empire: it was conquered for him,—not by his regular troops, but by a handful of Cossacks and professed Banditti.

We are afraid our readers will think that we have devoted too large a space to the reign of Ivan IV. Our excuse must be found in our wish to advert to none but the more novel and striking events of Russian history; and we are sure that, after St. Vladimir, that reign is the only one recorded in the volumes before us possessing much interest. The dryness of the earlier Russian annals, even to natives, is proverbial.

The reign of the feeble Feodor, who died in 1598, contains nothing to arrest the attention. That of his successor Boris Godunof (with which Mr. Karamsin breaks off) is remarkable only for the extraordinary imposture of the monk Dmitri (Demetrius), who, after a short-lived triumph, was assassinated on the throne he had usurped. As an outline of these events

* "Habet, ut aiunt, in gynæceo suo 50 virgines ex illustri familia oriundas, atque Livonia abductas, quas secum, quo se confert, ducit, iis loco uxoris, cum ipse uxoratus non sit, utens." Again: "Au mois de Juillet, 1568, à minuit, les favoris du prince, Viazemsky, Skuratof, Griaznvi, à la tête de la légion des élus, enfoncent les maisons d'un grand nombre de seigneurs, de négocians, enlèvent les femmes connues par leur beauté, et les conduisent hors de la ville. Au lever du soleil, ils sont rejoints par le Tsar en personne, escorté de mille satellites. On se met en route: à la première couchée on lui présente les femmes, parmi lesquelles il en choisit quelques unes, abandonnant les autres à ses favoris. Ensuite il fait avec eux le tour des murs de Moscow, brulant les métairies des boyards disgraciés, mettant à mort leurs fidèles serviteurs, exterminant jusqu'aux bestiaux surtout dans les villages de Kolomna qui appartenaient au grand écuyer Feodorof: rentre dans Moscow, il fit reconduire chez elles les femmes enlevées, dont plusieurs moururent de honte et de douleur."

(and we could give no more) is to be found in Tooke, we will now hasten to the conclusion of our remarks.

We have thus glanced over the widely extended period embraced by Mr. Karamsin; we will now advert, with as much brevity as possible, to such peculiarities in the national manners and character as we could not well notice in the preceding pages.

The ancient habitations of the country were of wood (as they are at this day) and of very small dimensions. The upper was the only inhabited portion, the ascent to which was by stairs outside the building. Round each apartment benches were fastened in the wall, and these served both as seats and beds, except in winter, when a couch of skins was spread on the floor. The men occupied the apartments near the entrance; the women those in the interior, which were inaccessible to strangers. The greatest proof of confidence one Russian could show to another, was to permit his wife to be seen. The favoured friend might even be allowed to kiss her, but not to him if he ventured to touch her further, or neglected to keep his arms suspended at his sides.

In this close imprisonment, women had no authority within their dwellings: they were in all things the submissive slaves of their husbands, whose duty it was to visit them with corporal punishment whenever they deviated from their accustomed sphere. In such a state of things love could not be expected to exist, especially as no intercourse was allowed among unmarried persons, and no man knew any thing of his future wife before he met her at the foot of the altar. Marriage contracts were sometimes made by the parents of the parties, but oftener, perhaps, through the interference of certain old women, whose sole profession consisted in providing young people with partners. These old women always warranted the chastity of their fair clients; and if in this respect they deceived the young bridegroom, they not only lost the recompense to which they were entitled, but received no small number of curses and blows.

But human nature is every where the same: where tyranny and restraint prevail, intrigue will always be busy. In all countries "Love laughs at locksmiths," and though the Russian ladies were scarcely ever permitted to cross the domestic threshold—were forbidden even to appear at church—they sometimes contrived to elude the vigilance of parents and husbands, and meet their gallants. Chastity is not to be preserved by bolts and bars, nor will it always subsist under unreasonable coercion.

If pecuniary fines availed where one man slew another, they had little efficacy in cases where women occasioned the death of their husbands. For such a crime, the punishment could not be too horrible: the culprit was buried alive, in a perpendicular position, but so that the head was left uncovered, and there she was left to perish by hunger and cold.

The authority of parents over their children was as boundless as that of husbands over wives and of masters over slaves. A parent could even sell his child.

The funerals of the Russians strikingly re-

sembled those of the wild Irish. The corpse was surrounded by women who were hired to weep and howl. "Why didst thou die? Why hast thou left thy beautiful wife, and hopeful children? Wast thou not rich and respected? Oh, why didst thou die?" were the usual exclamations on such occasions.

We have before observed, that the morals of the Russians were sufficiently lax. To this we may add, that they were of all nations the most lazy. Their days were passed in lounging about the public squares, or in carousing at the wine shops. It would be difficult to say whether they were more remarkable for laziness or filth.

In such a state of society, the intellect was not likely to improve, any more than the morals. Yet Russia had always its warlike songs, which were the unfailing amusement of the people at their entertainments, and especially during the long winter evenings. Some of these were of considerable length. The most ancient ones have all disappeared except *The Expedition of Igor*, a poem of the twelfth century. We have already mentioned this poem, and characterized it in the Sketch of Russian Literature which will be found in our first volume, (p. 605,) but as it holds a very high place in the estimation of the Russians, we think that circumstance as well as its antiquity will justify our giving a brief analysis of it. We are indebted to Mr. Karamsin for our extracts.

"Igor, Prince of Novgorod-Seversky, is ambitious of glory: he beseeches his guard to march with him against the Polovtses. 'I will break my lance in distant deserts; there my ashes shall remain if I cannot dip my helmet in the Don, and quench my thirst with its waters.'"

Many warriors assemble; the neighing of horses is heard beyond the Sula; the voice of glory resounds in Kiev; the blast of the trumpet rouses Novgorod, and at Pontivle the standards float in the wind. Igor is waiting for his beloved brother Vsevolod, who soon arrives at the head of his troops, "like wolves eager for the carnage." Igor places his foot in the golden stirrup; he perceives the thick darkness before him; the heavens portend terrible storms; the wild beasts howl in their caverns; birds of prey soar above the soldiers, whose ruin is presaged by the eagles' cry; and the foxes raise their shrill voice on seeing the shining shields of the Russians. The battle commences; the barbarian legions are routed; their virgins now belong to the warriors of Igor, who acquire immense booty in gold and costly stuffs; the clothes and ornaments of the Polovtses fill up the marshes, and serve as a bridge to the victorious army. Igor is satisfied with a banner taken from the enemy.

But a new army soon arrives from the south, and Igor must contend for another victory.—The contest continues two days, and on the morning of the third, the Russian standards are lowered to the enemy, "because no blood remains to be shed." All is consternation when Igor is dragged away captive. "On the borders of the Blue Sea are heard the songs of the virgins, (Polovtses,) who strike together the pieces of gold taken from the Russians."

The author of the poem here addresses the

more renowned Russian princes, whom he urges to speedy vengeance on the Polovtses. To Vsevolod III. he says:—"Thou canst dry up the Volga by the oars of thy numerous boats; or drain the Don with the helmets of thy warriors." To Rurik and David: "Your shining helmets have often been dyed with blood: your heroes are furious as wild bulls when wounded by red hot iron." To Yaroslaf, whom he terms the wise: "From thy golden throne, thou defendest the Krapack mountains by thine iron-clad legions: thou canst close the gates of the Danube, open the way of Kiev, and send thy arrows into the remotest regions."

The poet next bemoans the death of a prince of Polotsk, who had been killed by the Lithuanians.

"O prince! birds of prey have covered thy soldiers with their wings, and savage beasts drunk the blood of thy warriors. As for thee, thou hast suffered thy jewel-soul to escape through thy golden collar from thy manly body."

Allusion is then made to the civil wars, and above all to the battle between Yaroslaf and the Prince of Polotsk:

"The banks of the Niemen are covered with heads as numerous as sheaves in autumn; and like the descending flails, the swords separate warriors' souls from their mortal covering. Oh mournful times! Why could not the great Vladimir remain on the mountains of Kiev?" (that is, *why was he not immortal?*)

In the mean time the wife of Igor is mourning her absent lord. From the ramparts of Pontivle she casts her eyes over the plain, and exclaims:—

"Cruel winds, why have ye borne on your wings the light arrows of the khan against the warriors of my love? Had ye not enough to do in swelling the waves of the Blue Sea, to bear along the Russian ships! Great Dnieper! thou hast removed huge rocks to open thyself a passage into the country of the Polovtses; thou hast borne the vessels of Sviatoslaf to the camp of Kobiak: bear back to me also the beloved of my heart, so that I may not every morning compel thy waters to carry him the tribute of my tears. Bright sun! thou favourest mortals with thy light and heat; but why have thy burning rays consumed in the wilderness the legions of my well beloved?"

But Igor is at liberty; he has eluded his guards, and on a flying courser he is approaching his country. For his subsistence he kills swans and geese. His horse at length falls down from fatigue: he embarks on the river Donetz, to which the poet gives speech.

"Great Igor, what must now be the fury of Khan Kontshak, and the rejoicing of thy dear comrades!" "Donetz," replies the prince, "how proud thou must be to bear Igor on thy waters, and to prepare for him a grassy couch on thy silver banks! Thou surroundest me with thy refreshing vapours when I repose under the shade of the trees on thy bank. The wild fowl that swim on thy surface are my protectors and guards."

Igor soon rejoins his disconsolate wife.

This poem must be allowed to be far from destitute of the imagery and allusions which

may be supposed to abound in a barbarous region. In this respect it is superior to most compositions of the period: it is certainly not below the most celebrated Sagas of Scandinavia.

To conclude: we anticipate that an opportunity will shortly occur of resuming the subject of Russian history, and of enabling us to trace the gigantic progress of this great empire, from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the present time.

From the Keepsake.

STANZAS.

BY LORD F. L. GOWER.

On the Execution Militaire, a Print from a Picture by Vigneron.

It exhibits the moment when the condemned soldier kneels to receive the fire of the party appointed to be his executioners. His friend, and the priest, are seen retiring. His dog, whom he is endeavouring to shake off, still fawns upon him, and seems desirous to share his fate.

His doom has been decreed,
He has own'd the fatal deed,

And its forfeit is here to abide:
No mercy now can save,
They have dug the soldier's grave,
And the hapless and the brave
Kneels beside.

No bandage wraps his eye,
He is kneeling there to die,
Unblinded, undaunted, alone.

His parting prayer has ceased,
And his comrade, and the priest,
From their gloomy task released,—
Both are gone.

His kindred are not near
The fatal shot to hear,

They can but weep the deed when 'tis
done;
They would shriek, and wail, and pray;
It is good for him to-day
That his friends are far away,
—All but one!

In mute, but wild despair,
The faithful hound is there;

He has reach'd his master's side with a
spring.

To the hand which rear'd and fed,
Till the ebbing pulse has fled,
Till that hand is cold and dead,
He will cling.

What art in lure or wile,
That one can now beguile

From the side of his master and friend?
He has burst his cord in twain;
To the arm which strives in vain
To repel him, he will strain
To the end.

The tear-drop who shall blame,
Though it dim the veteran's aim,

Though each breast along the line heave
the sigh?

Yet 't were cruel now to save,
And together in the grave,
The faithful and the brave,
Let them lie.

From the Athenæum.

ZILLAH.*

ALTHOUGH it has been the misfortune of Mr. Horace Smith, by an unlucky selection of time and subject matter, to appear disagreeably contrasted with the greatest of modern novelists, yet the world will hear with some surprise of his now entering into literary rivalry with the most learned and scarce-remembered Selden. Such is, nevertheless, the case. The first of England's antiquaries, in his numerous folios on the religious polity and customs of the Hebrews, has scarcely displayed more research into the memorials of that nation, or been more thoroughly tedious in the display, than the unwearied author of "Brambletye House." We can strongly recommend the work to those who are anxious exactly to ascertain how the Jews walked and talked, and ate and drank, and dressed and slept, and sacrificed, some few years B. C.; and, if the heroine should not prove duly interesting, we assure them they may acquire a thorough knowledge of "Valdichius of Byssus," and conchylarian *pallia*, veils of the real *opus Phrygium*, and *pectoralia* embroidered with bombycina silk. We can promise, too, a rapid survey of every country, directly, or indirectly under Roman influence, and a proper combination of more natural prodigies, than Pliny wrote of, with more unnatural incidents than ever started from the pens of Rattcliffe or Roche. In short, the attractions of this work are so uncommon, and so manifold, that, lest our commentary should too much resemble those startling programmes, by which itinerant showmen sometimes induce the youth of the provinces to lay out many pennies sterling, we hasten at once to sketch and make some extracts from the story.

The time is during the second triumvirate; and the heroine the daughter of the second high-priest of the Jews, who were then ruled by the dissolute Antonionus. Greater part of the first volume is occupied by the ceremonies of the Pentecost, unenlivened by many incidents of importance, except the appearance of a pretended prophet, Esau, who afterwards makes some figure in the work as a son of Zillah's stepmother, a leader of a band of robbers, and an aspirant to the Jewish crown. There is also a black shadow occasionally, interrupting the festivities of the scene, reminding us, if our memories be not very treacherous, of a certain disagreeable old woman, intended for a palpable hit, and haunting Brambletye House. Malachi, the father of Zillah, is despatched to Rome, as the envoy of his Sovereign, to counteract the intrigues of Herod, with the triumvir Antony. Rather improvidently, he takes his daughter with him. The journey is unmarked by incident, but replete with learning and description. We must extract one pleasing episode illustrative of two stanzas in "Childe Harold." A fugitive gladiator, adopts the somewhat novel expedient of robbing

* Zillah; a Tale of the Holy City. By the Author of "Brambletye House," "The Tor Hill," "Reuben Apsley," &c. 4 vols. 12mo. Colburn. London, 1828.

the worthy Malachi's equipage of a leader to aid his flight. The horse throws and wounds him: the pursuers appear, and Zillah marvels whither he has vanished.

"As she gazed vaguely around her, listening rather than looking, she perceived something stealthily moving amid the foliage, midway up one of the prodigious oaks, scarcely twenty yards from their carriage. At first she conjectured it to be some wild creature, but another moment undeceived her. Yes, yes, it was he—the fugitive, holding his sword in his mouth, and clambering up the oaken tower, as if he had been fashioned by nature for the purpose, a clawed animal, a thing of the woods. Instantly averting her eyes, lest their gaze should direct others to the same spot, she fixed them upon the ground, and, clasping her hands, remained for some moments in an agony of suspense, almost afraid to breathe, and still more fearful of betraying her emotion. The shout of many voices, the clamour of a brazen-throated trumpet, blowing a peal of triumph, and the hoarse cries of 'Found! found! In the tree! In the great oak!' revealed to her, that the object of her deep solicitude was discovered; and as she clung to her father, trembling with agitation, and uttering an involuntary sob of sympathetic anguish, she again cast up her eyes, to see whether the poor wretch might not still possess some chance of escape.

"Conscious as he must have been, that he was discovered, he neither accelerated nor retarded his progress; but, appearing to bestow no attention whatever upon the hubbub beneath him, and the numerous pursuers who were now all converging hastily towards the spot, he continued climbing up—up—up, till he had nearly gained the summit of the tree, where a leafless bare bough, apparently one that had been blasted by the lightning, shot itself into the giddy air, and stretched athwart the road. Along this crazy, fearful perch, he began to crawl upon his hands and knees, still holding the sword in his mouth. The branch trembled—it swayed to and fro—it bent with his weight. Zillah shut her eyes with a shudder; she tried even to stop her ears, expecting every moment to hear the appalling crash, the death-shriek—the horrible signal that he was precipitated from that terrific height, and dashed to atoms upon the rocks.

"As nothing indicated the catastrophe she had anticipated, she again ventured to look up. Still retaining the wreath around his helmet, he had now seated himself at the forked extremity of the bough, with his face towards the tree; and, brandishing his sword in his right hand, poised in mid air, swinging between heaven and earth, like a wounded eagle upon his ery, he seemed resolved to await his assailants upon the perilous field of battle, that he had chosen for himself. Zillah was at a loss to account for some small object that kept momentarily glistering in the sunshine beneath him, and losing itself in the shade, until a plashing sound drew her eyes to the road below, where she beheld a crimson circle, formed by the continual dropping of his blood! Her previous sympathy with the sufferer was hardly capable of increase, but her indignation against his ruthless pur-

suers, was not a little inflamed at this pitiable sight.

"By this time the horsemen, descending from the brow of the mountain, stood together under the tree, as if waiting for orders; while several of their comrades on foot, successively made their appearance, and stationed themselves around the oak, without offering to climb it. After a short interval, a huge, ferocious, ruffian-like fellow, holding a trumpet in one hand, and a sword in the other, came out of the bushes, puffing and panting, to the spot, and immediately began to issue orders, as if he were the leader of the party. 'Shall I bring him down with an arrow?' asked one of the horsemen, adjusting his bow!—'he is a dead shot as he sits now, and we shall never catch him otherwise, unless we wait till he drops out of the tree from hunger.'

"At your peril sirrah! bawled the leader, shaking his sword at the fellow who had made the proposition. 'He is my best man—worth any two of ye. Besides, haven't I entered him, and been paid the deposit, for the great match at Capua, and the festival of Jupiter at Beneventum? No, no, we must fetch the rascal down without hurting him. Let's see—let's see.' Going out into the road for the purpose of taking a more exact observation of the fugitive's position, he began to shake and scratch his head, muttering to one of his companions, 'Shouldn't mind putting an arrow into him myself, if he warn't up so high, so desperate high. Wing him as delicately as you will, the fall is sure to spoil him. Ugly job! Then, if I send up after him, no use—the chap is no flincher,—will never have a thumb pointed at him—will fight till all the flesh is hacked off his bones. Besides, the bough won't hold two—shall lose 'em both:—'twould cost a good round sum to replace 'em. Coax him down—coax him down.'

"Raising his hoarse rough voice, so as to be heard by the man in the tree, he endeavoured to wheedle him down by the most solemn promises of granting him his freedom after the Jupiter festival at Beneventum, winking at the same time to his companion, and swearing in an under-tone, that the runaway rogue should be effectually prevented from repeating this prank, if he could only get him safe into his clutches. His fawning, yet hoarse loud voice, and the villanous savage chuckle of his under-tone, as he sneered at the credulity of the dupe he thought himself about to cajole, offered a singular contrast to the foreign accent, but clear, resolute, honest intonation of his intended victim.—'You have already repeatedly made me the same promise, and have as often violated your vow,' said the latter.

"True, but I mean to keep it now. By Castor and Pollux, I do! (Say any thing to get the rascal out of the tree.)

"Have you any objection to dip your two hands in what you have so long lived by—my blood;—there is plenty of it on the ground beneath;—to lift them up to Heaven, and swear by Hercules to give me my discharge after the festival of Beneventum?

"Any objection?—not I—none in the world. (A lie more or less cannot make any great odds, so hero goes.) He advanced to the little pool

of blood, and was stooping to fulfil the stipulation, when the wretched fugitive, rendered desperate by the manifest impossibility of his escape, knowing by sad experience, that the most solemn oaths of his villanous master were utterly unworthy of credit, and resolved to inflict a richly merited punishment upon his oppressor, while he got rid of his own miserable existence at the same time, had no sooner decoyed him under the tree, than he threw himself headlong down upon him from his fearful eyry in the sky, and both were instantly dashed to pieces on the flinty pavement of the Appian road."—vol. ii. pp. 135—142.

The travellers proceed to Rome: Antony sees our heroine, and of course becomes most properly, or improperly, enamoured. Zillah is presented to the queen-like Octavia, and patronized by Maia, one of her ladies, who comes to request her attendance at the drawing-room:

"Whatever might be her own wishes, Zillah's obedience to her father, was always immediate and implicit, so that, without making more objections, she entered Maia's carriage, which had been kept in waiting, and away they drove. The tongue of the little volatile Roman, still contrived to make itself heard, in spite of the rumbling of the innumerable wheels rolling on every side of them; and Zillah was presently enabled to confirm what she had already suspected, that her new friend was a great dealer in small talk. 'Mind you ask me to show you Octavia's splendid mirror,' she exclaimed; 'it is all of polished silver, and as tall as I am, though that is not saying much for it. Look at the female wigs in that hair-dresser's shop—positively they get higher and higher every day. Oh! I must stop at my Egyptian florist's for a minute, just to get a bunch of amarantus. Our Roman dealers are sad bunglers. Do you like auburn hair? It is quite the rage, merely because it is so extremely rare. What a fuss all the men make about that horrible Cytheris, because she has golden ringlets! She has quite turned Mark Antony's head. Talking of turning heads, they say the Batavian tincture will turn any hair red. You will observe, that it is quite the rage to make the eyebrows meet, either by paint or false hair. Do I like it? No; I think it hideous. Yours look quite beautiful! so finely arched, and so much more noble from being separated. Nature, you see, knows best. La! you have no patches! I must positively give you one or two. Do you know, some of our men wear them. Is it not ridiculous? Driver! driver! turn down the next street, for I see a procession coming towards us, of those horrid priests of Cybele, and I have no wish to have our horses frightened, and our necks broken.'

"At these words Zillah looked out, and beheld a troop of wild-looking beings, dancing in armour, making a confused noise with Phrygian pipes, drums, and cymbals, howling as if they were mad, and cutting themselves as they went along. 'What strange men are these?' she inquired of her companion.

"Oh, my dear, do not call them men. The nasty, odious creatures! I am glad we have lost sight of them. Look at those Umbrian peasants, and their tall jars of oil—the boors, with their raw goatskin boots shaggy as Satyrs,

and the women, with their long brass earrings, short tunics, and naked legs. Their skins are dusky-red, so are their clothes, so is the dust that covers them. Have they not the flavour of the soil upon them, like so many great vegetables just transplanted? There goes Phillyrea, the dancer, in her fine gilded car: how bold and beautiful the creature looks! Was there ever such insolence! Look, she will not draw aside to let the Vestal Virgins pass, although every body is obliged to give them the road. Aha! the Lictors have got hold of her horses—they drive them back—and, see, see! one of them has fallen into the great gutter, and splashed her all over. Ha, ha! the saucy jade is rightly served.—The dancer and her gaudy vehicle, being thus unceremoniously disposed of, the magnificent car of the Vestals, drawn by four white horses abreast, preceded by Lictors with the fasces, and followed by a numerous retinue of female slaves, swept by in state, when Maia's carriage, which had stopped to let them pass, again proceeded. 'There were only Sabina and Paulina in the car,' resumed the loquacious little Roman. 'I know them both, and I have no doubt we shall meet them where we are going. It is whispered, but, mind, it is a monstrous secret, that Octavius is very fond of Paulina, and that it was at her instance the Triumvirate lately granted them the honour of the fasces. How ridiculous! just as if they were so many magistrates. Look up this next street, you will get a fine view of the Capitol, and its gilt dome rising over the Tarpeian Rock. Is it not grand? What a dreadful bawling that sailor makes with his painted shipwreck slung about his neck, and his doleful ballad! Half these fellows are impostors. Drive, faster, coachman, faster, we shall be too late! but, stop first, stop a little. Look, my Hebrew beauty, did you ever see so handsome a man! It is Flavius Drusus, the Colonel of the Campanian Cavalry. Good morning, Colonel, you have got a new horse, I see. What a spirited creature!' While chatting with her handsome and splendidly accoutred friend, Maia seemed entirely to forget that they were likely to be too late; but he at length took his leave, the carriage again moved on, and in a short time they arrived at the house of Antony, now honoured with visitants of a diametrically opposite character to those who generally crowded the tumultuous morning levees of the Trivium. On being ushered into the drawing-room, Zillah found Octavia engaged in conversation with some of her friends, standing beside a lofty candelabrum, on which her arm was leaning, and occasionally passing from one hand to the other a ball of amber, which it was the fashion of the day to carry, because its refrigerating qualities kept the palm always cool. Her long stole, bordered with gold and purple tissue, and supported by female slaves, was left open in front to display the stomacher, resplendent with jewels; while a mantle of light fabric, falling in graceful folds from the clasp of her shoulder, was gathered up at its other extremity, and thrown across her wrist. She received her visitant with the most courteous and affable suavity, blended with that dignity and decorum, which might have become a Roman matron, in the proudest days of

the Republic; and Zillah, while she marked the beauty of her person, the sweetness of her voice, and the majestic elegance of her demeanour, was utterly at a loss to account for the infatuation of the husband, who could alienate his affections from such a woman. Octavia, after having conversed with her for a short time, and invited her to her future levees, so long as she remained in Rome, added, 'You will, I hope, afford me the pleasure of meeting you to-morrow at the theatre, when Antony proposes to treat the people with a show of wild beasts. Of how many does your party consist?'

"We are only three," said Zillah, who was about to add, that the Hebrews indulged not in such spectacles: but while she was considering how to state her objection, so as to avoid giving offence, Octavia took three ivory tickets from a box, slipped them into her hand, and went forward to receive some other visitant. Maia immediately recovered possession of her *protégée*, whom she seemed determined to set off, as she had already playfully told her, against Antony's rhinoceros. Notwithstanding the high rank and character of the visitants, they had not been quite able to suppress a titter, or a buzz, at Zillah's costume, utterly opposed as it was to every thing classical or orthodox in fashion; and the words, 'Barbarian! Beautiful Jewess! Stately creature!' were whispered to one another while she had been conversing with Octavia. A slight mistake committed by Zillah, in her ignorance of Roman customs, converted the titter into an undisguised laugh. With a look and faint cry of terror, she had started back on beholding a live snake writhing itself about in the bosom of one of the party, until informed by Maia, that it was a harmless little tame serpent, which many ladies thus carried, on account of the refreshing coolness it imparted to the skin. The female in question, took out the twisting reptile, called it her pet, her *grig*, her dear little Angilla, kissed it tenderly, and returned it to its nest. 'Now, come and sit upon this sofa,' said Maia, after having paraded her friend round the circle; 'and I will tell you who the people are as they pass us. Ah! you are looking at those two fine boys—are they not noble children? One of them is Octavia's, by her first husband, Marcellus; the other is Antony's, by his former wife, Fulvia; and it is impossible to say which of them she loves the best. Yonder, in white robes, are the two Vestals who passed us in the street. I told you they were coming here. Have a care, sirrah!' she continued, addressing a slave, who was sprinkling the apartment with perfumed water; 'this amaranth mantle of mine, is too precious to be stained.—Ah! my dear Poppæa! I knew you were coming, by the delightful odour of your essences. Spare me a few drops of your cinnamon extract.—That fine tall figure is Hortensia—the celebrated Hortensia who, when the Triumvirs would have pillaged the Roman ladies of half their fortunes, rated them soundly; and, in conjunction with her friend Octavia, compelled them to reduce their claim.—And yonder is Marciana. Ah! I would lay a wager that she has been meeting Lepidus in some party, for I know the mystic meaning of those flowers in her hair. O dii et domini! let us get out of the way of old Ælia

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Pompeia, with her painted and patched cheeks, her scraggy fingers washed in asses' milk, and her head like the tower of Cybele. She will talk us to death. When once she begins, you may as well ask the river Tiber to stop, as her tongue. I hate such chatterboxes.'

"Zillah had no particular affection for them, and she was therefore far from displeased when her companion, having gone the round of the whole company, and exhausted her materials rather than her volubility, observed that it was getting stupid, and proposed that they should take their departure, and drive back to their lodgings."—vol. ii. pp. 253—263.

The fascinated Antony, carries off the heroine to a temple of Cybele, in the neighbourhood, but as he gives her three days' grace, the temple is most opportunely burnt in the interim, and she escapes to Rome, (on fire also by the way,) and regains the protection of her father. We must not forget to mention, that she had previously made acquaintance with a certain Felix Fabricius, the hero and lover of the tale, who is only eminent for being knocked down on one occasion, when he draws his sword in her behalf, and on another for jumping over a wall to converse with her. The fugitive Hebrews, escape from Rome by sea, are captured by the pirate Salvius, and conveyed to a cave at the foot of Etna. With such opportunities, we could not expect less from our liberal author, than an earthquake, an eruption, and a tempest, and he has accordingly indulged us with all three, and moreover thrown in a very heavy ode in the already overburthened Encladus. Salvius carries his prisoners to Egypt, and sells Zillah to Mark Antony. That amorous prince makes many vows of love and revenge; but, this being a *dignus vindice nodus*, Cleopatra steps in. Her first visit to the despairing Zillah is thus described:

"Clasping her hands together, and fixing her eyes upon the floor, she remained for some time lost in melancholy reveries, when a female voice, soft, low, dulcet as a lover's lute, and sounding close to her ear, chaunted in Hebrew a verse of the thirty-second Psalm: 'Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah!'

"Starting from her position, she gazed around her with an indescribable wonder, not unmixed with awe. She was alone in the apartment. The exquisite, and, as it seemed, the more than human melody of the voice, the Hebrew language, the words of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, so expressly applicable to her forlorn situation, and to the secret aspirations of her soul, all conspired to impress her with the conviction, that the Lord had sent an angel to comfort and deliver her; even as, in the olden times, he had miraculously rescued divers of his chosen people in the hour of peril and tribulation. Her heart thrilled with a solemn reverent fear; she sunk upon her knees, and stealing timid glances around her, expected every moment to encounter some celestial visitant. The voice was mute; no object met her eyes; all within the chamber was hushed and motionless;—several minutes elapsed in the bewilderment of a silent, and almost breathless suspense.—Trembling with amazement, she at

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length saw one of the large silver mirrors start from its fastening, and swing round, when, from an opening in the wall behind it, a small female figure stepped into the chamber, enveloped in a shawl, which covering her head and mouth, and descending to her feet, allowed nothing but her eyes to be seen. In her right hand she held a bag, which she threw upon the floor as she entered. Neither her garb, her deportment, nor the mode of her appearance, intimated her to be an angelic messenger; and Zillah's previous awe, was subsiding into simple wonder, and the apprehension of some new treachery, when the stranger exclaimed, in the same surpassingly melodious voice she had previously heard, 'Be not alarmed, Zillah, I am a friend; but though I speak your language, and am even, as you have heard, not unacquainted with your sacred writings, I will confess to you, that I am no Hebrew. Was it to inspire you with confidence, or to enjoy the spectacle of your alarm and wonderment, that I warbled to you a verse of your royal Psalmist? I know not. I am an inconsistent and a sportive creature; and yet I have reason enough for wretchedness, and I came hither upon no trifling errand, for it is my purpose to liberate you from captivity, to save you from dishonour; to restore you to your friends.' Sinking down upon the ottoman as she spoke, she pointed to it, with the condescending air of one who had been accustomed to receive profound homage, but wished to dispense with it upon the present occasion, and to place her colloquist upon a level with herself. 'Be seated, maiden,' she continued; 'this is neither the place nor the season, for ceremonious observances; I would waive all the customary honours of my rank; let us converse as equals.' Though this was pronounced with a graciousness and suavity, there was something commanding and majestic, even in its very humility—something that indicated a consciousness of exalted station, and implied a lofty, if not a haughty spirit. As she seated herself, the stranger threw off her enveloping shawl, when Zillah was absolutely dazzled, not less by the effulgence of her beauty, than by the magnificence of the jewels with which her whole figure was emblazoned. Appearing to be about thirty years of age, she united all the elastic freshness of youth, to the rich maturity of riper charms. Even for an Egyptian, she was dark, but still the blood blushed through the exquisitely soft and delicate texture of her skin, while her features were absolutely faultless, and her figure cast in the finest mould of symmetry. But as Zillah proceeded to converse with her, she found that her beauty, perfect as it was, constituted her least attraction; or rather, that her power to vary its expression, became more captivating than all her other allurements. As if anxious to display this versatility, even to a female admirer, she wore at times a languishing and voluptuous air, as if she were faint with the thoughts of love; from which she would suddenly start into the piquant, volatile, and debonaire graces, of an arch coquette, or assume the dignified and graceful stateliness of a princess. In all these changes, her voice and address were so fraught with fascination; her blandishments were so winning; she was alto-

gether so irresistibly bewitching, that Zillah never afterwards mentioned her by any other name than that of the enchantress.

"'You are handsome, very handsome,' said the stranger, leisurely surveying Zillah, before she proceeded farther to unfold the purport of her visit—'of a stately and dignified presence, but little adapted, as I should have surmised, to the taste of Mark Antony. A thousand times has he sworn to me, that he could never love any one taller than myself; but his vulgar, sensual soul, is incapable of truth or constancy; and even in my own capital, nay, in my own palace, he dares to forget his allegiance to Cleopatra!'

"'To Cleopatra!' exclaimed Zillah; 'am I, indeed, conversing with Cleopatra? Oh, most beautiful and illustrious Queen! I implore you by the love you bear to Antony—'

"'Love to Antony!' interposed Cleopatra, her eyes and her diamond tiara flashing together, as she tossed up her head, while the corners of her mouth were drawn down with an expression of fierce ineffable scorn; 'for her own sake, and for that of her kingdom, the Queen of Egypt may condescend to win the heart of the victorious Roman general, that so she may subdue her conqueror. This is degradation enough for the descendant from a long line of Ptolemies; but learn, maiden, that Cleopatra is not formed to love a coarse, unintellectual and inelegant soldier.'

"'I believe it, I believe it!—but you cannot abhor, you cannot detest him as I do. You said that you came to save, to rescue me. Tell me, oh, quickly tell me how, and forgive my impatience, for you cannot judge of my deep misery.'

"'Whatever it may be, yours will quickly cease; but who shall snatch me from mine? Vain are my incessant dissipations; vain is every external change, when the sorrowing heart remains the same. Unless the vacant mind of Antony, adapted for nothing but sensuality, be stimulated by perpetual novelty, it sinks into tedium and melancholy: to prevent which, I am forced to become the laborious slave of his pleasures. Sometimes I am a goddess, a queen, a Bacchante, a huntress; I fish, I chase with him, I accompany him in the camp as well as the court, by day and by night I am doomed to share his mad debaucheries; but the soul of Cleopatra is too refined to wallow in such orgies without being revolted; and under each disguise, in every moment of my life, I feel the deep humiliation of being obliged to court as a conqueror, him whom I hate and despise as a man. Have I not abundant cause for wretchedness? But you look impatient—your eager eyes are rivetted upon the opening in the wall. It is natural, and I will keep you no longer in suspense. Antony was surprised, when he learned that there were subterranean communications from this place, to all the theatres; he has yet to discover, that there is a perfect labyrinth within its walls, which was my motive for assigning it to him as a residence. Follow me!'"—vol. iv. pp. 47—55.

The Queen contrives her rival's escape most ingeniously. She is restored to her father and friends, after an encounter with Esau, who behaves but scurvily to his fair relative.

Then comes the siege of the city, with all its terrible concomitants, and such a turmoil of incidents and plots, as would require many pages to unravel. In conclusion, however, all the wicked are consigned to their proper region, and the good retire to a distant village, to forget, amid the pleasures of connubial happiness, a ruined home, a slaughtered kindred, and a desolate country.

From the Keepsake.

EXTEMPORE.

To ———, to whose interference I chiefly owe the very liberal price given for Lalla Rookh.

WHEN they shall tell, in future times,
Of thousands giv'n for idle rhymes
Like these—the pastime of an hour,
They'll wonder at the lavish taste
That could, like tulip-fanciers, waste
A little fortune on a flower!

Yet wilt not thou, whose friendship set
Such value on the bard's renown;
Yet wilt not thou, my friend, regret
The golden shower thy spell brought down.

For thou dost love the free-born Muse,
Whose flight no curbing chain pursues:
And thou dost think the song, that shrines
That image so ador'd by thee,
And spirits like thee,—Liberty,
Of price beyond all India's mines!

THOMAS MOORE.

From the Athenaeum.

MR. THOMAS BEWICK.

THE Arts have sustained a great loss since our last publication in the death of Mr. Thomas Bewick, well known for his clever engravings on wood of animals and birds, and his spirited vignettes. This loss is the more real, and the more to be regretted, as, notwithstanding the advanced age of the deceased, which we believe was 74, his hand retained to the last its full skill and vigour, both in drawing and engraving, and was engaged, until within a very few weeks before his death, in assisting his son, who, it seems, has inherited the talents of his father, in a work on fishes, in the style of his former productions. Mr. Bewick, it is understood, was self-taught. This fact heightens the admiration his works are calculated to raise of the artist-like spirit that must have been innate in him. Our wonder is increased, moreover, by the consideration how far the art of wood-engraving, when Mr. Bewick commenced his labours, was removed from that state of excellence to which it has been brought by the improvements, the fruits of practice and emulation, of the last thirty years. The animals and birds of Mr. Bewick are distinguished for their accuracy of form, their spirit and delicacy; but his vignettes, more especially, are the works in which he displayed the powers of the true artist. These little compositions are delightful, both in invention and execution, whether we

regard the domestic and rural scenes, in which the author has been most happy, or the satirical sketches, in which he has been still more successful. The former breathe a delightful simplicity, great ease, and truth: the latter abound in life, and in the finest vein of humour. The figures throughout the books of Bewick, whether of men or of animals, and notwithstanding the diminutive scale of the latter, have, both in form and feature, an expression hardly to be excelled by works on the grandest scale. They bespeak the hand of a man of genius; and such must have been the artist whose death we record and lament.

From the Keepsake.

THE TAPESTRY CHAMBER, OR THE LADY IN THE SACQUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

THE following narrative is given from the pen, so far as memory permits, in the same character in which it was presented to the author's ear; nor has he claim to further praise, or to be more deeply censured, than in proportion to the good or bad judgment which he has employed in selecting his materials, as he has studiously avoided any attempt at ornament which might interfere with the simplicity of the tale.

At the same time it must be admitted, that the particular class of stories which turns on the marvellous, possesses a stronger influence when told, than when committed to print. The volume taken up at noonday, though rehearsing the same incidents, conveys a much more feeble impression, than is achieved by the voice of the speaker on a circle of fireside auditors, who hang upon the narrative as the narrator details the minute incidents: which serve to give it authenticity, and lowers his voice with an affectation of mystery while he approaches the fearful and wonderful part. It was with such advantages that the present writer heard the following events related, more than twenty years since, by the celebrated Miss Seward, of Lichfield, who, to her numerous accomplishments, added, in a remarkable degree, the power of narrative in private conversation. In its present form the tale must necessarily lose all the interest which was attached to it, by the flexible voice and intelligent features of the gifted narrator. Yet still, read aloud, to an undoubting audience by the doubtful light of the closing evening, or, in silence, by a decaying taper, and amidst the solitude of a half-lighted apartment, it may redeem its character as a good ghost-story. Miss Seward always affirmed that she had derived her information from an authentic source, although she suppressed the names of the two persons chiefly concerned. I will not avail myself of any particulars I may have since received concerning the localities of the detail, but suffer them to rest under the same general description in which they were first related to me; and, for the same reason, I will not add to or diminish the narrative, by any circumstance, whether more or

less material, but simply rehearse, as I heard it, a story of supernatural terror.

About the end of the American war, when the officers of Lord Cornwallis's army, which surrendered at Yorktown, and others, who had been made prisoners during the impolitic and ill-fated controversy, were returning to their own country, to relate their adventures, and repose themselves, after their fatigues; there was one amongst them, a general officer, to whom Miss S. gave the name of Browne, but merely, as I understood, to save the inconvenience of introducing a nameless agent in the narrative. He was an officer of merit, as well as a gentleman of high consideration for family and attainments.

Some business had carried General Browne upon a tour through the western counties, when, in the conclusion of a morning stage, he found himself in the vicinity of a small country town, which presented a scene of uncommon beauty, and of a character peculiarly English.

The little town, with its stately old church, whose tower bore testimony to the devotion of ages long past, lay amidst pasture and corn-fields of small extent, but bounded and divided with hedge-row timber of great age and size. There were few marks of modern improvement. The environs of the place intimated neither the solitude of decay, nor the bustle of novelty; the houses were old, but in good repair; and the beautiful little river murmured freely on its way to the left of the town, neither restrained by a dam, nor bordered by a towing-path.

Upon a gentle eminence, nearly a mile to the southward of the town, were seen, amongst many venerable oaks and tangled thickets, the turrets of a castle, as old as the wars of York and Lancaster, but which seemed to have received important alterations during the age of Elizabeth and her successor. It had not been a place of great size; but whatever accommodation it formerly afforded, was, it must be supposed, still to be obtained within its walls; at least, such was the inference which General Browne drew from observing the smoke arise merrily from several of the ancient wreathed and carved chimney-stalks. The wall of the park ran along-side of the highway for two or three hundred yards; and through the different points by which the eye found glimpses into the woodland scenery, it seemed to be well stocked. Other points of view opened in succession; now a full one, of the front of the old castle, and now a side glimpse at its particular towers; the former rich in all the bizarrerie of the Elizabethan school, while the simple and solid strength of other parts of the building seemed to show that they had been raised more for defence than ostentation.

Delighted with the partial glimpses which he obtained of the castle through the woods and glades by which this ancient feudal fortress was surrounded, our military traveller was determined to inquire whether it might not deserve a nearer view, and whether it contained family pictures or other objects of curiosity worthy of a stranger's visit; when, leaving the vicinity of the park, he rolled through a clean and well-paved street, and stopped at the door of a well-frequented inn.

Before ordering horses to proceed on his journey, General Browne made inquiries concerning the proprietor of the chateau which had so attracted his admiration; and was equally surprised and pleased at hearing in reply a nobleman named, whom we shall call Lord Woodville. How fortunate! Much of Browne's early recollections both at school, and at college, had been connected with young Woodville, whom, by a few questions, he now ascertained to be the same with the owner of this fair domain. He had been raised to the peerage by the decease of his father a few months before, and, as the general learned from the landlord, the term of mourning being ended, was now taking possession of his paternal estate, in the jovial season of merry autumn, accompanied by a select party of friends to enjoy the sports of a country famous for game.

This was delightful news to our traveller. Frank Woodville had been Richard Browne's sag at Eton, and his chosen intimate at Christ Church; their pleasures and their tasks had been the same; and the honest soldier's heart warmed to find his early friend in possession of so delightful a residence, and of an estate, as the landlord assured him with a nod and a wink, fully adequate to maintain and add to his dignity. Nothing was more natural than that the traveller should suspend a journey, which there was nothing to render hurried, to pay a visit to an old friend under such agreeable circumstances.

The fresh horses, therefore, had only the brief task of conveying the general's travelling carriage to Woodville Castle. A porter admitted them at a modern gothic lodge, built in that style to correspond with the castle itself, and at the same time rang a bell to give warning of the approach of visitors. Apparently the sound of the bell had suspended the separation of the company, bent on the various amusements of the morning; for, on entering the court of the chateau, several young men were lounging about in their sporting dresses, looking at, and criticising, the dogs which the keepers held in readiness to attend their pastime. As General Browne alighted, the young lord came to the gate of the hall, and for an instant gazed, as at a stranger, upon the countenance of his friend, on which, war, with its fatigues and its wounds, had made a great alteration. But the uncertainty lasted no longer than till the visitor had spoken, and the hearty greeting which followed was such as can only be exchanged betwixt those, who have passed together the merry days of careless boyhood or early youth.

"If I could have formed a wish, my dear Browne," said Lord Woodville, "it would have been to have you here, of all men, upon this occasion, which my friends are good enough to hold as a sort of holiday. Do not think you have been unwatched during the years you have been absent from us. I have traced you through your dangers, your triumphs, your misfortunes, and was delighted to see, that, whether in victory or defeat, the name of my old friend was always distinguished with applause."

The general made a suitable reply, and con-

gratulated his friend on his new dignities and the possession of a place and domain so beautiful.

"Nay, you have seen nothing of it as yet," said Lord Woodville, "and I trust you do not mean to leave us till you are better acquainted with it. It is true, I confess, that my present party is pretty large, and the old house, like other places of the kind, does not possess so much accommodation as the extent of the outward walls appears to promise. But we can give you a comfortable old-fashioned room, and I venture to suppose that your campaigns have taught you to be glad of worse quarters."

The general shrugged his shoulders, and laughed. "I presume," he said, "the worst apartment in your chateau is considerably superior to the old tobacco-cask, in which I was fain to take up my night's lodging when I was in the Bush, as the Virginians call it, with the light corps. There I lay, like Diogenes himself, so delighted with my covering from the element, that I made a vain attempt to have it rolled on to my next quarters; but my commander for the time would give way to no such luxurious provision, and I took farewell of my beloved cask with tears in my eyes."

"Well, then, since you do not fear your quarters," said Lord Woodville, "you will stay with me a week at least. Of guns, dogs, fishing-rods, flies, and means of sport by sea and land, we have enough and to spare: you cannot pitch on an amusement but we will find the means of pursuing it. But if you prefer the gun and pointers, I will go with you myself, and see whether you have mended your shooting since you have been amongst the Indians of the back settlements."

The general gladly accepted his friendly host's proposal in all its points. After a morning of manly exercise, the company met at dinner, where it was the delight of Lord Woodville to conduce to the display of the high properties of his recovered friend, so as to recommend him to his guests, most of whom were persons of distinction. He led General Browne to speak of the scenes he had witnessed; and as every word marked alike the brave officer and the sensible man, who retained possession of his cool judgment under the most imminent dangers, the company looked upon the soldier with general respect, as on one who had proved himself possessed of an uncommon portion of personal courage; that attribute of all others, of which every body desires to be thought possessed.

The day at Woodville Castle ended as usual in such mansions. The hospitality stopped within the limits of good order: music, in which the young lord was a proficient, succeeded to the circulation of the bottle: cards and billiards, for those who preferred such amusements, were in readiness: but the exercise of the morning required early hours, and not long after eleven o'clock the guests began to retire to their several apartments.

The young lord himself conducted his friend, General Browne to the chamber destined for him, which answered the description he had given of it, being comfortable, but old-fashioned. The bed was of the massive form used in the end of the seventeenth century, and the

curtains of faded silk, heavily trimmed with tarnished gold. But then the sheets, pillows and blankets looked delightful to the campaigner, when he thought of his "mansion, the cask." There was an air of gloom in the tapestry hangings, which, with their worn-out graces, curtained the walls of the little chamber, and gently undulated as the autumnal breeze found its way through the ancient lattice window, which pattered and whistled as the air gained entrance. The toilette, too, with its mirror, turbaned, after the manner of the beginning of the century, with a coiffure of murrey-coloured silk, and its hundred strange-shaped boxes, providing for arrangements which had been obsolete for more than fifty years, had an antique, and in so far a melancholy, aspect. But nothing could blaze more brightly and cheerfully than the two large wax candles; or if aught could rival them, it was the flaming bickering faggots in the chimney, that sent at once their gleam and their warmth, through the snug apartment; which, notwithstanding the general antiquity of its appearance, was not wanting in the least convenience, that modern habits rendered either necessary or desirable.

"This is an old-fashioned sleeping apartment, general," said the young lord, "but I hope you find nothing that makes you envy your old tobacco-cask."

"I am not particular respecting my lodgings," replied the general; "yet were I to make any choice, I would prefer this chamber by many degrees, to the gayer and more modern rooms of your family mansion. Believe me, that when I unite its modern air of comfort with its venerable antiquity, and recollect that it is your lordship's property, I shall feel in better quarters here, than if I were in the best hotel London could afford."

"I trust—I have no doubt—that you will find yourself as comfortable as I wish you, my dear general," said the young nobleman; and once more bidding his guest good night, he shook him by the hand, and withdrew.

The general once more looked round him, and internally congratulating himself on his return to peaceful life, the comforts of which were endeared by the recollection of the hardships and dangers he had lately sustained, undressed himself, and prepared for a luxurious night's rest.

Here, contrary to the custom of this species of tale, we leave the general in possession of his apartment until the next morning.

The company assembled for breakfast at an early hour, but without the appearance of General Browne, who seemed the guest that Lord Woodville was desirous of honouring above all whom his hospitality had assembled around him. He more than once expressed surprise at the general's absence, and at length sent a servant to make inquiry after him. The man brought back information that General Browne had been walking abroad since an early hour of the morning, in defiance of the weather, which was misty and ungenial.

"The custom of a soldier,"—said the young nobleman to his friends; "many of them acquire habitual vigilance, and cannot sleep after the early hour at which their duty usually commands them to be alert."

Yet the explanation which Lord Woodville then offered to the company seemed hardly satisfactory to his own mind, and it was in a fit of silence and abstraction that he awaited the return of the general. It took place near an hour after the breakfast bell had rung. He looked fatigued and feverish. His hair, the powdering and arrangement of which was at this time one of the most important occupations of a man's whole day, and marked his fashion as much as, in the present time, the tying of a cravat, or the want of one, was dishevelled, uncurled, void of powder, and dank with dew. His clothes were huddled on with a careless negligence, remarkable in a military man, whose real or supposed duties are usually held to include some attention to the toilette; and his looks were haggard and ghastly in a peculiar degree.

"So you have stolen a march upon us this morning, my dear general," said Lord Woodville; "or you have not found your bed so much to your mind as I had hoped and you seemed to expect. How did you rest last night?"

"Oh, excellently well! remarkably well! never better in my life,"—said General Browne rapidly, and yet with an air of embarrassment which was obvious to his friend. He then hastily swallowed a cup of tea, and, neglecting or refusing whatever else was offered, seemed to fall into a fit of abstraction.

"You will take the gun to-day, general?" said his friend and host, but had to repeat the question twice ere he received the abrupt answer, "No, my lord; I am sorry I cannot have the honour of spending another day with your lordship: my post horses are ordered, and will be here directly."

All who were present showed surprise, and Lord Woodville immediately replied, "Post horses, my good friend! what can you possibly want with them, when you promised to stay with me quietly for at least a week?"

"I believe," said the general, obviously much embarrassed, "that I might, in the pleasure of my first meeting with your lordship, have said something about stopping here a few days; but I have since found it altogether impossible."

"That is very extraordinary," answered the young nobleman. "You seemed quite disengaged yesterday, and you cannot have had a summons to-day; for our post has not come up from the town, and therefore you cannot have received any letters."

General Browne, without giving any further explanation, muttered something of indispensable business, and insisted on the absolute necessity of his departure in a manner which silenced all opposition on the part of his host, who saw that his resolution was taken, and forbore all further importunity.

"At least, however," he said, "permit me, my dear Browne, since go you will or must, to show you the view from the terrace, which the mist, that is now rising, will soon display."

He threw open a sash-window, and stepped down upon the terrace as he spoke. The general followed him mechanically, but seemed little to attend to what his host was saying, as, looking across an extended and rich prospect,

he pointed out the different objects worthy of observation. Thus they moved on till Lord Woodville had attained his purpose of drawing his guest entirely apart from the rest of the company, when, turning around upon him with an air of great solemnity, he addressed him thus:

"Richard Browne, my old and very dear friend, we are now alone. Let me conjure you to answer me upon the word of a friend, and the honour of a soldier. How did you in reality rest during last night?"

"Most wretchedly indeed, my lord," answered the general, in the same tone of solemnity;—"so miserably, that I would not run the risk of such a second night, not only for all the lands belonging to this castle, but for all the country which I see from this elevated point of view."

"This is most extraordinary," said the young lord, as if speaking to himself; "then there must be something in the reports concerning that apartment." Again turning to the general, he said, "For God's sake, my dear friend, be candid with me, and let me know the disagreeable particulars which have befallen you under a roof where, with consent of the owner, you should have met nothing save comfort."

The general seemed distressed by this appeal, and paused a moment before he replied. "My dear lord," he at length said, "what happened to me last night is of a nature so peculiar and so unpleasant, that I could hardly bring myself to detail it even to your lordship, were it not that, independent of my wish to gratify any request of yours, I think that sincerity on my part may lead to some explanation about a circumstance equally painful and mysterious. To others, the communication I am about to make, might place me in the light of a weak-minded, superstitious fool, who suffered his own imagination to delude and bewilder him; but you have known me in childhood and youth, and will not suspect me of having adopted in manhood, the feelings and frailties from which my early years were free. Here he paused, and his friend replied:

"Do not doubt my perfect confidence in the truth of your communication, however strange it may be," replied Lord Woodville; "I know your firmness of disposition too well, to suspect you could be made the object of imposition, and am aware that your honour and your friendship will equally deter you from exaggerating whatever you may have witnessed."

"Well then," said the general. "I will proceed with my story as well as I can, relying upon your candour; and yet distinctly feeling that I would rather face a battery than recall to my mind the odious recollections of last night."

He paused a second time, and then perceiving that Lord Woodville remained silent and in an attitude of attention, he commenced, though not without obvious reluctance, the history of his night adventures in the Tapestry Chamber.

"I undressed and went to bed, so soon as your lordship left me yesterday evening; but the wood in the chimney, which nearly fronted my bed, blazed brightly and cheerfully, and, aided by a hundred exciting recollections of my

childhood and youth, which had been recalled by the unexpected pleasure of meeting your lordship, prevented me from falling immediately asleep. I ought, however, to say, that these reflections were all of a pleasant and agreeable kind, grounded on a sense of having for a time exchanged the labour, fatigues, and dangers of my profession, for the enjoyments of a peaceful life, and the reunion of those friendly and affectionate ties, which I had torn asunder at the rude summons of war.

"While such pleasing reflections were stealing over my mind, and gradually lulling me to slumber, I was suddenly aroused by a sound like that of the rustling of a silken gown, and the tapping of a pair of high heeled shoes, as if a woman were walking in the apartment. Ere I could draw the curtain to see what the matter was, the figure of a little woman passed between the bed and the fire. The back of this form was turned to me, and I could observe, from the shoulders and neck, it was that of an old woman, whose dress was an old fashioned gown, which, I think, ladies call a *sacque*; that is, a sort of robe completely loose in the body, but gathered into broad plaits upon the neck and shoulders, which fall down to the ground, and terminate in a species of train.

"I thought the intrusion singular enough, but never harboured for a moment the idea that what I saw was any thing more than the mortal form of some old woman about the establishment, who had a fancy to dress like her grandmother, and who, having perhaps (as your lordship mentioned that you were rather straitened for room) been dislodged from her chamber for my accommodation, had forgotten the circumstance, and returned by twelve to her old haunt. Under this persuasion I moved myself in bed and coughed a little, to make the intruder sensible of my being in possession of the premises.—She turned slowly round, but, gracious heaven! my lord, what a countenance did she display to me! There was no longer any question what she was, or any thought of her being a living being. Upon a face which wore the fixed features of a corpse were imprinted the traces of the vilest and most hideous passions which had animated her while she lived. The body of some atrocious criminal seemed to have been given up from the grave, and the soul restored from the penal fire, in order to form, for a space, an union with the ancient accomplice of its guilt. I started up in bed, and sat upright, supporting myself on my palms, as I gazed on this horrible spectre. The hag made, as it seemed, a single and swift stride to the bed where I lay, and squatted herself down upon it, in precisely the same attitude which I had assumed in the extremity of my horror, advancing her diabolical countenance within half a yard of mine, with a grin which seemed to intimate the malice and the derision of an incarnate fiend."

Here General Browne stopped, and wiped from his brow the cold perspiration with which the recollection of his horrible vision had covered it.

"My lord," he said, "I am no coward. I have been in all the mortal dangers incidental to my profession, and I may truly boast, that no man ever saw Richard Browne dishonour: the sword

he wears; but in these horrible circumstances, under the eyes, and, as it seemed, almost in the grasp of an incarnation of an evil spirit, all firmness forsook me, all manhood melted from me like wax in the furnace, and I felt my hair individually bristle. The current of my life-blood ceased to flow, and I sank back in a swoon, as very a victim to panic terror as ever was a village girl, or a child of ten years old. How long I lay in this condition I cannot pretend to guess.

"But I was roused by the castle clock striking one, so loud that it seemed as if it were in the very room. It was some time before I dared open my eyes, lest they should again encounter the horrible spectacle. When, however, I summoned courage to look up, she was no longer visible. My first idea was to pull my bell, wake the servants, and remove to a garret or a hay-loft, to be ensured against a second visitation. Nay, I will confess the truth, that my resolution was altered, not by the shame of exposing myself, but by the fear that, as the bell-cord hung by the chimney, I might, in making my way to it, be again crossed by the fiendish hag, who, I figured to myself, might be still lurking about some corner of the apartment.

"I will not pretend to describe what hot and cold fever-fits tormented me for the rest of the night, through broken sleep, weary vigils, and that dubious state which forms the neutral ground between them. An hundred terrible objects appeared to haunt me; but there was the great difference betwixt the vision which I have described and those which followed, that I knew the last to be deceptions of my own fancy and over-excited nerves.

"Day at last appeared, and I rose from my bed ill in health, and humiliated in mind. I was ashamed of myself as a man and a soldier, and still more so, at feeling my own extreme desire to escape from the haunted apartment, which, however, conquered all other considerations; so that, huddling on my clothes with the most careless haste, I made my escape from your lordship's mansion, to seek in the open air some relief to my nervous system, shaken as it was by this horrible encounter with a visitant, for such I must believe her, from the other world. Your lordship has now heard the cause of my discomposure, and of my sudden desire to leave your hospitable castle. In other places I trust we may often meet! but God protect me from ever spending a second night under that roof!"

Strange as the general's tale was, he spoke with such a deep air of conviction, that it cut short all the usual commentaries which are made on such stories. Lord Woodville never once asked him if he was sure he did not dream of the apparition, or suggested any of the possibilities, by which it is fashionable to explain apparitions,—wild vagaries of the fancy, or deception of the optic nerves. On the contrary he seemed deeply impressed with the truth and reality of what he had heard; and, after a considerable pause, regretted, with much appearance of sincerity, that his early friend should in his house have suffered so severely.

"I am the more sorry for your pain, my dear Browne," he continued, "that it is the unhap-

py, though most unexpected, result of an experiment of my own. You must know, that for my father and grandfather's time, at least, the apartment which was assigned to you last night had been shut on account of reports that it was disturbed by supernatural sights and noises. When I came a few weeks since, into possession of the estate, I thought the accommodation, which the castle afforded for my friends, was not extensive enough to permit the inhabitants of the invisible world to retain possession of a comfortable sleeping apartment. I therefore caused the Tapestry Chamber, as we call it, to be opened; and, without destroying its air of antiquity, I had such new articles of furniture placed in it as became the more modern times. Yet as the opinion that the room was haunted very strongly prevailed among the domestics, and was also known in the neighbourhood and to many of my friends, I feared some prejudice might be entertained by the first occupant of the Tapestry Chamber, which might tend to revive the evil report which it had laboured under, and so disappoint my purpose of rendering it an useful part of the house. I must confess, my dear Browne, that your arrival yesterday, agreeable to me for a thousand reasons besides, seemed the most favourable opportunity of removing the unpleasant rumours which attached to the room, since your courage was indubitable, and your mind free of any pre-occupation on the subject. I could not, therefore, have chosen a more fitting subject for my experiment."

"Upon my life," said General Browne, somewhat hastily, "I am infinitely obliged to your lordship—very particularly indebted indeed. I am likely to remember for some time the consequences of the experiment, as your lordship is pleased to call it."

"Nay, now you are unjust, my dear friend," said Lord Woodville. "You have only to reflect for a single moment, in order to be convinced that I could not augur the possibility of the pain to which you have been so unhappily exposed. I was yesterday morning a complete sceptic on the subject of supernatural appearances. Nay, I am sure that had I told you what was said about that room, those very reports would have induced you, by your own choice, to select it for your accommodation. It was my misfortune, perhaps my error, but really cannot be termed my fault, that you have been afflicted so strangely."

"Strangely indeed!" said the general, resuming his good temper; "and I acknowledge that I have no right to be offended with your lordship for treating me like what I used to think myself—a man of some firmness and courage.—But I see my post horses are arrived, and I must not detain your lordship from your amusement."

"Nay, my old friend," said Lord Woodville, "since you cannot stay with us another day, which, indeed, I can no longer urge, give me at least half an hour more. You used to love pictures, and I have a gallery of portraits, some of them by Vandyke, representing ancestry to whom this property and castle formerly belonged. I think that several of them will strike you as possessing merit."

General Browne accepted the invitation,

though somewhat unwillingly. It was evident he was not to breathe freely or at ease, till he left Woodville Castle far behind him. He could not refuse his friend's invitation, however; and the less so, that he was a little ashamed of the peevishness which he had displayed towards his well-meaning entertainer.

The general, therefore, followed Lord Woodville through several rooms, into a long gallery hung with pictures, which the latter pointed out to his guest, telling the names, and giving some account of the personages whose portraits presented themselves in progression. General Browne was but little interested in the details which these accounts conveyed to him. They were, indeed, of the kind which are usually found in an old family gallery. Here, was a cavalier who had ruined the estate in the royal cause; there, a fine lady who had reinstated it by contracting a match with a wealthy round-head. There, hung a gallant who had been in danger for corresponding with the exiled court at St. Germain's; here, one who had taken arms for William at the revolution; and there, a third that had thrown his weight alternately into the scale of whig and tory.

While Lord Woodville was cramming these words into his guest's ear, "against the stomach of his sense," they gained the middle of the gallery, when he beheld General Browne suddenly start, and assume an attitude of the utmost surprise, not unmixed with fear, as his eyes were caught and suddenly rivetted by a portrait of an old lady in a saccque, the fashionable dress of the end of the seventeenth century.

"There she is!" he exclaimed, "there she is, in form and features, though inferior in demonic expression to, the accursed hag who visited me last night."

"If that be the case," said the young nobleman, "there can remain no longer any doubt of the horrible reality of your apparition. That is the picture of a wretched ancestress of mine, of whose crimes a black and fearful catalogue is recorded in a family history in my charter-chest. The recital of them would be too horrible: it is enough to say, that in your fatal apartment incest, and unnatural murder, were committed. I will restore it to the solitude to which the better judgment of those who preceded me had consigned it; and never shall any one, so long as I can prevent it, be exposed to a repetition of the supernatural horrors which could shake such courage as yours."

Thus the friends, who had met with such glee, parted in a very different mood; Lord Woodville to command the tapestry chamber to be unmantled, and the door built up; and General Browne to seek in some less beautiful country, and with some less dignified friend, forgetfulness of the painful night which he had passed in Woodville Castle.

From the Athenaeum.

THE KEEPSAKE.

[Is noticing the different Annuals which have fallen under our notice during the last month,

our readers will bear us witness, that we have not been niggardly in our praises, nor prodigal of our blame. We have seen much to admire, and a little to censure, many very pleasant poems, and here and there one that we could willingly have consigned to "The Lady's Magazine," many delicious engravings, and perhaps one or two that were, either from the fault of the engraver, the painter, or the subject, eminently dull, flat, and unprofitable. The beauties to which we have alluded, we were cunning in discovering; to the faults, when we could do so with decency, and our readers were not looking, we shut our eyes; for the officers at the custom house of literature, are not bound to suspect every fair passenger of carrying contraband articles under her cloak, still less, if she thinks fit to deny their being smuggled, to assert very strenuously that they are so.

But hitherto, with some important exceptions, among which we may now reckon our indefatigable friend Miss Mitford, we have had to deal with the compositions of authors who, though very clever, promising, and so forth, may, nevertheless, without the slightest offence or ill-breeding, be pronounced the second-rates. Very excellent some of these second-rates are; some of them, almost the same in kind as the first men of our own or any age—inferior to them in power, but not in feeling; but still even the best of them are inferior. In their best compositions, every one is sure that something is wanting, which is scarcely ever wanting in the dullest compositions of their betters. They write what are called very well-sustained pieces of poetry; but we cannot help feeling—even we who, being critics, are the very lowest of God's creation, that, though we might never be able to write any thing one fiftieth part so good, nevertheless we can imagine something infinitely better. The horizon of the poet's thoughts stretches further, no doubt, than the horizon of our thoughts; but the horizon of his expressions, does not stretch nearly so far. Though we might be utterly unable to describe our feelings even up to the point he has gone, we have feelings which carry us much beyond; in short, we have a sense, which to all, except to very vain and vulgar minds, is a painful sense, that we cannot utterly give ourselves up to the poet, that we are not the unresisting, passive slaves of his pleasure.

With respect to the great man, this we never feel. Perhaps through some half-dozen verses, we may see him dragging his wings along the earth stupidly and heavily enough; and we may indulge the fancy that he is no such different being from ourselves after all, nay, that sometimes he can be even much clumsier, and more stupid than we think, in our vanity, we could ever be. But stay an instant, and look at him now! That crawling serpent whom you thought you could gaze at, nay, trample on with impunity, has unrolled his tremendous length; he is standing upright, with his eyes glaring full upon you; and now he is coiled in a death-embrace around the neck of some portentous eagle. And how was the transformation effected? You know not,—you saw the change; but you cannot tell what occasioned it, or scarcely how it happened. There was nothing remarkable in the

moment when the whole man of genius seemed to be at once transfigured before you. Some one word, an adjective, a mere particle, perhaps, so placed, that it became a kind of burning lens, concentrating the rays from a thousand suns,—is perhaps, all that has revealed to you the powers of the being, with whom you were holding converse. But that word is enough. That is a word we could not have uttered—it is a little word, a common everyday word,—but, if we had laboured for centuries, we could not have spoken it there, at that moment which has given it all its energy and virtue. But it has been uttered, and it is our word now; it has become a part of ourselves, and if we would—we could not tear it away.

We have never cared to conceal, that when we approach a person, be he living or dead, whom we know by an inward witness, to be a great man, we feel towards him a sentiment, not of servility, certainly, but of child-like affection and awe. We cannot help feeling that he deserves in some higher sense than every good man, to be considered the representative of God upon earth. We feel, indeed, that he is full of faults and imperfections; but they are faults and imperfections which are made manifest by the light that is thrown in upon them from his excellencies. If he had not been so great a man, we should never have discovered that he had any littleness; and, therefore, even if we are obliged to acquiesce in the humiliating estimate of a critic's duty, which determines that it consists only in finding fault, we should still, as a part of professional policy, cultivate our feelings of admiration and reverence, of what is good and fair, that by that very means, we might have a more thorough perception of weakness and deformity. To us the sight of such men, in any shape or any disguise, waking or sleeping, drunk or sober, produces an effect which the appearance of humbler personages in their best estate—their trimmest Sunday costume, cannot produce. We like Homer better when he is wide awake; but there is something, too, very sublime and impressive in his nod: we had rather read the second book of "Paradise Lost;" but we also esteem prodigiously, the lines on Hobson the carrier: we would rather accompany Wordsworth in "The Excursion," but we are also most happy to receive a present from him in "THE KEEPSAKE."

We owe the Editor of this beautiful volume a thousand thanks, for presenting us with a collection of engravings, which, we believe, are admitted to be superior to any that have appeared in any Annual. And we are quite sure that to all persons who do not entertain the idle and paradoxical notion, that hardworking young men, who are writing for a reputation, and consequently write with labour and artifice, will produce a better poem than the calm and self-possessed men, whose reputation is made, and who are, therefore, content to express their feelings as they arise within them, will admit that this is very far from the Editor's only praise, and that the literary part of the work stands equally unrivalled. What will our readers say to such a first class as the following? (they are arranged alphabetically):

Coleridge,
Scott,
Southey,
Shelley,
Wordsworth.

Or such a second class as this? who, *viz et ne viz quidem*, escaped being placed with those we have just mentioned:

Banim,
Lockhart,
Mackintosh,
Moore,

Shelley, Mrs.
Or such a third class as this?

Croker, Crofton,
Gower, Lord F. L.,
Holland, Lord,
Hemans, Mrs.,
Hook, Theodore,
Graham, Mrs.,
Landon, Miss,
Luttrell, Henry,
Reynolds, F. M.,

Bayley, T. H.,
Beansley,
Bernal,
Harrison,
Leger, St.,
Morpeth, Lord,
Nugent, Lord,
Normanby, Lord.

Boaden.

Considering the narrowness of our limits, we should be wrong, great as is our respect for the worthies of the other classes, to extract from any but those of the first; and this is our reason for not quoting from the excellent tales by Mrs. Shelley and Mr. Banim.

The first tale in the volume, is a very long and very admirable one, by Sir W. Scott, &c. &c. [The extracts are omitted, almost all of them being in this number of the Museum.]

Reader! if thou hast ever expressed with your lips, or entertained in your heart, one hard thought of PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY,—if thou hast ever fancied, that because his mind, on one most important question, remained in darkness nearly till the close of his life, he was not one of the most earnest, affectionate, truth-seeking, humble, and self-denying men that ever lived on this earth,—if thou hast ever pharisaically thanked God that thou wert not even as that infidel, when it would have been a better and more acceptable prayer to offer up, that thou mightest become one half as pure-minded and religious as he was,—if thou hast ever rashly proclaimed that the gates of mercy were closed upon one in whom all the fruits of a true heart-faith were so brightly and beautifully manifested,—read the fragment on Love, which he has bequeathed to this volume; and if, upon rising from its perusal, thy heart is more warmed to thy fellow creatures, and more devotional towards God, do not chide away the pious emotion, or fancy it sinful, because there is mingled with it a feeling of deep penitence for having wronged his memory, and an earnest wish that thou mayest atone for the error in the way which he would have chosen,—by imi-

tating him in the deep tenderness of his character, and in the active benevolence of his life.

We must positively devote a separate article to the beautiful and unrivalled engravings of "The Keepsake."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE VAUDOIS WIFE.*

"Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—Oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That Thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human Friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of Happiness,
And by the Hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust."

Gertrude of Wyoming.

Thy voice is in mine ear, Belov'd!
Thy look is in my heart,
Thy bosom is my resting-place,
And yet I must depart.

Earth on my soul is strong—too strong—
Too precious is its chain,
All woven of thy love, dear Friend!
Yet vain—though mighty—vain!

Thou seest mine eye grow dim, Belov'd!
Thou seest my life-blood flow,—
Bow to the Chastener silently,
And calmly let me go!

A little while between our hearts
The shadowy gulf must lie,
Yet have we for their communing
Still, still Eternity!

Alas! thy tears are on my cheek,
My Spirit they detain,
I know that from thine agony
Is wrung that burning rain.
Best—kindest—weep not! make the pang,
The bitter conflict less—
Oh! sad it is, and yet a joy
To feel thy love's excess!

But calm thee! let the thought of death
A solemn calm restore!
The Voice that must be silent soon,
Would speak to thee once more;
That thou mayest bear its blessing on
Through years of after life,
A token of consoling love,
Even from this hour of strife.

I bless thee for the noble heart,
The tender and the true,
Where mine hath found the happiest rest
That e'er fond woman's knew;
I bless thee, faithful Friend and Guide,
For my own, my treasured share,
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,
In thy sorrow, in thy prayer.

I bless thee for kind looks and words,
Shower'd on my path like dew;
For all the love in those deep eyes,
A gladness ever new!

* The wife of a Vaudois leader, in one of the attacks made on the Protestant hamlets, received a mortal wound, and died in her husband's arms, exhorting him to courage and endurance.

For the voice which ne'er to mine replied
 But in kindly tones of cheer,
 For every spring of happiness
 My soul hath tasted here!

I bless thee for the last rich boon
 Won from affection tried,
 The right to gaze on Death with thee,
 To perish by thy side!

And yet more for the glorious Hope
 Even to these moments given—
 Did not thy Spirit ever lift
 The trust of mine to Heaven?

Now be thou strong!—Oh! know we not
 Our path *must* lead to this?
 A shadow and a trembling still
 Were mingled with our bliss!

We plighted our young hearts, when storms
 Were dark upon the sky,
 In full, deep knowledge of their task—
 To suffer and to die!

Be strong! I leave the living voice
 Of this, my martyr blood,
 With the thousand echoes of the hills,
 With the torrent's foaming flood,—
 A Spirit midst the leaves to dwell,
 A token on the air,
 To rouse the valiant from repose,
 The fainting from despair.

Hear it, and bear thou on, my Love!
 Aye, joyously endure!
 Our mountains must be altars yet,
 Inviolable and pure.

There must our God be worshipp'd still
 With the worship of the Free—
 Farewell!—there's but *one* pang in Death.
 One only—leaving thee! F. H.

From the Keepsake.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

For days, for weeks, for months, for years, did I labour and toil in the pursuit of one bewildering, engrossing, overwhelming object. Sleep was a stranger to my eyelids; and night after night was passed in undivided, unmitigated application to the studies, by which I hoped, (vainly, indeed) to attain the much desired end; yet all through this long and painful period of my existence, I trembled lest those who were my most intimate friends, and from whom, except upon this point, I had no concealment, should discover, by some incautious word, or some unguarded expression, the tendency of my pursuits, or the character of my research.

That I had permitted the desire with which my heart was torn, and my mind disturbed, to obtain such complete dominion over every thought, every wish, every feeling, seems, at this period of my life, wholly unaccountable; and I recur to the sufferings I endured in concealing its existence, with a sensation of torture little less acute than that, by which I was oppressed during the existence of the passion itself.

It was in the midst of this infatuation, that one evening in summer, when every body was out of town, and not more than eight hundred thousand nobodies were left in it, I had been

endeavouring to walk off a little of my anxiety by a tour of the outer circle in the Regent's Park, and, hearing a footstep close behind me, turned round, and beheld a venerable looking old gentleman, dressed entirely in green, with a green cravat tied round his neck, and wearing a low-crowned hat upon his head, from under which, his silver hair flowed loosely over his shoulders. He seemed to have his eyes fixed on me, when for a moment I looked round at him; and he slackened his pace (however much he had previously quickened it to reach his then position relative to me), so as to keep nearly at the same distance from me, as he was, when I first noticed him.

Nothing is more worrying to a man, or to one so strangely excited as I then was, more irritating, than the constant *pat pat* of footsteps following him. After I had proceeded at my usual pace for about ten minutes, and still found the old gentleman behind me, I reduced my rate of going, in order to allow my annoyance to pass me. Not he; he equally reduced his rate of going. Thus vexed, and putting faith in inferior age and superior strength, I proceeded more rapidly; still the old gentleman was close upon me; until before I reached the gates of Park-crescent, leading to Portland-place, I had almost broken into a canter, with as little success as attended my other evolutions. I therefore resumed my original step, and thinking to effect by stratagem what force could not accomplish, I turned abruptly out of Portland-place into Duchess-street—the old gentleman was at my heels: I passed the chapel into Portland-street—for a moment I lost sight of him; but before I had reached the corner of Margaret-street, there he was again.

At that time I occupied lodgings in the house of two maiden sisters in Great Marlborough-street, and considering that the police-office in that neighbourhood would render me any aid, I might require to rid myself of my new acquaintance, should he prove troublesome, I determined to run for my own port at all events.

I crossed Oxford-street, and, in order to give myself another chance of escape, darted down Blenheim-steps and along the street of that name; but the old man's descent was as rapid as mine; and happening, as I passed the museum and dissecting rooms of the eminent anatomist Brooks, to turn my head, my surprise was more than ever excited, by seeing my venerable friend actually dancing in a state of ecstasy along the side of the dead wall, which encloses so many subjects for contemplation. At this moment I resolved to stop and accost him, rather than make the door-way of my own residence the arena of a discussion.

"Sir," said I, turning short round, "you will forgive my addressing you, but it is impossible for me to affect ignorance that I am, for some reason, the object of your pursuit. I am near home; if you have any communication to make, or desire any information from me, I would beg you to speak now."

"You are perfectly right, sir," said the old gentleman, "I do wish to speak to you; and you, although perhaps not at this moment aware of it, are equally desirous of speaking to me. You are now going into your lodgings in Marlborough-street, and so soon as you shall

have divested yourself of your coat, and enveloped yourself in that blue silk gown which you ordinarily wear, and have taken off your boots and put your feet into those morocco slippers which were made for you last March by Meyer and Miller, you purpose drinking some of the claret which you bought last Christmas of Henderson and Son, of Davies-street, Berkeley-square, first mixing it with water; and immediately after you will apply yourself to the useless and unprofitable studies which have occupied you during the last five or six years."

"Sir," said I, trembling at what I heard, "how or by what means, you have become possessed of these particulars I—"

"No matter," interrupted my friend: "If you are disposed to indulge me with your society for an hour or so, and bestow upon me a bottle of the wine in question, I will explain myself. There, sir," continued he, "you need not hesitate; I see you have already made up your mind to offer me the rights of hospitality; and since I know the old ladies of your house are advocates for early hours and quiet visitors, I will conform in all respects to their wishes and your convenience."

Most true, indeed, was it that I had determined *comme qui conte* to give my new old friend an invitation and a bottle of wine; and before he had concluded his observations we were at the door of my house, and in a few minutes more, although my servant was absent without leave, we were seated at a table on which forthwith were placed the desired refreshments.

My friend, who continued to evince the most perfect knowledge of all my private concerns, and all my most intimate connexions, became evidently exhilarated by the claret; and in the course of one of the most agreeable conversations in which I had ever participated, he related numerous anecdotes of the highest personages in the country, with all of whom he seemed perfectly intimate. He told me he was a constant attendant at every fashionable party of the season; in the dull time of the year the theatres amused him; in term the law-courts occupied his attention; and in summer, as he said, I might have seen, his pleasures lay in the rural parts of the metropolis and its suburbs; he was at that time of the year always to be found in one of the parks or in Kensington-gardens. But his manner of telling his stories afforded internal evidence of their accuracy, and was so captivating, that I thought him without exception the pleasantest old gentleman I had ever encountered.

It was now getting dark, the windows of my drawing-room were open, the shades up, and the watchman's cry of "past ten o'clock" was the first announcement to me of the rapid flight of Time in the agreeable society of my friend.

"I must be going," said he; "I must just look in at Brooks's."

"What, sir," said I, recollecting his grotesque dance under the wall in Blenheim-street, "over the way?"

"No," replied he, "in St. James's-street."

"Have another bottle of claret," said I, "and a devil—"

At this word my friend appeared seriously angry, and I heard him utter the word "cannibal-

ism." It was then quite dark, and, as I looked at his face, I could discern no features, but only two brilliant orbs of bright fire glittering like stars; those were his eyes, the light from which was reflected on his high cheek-bones and the sides of his nose, leaving all the rest of his face nearly black. It was then I first heard a thumping against the back of his chair, like a gentleman, "switching his cane;"—I began to wish he would go.

"Sir," said the old gentleman, "any disguise with me is useless; I must take my leave; but you must not imagine that this visit was unpremeditated, or that our meeting was accidental: you last night, perhaps unconsciously, invoked my aid in the pursuit to which you have so long devoted yourself. The desire of your heart is known to me; and I know that the instant I leave you, you will return to your fascinating study, vainly to seek that, which you so constantly languish to possess."

"I desire"—I was going to say, "nothing;"—but the pale fire of his dreadful eyes turned suddenly to a blood-red colour, and glistered even more brightly than before, while the thumping against the back of his chair was louder than ever.

"You desire, young gentleman," said my visitor, "to know the thoughts of others, and thirst after the power of foreseeing events that are to happen: do you not?"

"I confess, sir," said I, convinced, by the question and by what had already passed, that he, whoever he was, himself possessed the faculty he spoke of—"I confess, that for such a power I have prayed, and studied, and laboured, and —"

"—You shall possess it," interrupted my friend. "Who I am, or what, matters little: the power you seek is wholly in my gift. You last night, as I have just said, invoked me;—you shall have it, upon two conditions."

"Name them, sir," said I.

"The first is, that however well you know what is to happen to others, you must remain in ignorance about yourself, except when connected with them."

"To that," said I, "I will readily agree."

"The other is, that whatever may be the conduct you adopt in consequence of possessing the power of knowing the thoughts of others, you are never to reveal the fact that you actually do possess such a power: the moment you admit yourself master of this supernatural faculty, you lose it."

"Agreed, sir," said I; "but are these all the conditions?"

"All," said my friend. "To-morrow morning, when you awake, the power will be your own; and so, sir, I wish you a very good night."

"But, sir," said I, anxious to be better assured of the speedy fulfilment of the wish of my heart (for such indeed it was), "may I have the honour of knowing your name and address?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" said the old gentleman: "my name and address—Ha, ha, ha!—my name is pretty familiar to you, young gentleman; and as for my address, I dare say you will find your way to me, some day or another, and so once more good night."

Saying which, he descended the stairs and quitted the house, leaving me to surmise who my extraordinary visitor could be;—I never *knew*; but I recollect, that after he was gone, I heard one of the old ladies scolding a servant girl for wasting so many matches in lighting the candles, and making such a terrible smell of brimstone in the house.

I was now all anxiety to get to bed, not because I was sleepy, but because it seemed to me as if going to bed would bring me nearer to the time of getting up, when I should be master of the miraculous power which had been promised me: I rang the bell—my servant was still out—it was unusual for him to be absent at so late an hour. I waited until the clock struck eleven, but he came not; and resolving to reprimand him in the morning, I retired to rest.

Contrary to my expectation, and as it seemed to me, to the ordinary course of nature, considering the excitement under which I was labouring, I had scarcely laid my head on my pillow before I dropped into a profound slumber, from which I was only aroused by my servant's entrance to my room. The instant I awoke I sat up in bed, and began to reflect on what had passed, and for a moment to doubt whether it had not been all a dream. However, it was daylight; the period had arrived when the proof of my newly acquired power might be made.

"Barton," said I to my man, "why were you not at home last night?"

"I had to wait, sir, nearly three hours," he replied, "for an answer to the letter which you sent to Major Sheringham."

"That is not true," said I; and to my infinite surprise, I appeared to recollect a series of occurrences, of which I never had previously heard, and could have known nothing: "you went to see your sweetheart, Betsy Collyer, at Camberwell, and took her to a tea-garden, and gave her cakes and cider, and saw her home again: you mean to do exactly the same thing on Sunday; and to-morrow you mean to ask me for your quarter's wages, although not due till Monday, in order to buy her a new shawl."

The man stood aghast: it was all true. I was quite as much surprised as the man.

"Sir," said Barton, who had served me for seven years without having once before been found fault with, "I see you think me unworthy your confidence; you could not have known this, if you had not watched, and followed, and overheard me and my sweetheart: my character will get me through the world without being looked after; I can stay with you no longer; you will please, sir, to provide yourself with another servant."

"But, Barton," said I, "I did not follow or watch you; I—"

"I beg your pardon, sir," he replied, "it is not for me to contradict; but, you'll forgive me, sir, I would rather go—I *must* go."

At this moment I was on the very point of easing his mind, and retaining my faithful servant by a disclosure of my power, but it was yet too new to be parted with; so I affected an anger I did not feel, and told him he might go where he pleased. I had, however, ascertained that the old gentleman had not deceived me

in his promises; and elated with the possession of my extraordinary faculty, I hurried the operation of dressing, and before I had concluded it, my ardent friend Sheringham was announced; he was waiting in the breakfast-room: at the same moment a note from the lovely Fanny Hayward was delivered to me—from the divine girl who, in the midst of all my scientific abstraction, could "chain my worldly feelings for a moment."

"Sheringham, my dear fellow," said I, as I advanced to welcome him, "what makes you so early a visitor this morning?"

"An anxiety," replied Sheringham, "to tell you that my uncle, whose interest I endeavoured to procure for you, in regard to the appointment for which you expressed a desire, has been compelled to recommend a relation of the Marquess; this gives me real pain, but I thought it would be best to put you out of suspense as soon as possible."

"Major Sheringham," said I, drawing myself up coldly, "if this matter concern you so deeply, as you seem to imply that it does, might I ask why you so readily agreed to your uncle's proposition, or chimed in with his suggestion, to bestow the appointment on this relation of the Marquess, in order that you might in return for it, obtain the promotion for which you are so anxious?"

"My dear fellow," said Sheringham, evidently confused, "I—I—never chimed in; my uncle certainly pointed out the possibility to which you allude, but *that*, was merely contingent upon what he could not refuse to do."

"Sheringham," said I, "your uncle has already secured for you the promotion, and you will be gazetted for the lieutenant-colonelcy of your regiment on Tuesday. I am not to be told that you called at the horse-guards, in your way to your uncle's yesterday, to ascertain the correctness of the report of the vacancy which you had received from your friend Macgregor; or that you, elated by the prospect before you, were the person, in fact, to suggest the arrangement which has been made, and promise your uncle to 'smooth me over' for the present."

"Sir," said Sheringham, "where you picked up this intelligence I know not; but I must say, that such mistrust, after years of undivided intimacy, is not becoming, or consistent with the character which I hitherto supposed you to possess. When by sinister means the man we look upon as a friend descends to be a spy upon our actions, confidence is at an end, and the sooner our intercourse ceases the better. Without some such conduct, how could you become possessed of the details upon which you have grounded your opinion of my conduct?"

"I—I—" and here again was a temptation to confess and fall; but I had not the courage to do it. "Suffice it, Major Sheringham, to say, I knew it; and, moreover, I know, that when you leave me, your present irritation will prompt you to go to your uncle and check the disposition he feels at this moment to serve me."

"This is too much, sir," said Sheringham, "this must be our last interview, unless, indeed, your unguarded conduct towards me, and

your intemperate language concerning me, may render one more meeting necessary; and so, sir, here ends our acquaintance."

Saying which, Sheringham, whose friendship even to my enlightened eye was nearly as sincere as any other man's, quitted my room, fully convinced of my meanness and unworthiness: my heart sank within me when I heard the door close upon him for the last time. I now possessed the power I had so long desired, and in less than an hour had lost a valued friend and a faithful servant. Nevertheless, Barton had told me a falsehood, and Sheringham was gazetted on the Tuesday night.

I proceeded to open Fanny Hayward's note; it contained an invitation to dinner with her mother, and a request that I would accompany them to the opera, it being the last night of the last extra subscription. I admired Fanny—nay, I almost loved her; and when I gazed on her with rapture, I traced in the mild and languishing expression of her soft blue eye, approbation of my suit, and pleasure in my praise. I took up my pen to answer her *billet*, and intuitively and instinctively wrote as follows:

"Dear Miss Hayward,

"I should have much pleasure in accepting your kind invitation for this evening, if it were given in the spirit of sincerity, which has hitherto characterized your conduct; but you must be aware that the plan of going to the opera to-night was started, not because you happen to have a box, but because you expect to meet Sir Henry Witherington, with whom you were so much pleased at Lady G.'s on Thursday, and to whom you consigned the custody of your fan, on condition that he *personally* returned it in safety at the opera to-night; as I have no desire to be the foil of any thing in itself so intrinsically brilliant as your newly discovered baronet, I must decline your proposal.

"Your mother's kindness in sanctioning the invitation would have been more deeply felt, if I did not know that the old lady greatly approves of your new acquaintance, and suggested to you the necessity of having me to play propriety during the evening, call up her carriage, and hand her to it, while Sir Henry was making the *aimable* to you, and escorting you in our footsteps. Tell Mrs. Hayward that, however much she and you may enjoy the joke, I have no desire to be admitted as a 'safe man,' and that I suggest her offering her *cotelette* to Sir Henry as well as her company.

With sympathetic regards,

Believe me, dear Miss Hayward,

Yours, ———

This note I immediately despatched, overjoyed that the power I possessed enabled me to penetrate the flimsy mask with which Mrs. Hayward had endeavoured to disguise her real views and intentions, and had scarcely finished breakfast before Mr. Fitman, my tailor, was ushered in, in company with a coat of the prevailing colour, and the most-fashionable cut: in less than five minutes it was on, and the collar, the cuffs, the sleeves, and the skirts, became at once the objects of the author's admiration.

"Him is quite perfect, I declare," said the tailor, who, of course, was a foreigner.

After his high eulogium upon the cloth, I told him that it was not what he represented, and actually detailed the place at which he had bought it, and the name of the shopkeeper who had sold it: this irritated the tailor, who became extremely insolent, and our interview ended with my kicking him down stairs, from the bottom of which, he proceeded to the police-office, in my own street, and procured a warrant for the assault, by which I was compelled to appear before the magistrates on the following day, knowing, before I went, the whole course the case would take, and the decision they would make, in precisely the terms which they subsequently adopted.

Still, however, I stood alone in power, unless indeed my old friend in green did actually share the talent I possessed; and not being able to make up my mind to put an end to the enjoyment of an object I had so long laboured to attain, I contented myself with resolving to be more cautious in future, and less freely or frequently exhibit my mysterious quality.

After the little disagreeable adventure I have just recounted, I thought perhaps I had better proceed to the Temple, and consult my lawyer, who, as well as being professionally concerned for me, had been for a long time my intimate acquaintance. I knew what the decision of the justices would be, but I thought the attendance of a legal adviser would make the affair more respectable in the eyes of the public, and I accordingly bent my steps citywise.

When I reached the Temple, my worthy Maxwell was at home; as usual his greetings were the warmest, his expressions the kindest. I explained my case, to which he listened attentively and promised his assistance, but in a moment I perceived that, however bland and amiable his conduct to me might appear, he had several times during the preceding spring told his wife that he believed I was mad. In corroboration of which, I recollected that she had on the occasion of my last three or four visits placed herself at the greatest possible distance from me, in the drawing-room, and had always rung the bell, to have her children taken away the moment I entered.

In pursuance of my cautious resolution, however, I took no notice of this; but when I spoke of the length of time which had elapsed since I had seen Mrs. Maxwell, I found out, from what was passing in her husband's mind, that she had determined never to be at home when I called, or ever dine in her own house if I was invited. Maxwell, however, promised to be with me in the morning, in time to attend the magistrates, and I knew he meant to keep his promise; so far I was easy about that affair, and made several calls on different acquaintances, few of whom were at home—some were—but as I set down the exclusion which I found so general as the result of the wild abstracted manner consequent upon my abstruse studies, and my heart-wearing anxiety, I determined now to become the gayest, most agreeable person possible, and, profiting by experience, keep all my wisdom to myself.

I went into the water-colour exhibition at Charing-cross; there I heard two artists complimenting each other, while their hearts were bursting with mutual envy. There too, I found

a mild, modest-looking lady, listening to the bewitching nothings of her husband's particular friend; and I knew as I saw her frown and abruptly turn away from him with every appearance of real indignation, that she had at that very moment mentally resolved to elope with him the following night. In Harding's shop I found authors congregated to "laugh the sultry hours away," each watching to catch his neighbour's weak point, and make it subject matter of mirth in his evening's conversation. I saw a viscount help his father out of his carriage with every mark of duty and veneration, and knew that he was actually languishing for the earldom, and estates of the venerable parent of whose health he was apparently taking so much care. At Howell and James's I saw more than I could tell, if I had ten times the space afforded me that I have, and I concluded my tour by dropping in at the National Gallery, where the ladies and gentlemen seemed to prefer nature to art, and were actively employed in looking at the pictures, and thinking of themselves.

Oh! it was a strange time then, when every man's heart was open to me, and I could sit and see and hear all that was going on, and know the workings of the inmost feelings of my associates: however, I must not detain the reader with reflections.

On this memorable first day of my potency, I proceeded after dinner to the opera, to satisfy myself of the justness of my accusation against Fanny. I looked up to their box and immediately behind my once single-minded girl, sat Sir Henry Witherington himself, actually playing with the identical fan, of which I had instinctively and intuitively written without ever having seen it before. There was an ease and confidence about the fellow, and he was so graceful and good-looking, and Fanny gazed at him so long and so frequently, that I could bear it no more, and thinking that after our long intimacy my letter of the morning might have gone for nothing, I proceeded to their box, determined to rally. Of Sir Henry's thoughts about me, I was utterly ignorant, for he did not even know my name, so that I could have shared none of his consideration. I was aware, however, that the mother was downright angry, and Fanny just so much piqued as to make our reconciliation a work of interest and amusement.

I certainly did not perfectly appreciate Mrs. Hayward's feelings towards me, for when as usual I entered her curtailed territory, her glance was instantly averted from me to Fanny, who looked grave, and I found was seriously annoyed at my appearance: however, I knew I had influence, and with my commanding power I resolved to remain. After a pause, during which Sir Henry eyed me, and the ladies alternately, he inquired of Mrs. Hayward if I were a friend of hers.

"Assuredly not, Sir Henry," said Mrs. Hayward. "I did know the person, but his conduct renders it impossible that our acquaintance should continue."

Fanny's heart began to melt; she would have caught me by the hand, and bid me stay. I relied on this, and moved not.

"Pray, madam," said Sir Henry, "is this person's presence here disagreeable to you?"

"Particularly so, Sir Henry," said the old lady, with all the malice of offended dignity.

"Then, sir," said Sir Henry, "you must leave the box."

"Must I, indeed, sir?" said I, becoming in turn much more angry than the old lady.

"Pray! pray!" said Fanny.

"Be quiet, child," said her obdurate mother.

"Yes, sir," said Sir Henry, "must! and if this direction is not speedily obeyed, the box-keeper shall be called to remove you."

"Sir Henry Witherington," said I, "the society you are in, seals my lips and binds my hands. I will leave the box, on condition that for one moment only, you will accompany me."

"Certainly, sir," said Sir Henry, and in an instant we were both in the passage.

I drew a card from my case, and putting it into his hand, said, "Sir Henry Witherington, your uncalled for interference of to-night must be explained; here is the card of one who has no other feeling for your insolence but that of the most ineffable contempt." Saying which, I walked out of the Opera-house, and he rejoined the ladies, who were in a state of serious agitation—Fanny on my account, and her mother on account of her.

This affair ended, I returned once more to bed, and once more fell into a deep slumber, from which I was aroused by Barton, who informed me that Colonel MacManton was waiting to speak a few words to me in the drawing-room.

Of course I knew the object of his visit; he came to invite me to Chalk Farm, where, probably, he had already ordered pistols for two, and breakfast for four; and I hastened down stairs, rather anxious than otherwise to exhibit my person in the field of honour, that I might at once become the friend of the brave, and the idol of the fair.

I entered the drawing-room, and found my visitor waiting.

"Sir," said the colonel, "I imagine, after what past last night between you and my friend, Sir Henry Witherington, I need hardly announce the object of my visit. I will not offend you by mentioning the alternative of a meeting, but merely request you to refer me to some friend of yours, with whom I may make the necessary arrangements as speedily as possible."

"Sir," replied I, speaking, as it were, not of myself, "I must decline a meeting with Sir Henry Witherington; and I tell you in the outset of the business, that no power will induce me to lend myself to any arrangement which may lead to one."

"This is a most extraordinary resolution, sir," said the colonel. "I can assure you, although I have stated the matter as delicately as I could, that Sir Henry will accept of no apology; nor indeed could I permit him to do so, even if he were so inclined."

"You have had my answer, sir," said I: "I refuse his challenge."

"Perhaps," inquired the colonel, "you will be good enough to state your reason?"

"Precisely this, sir," I replied. "Our quarrel and rencontre of last night, arose out of the

perverseness of an old lady, and the inconsiderateness of a young one: they both regret the circumstance as much as I do; and Sir Henry himself, in thus calling me to account, is obeying the dictates of fashion rather than those of feeling."

"But that, sir," said the colonel, "is Sir Henry's affair. I must endeavour to extract some better reason than this."

"Well then, sir," I rejoined, "if Sir Henry meets me he will fall—it must be so—and I will not consent to imbue my hands in the blood of a fellow-creature in such a cause."

"Is that your only motive, sir, for declining his invitation?" exclaimed the gallant colonel, somewhat sneeringly.

"It is."

"Then, sir, it becomes me to state, in distinct terms, that Sir Henry Witherington must in future consider you unworthy to fill the station of a gentleman in society; and that he will, on the first opportunity, exercise the only means, left him under the circumstances, of satisfying his offended honour, by inflicting personal chastisement upon you wherever he meets you."

Saying which, the colonel, believing me in his heart to be the arrantest coward alive, took his leave; but however annoyed I felt at the worldly consequences of this affair, I gloried in my privilege of presence, which had informed me of the certain result of our hostile interview. I then prepared myself to receive my lawyer, and attend the magistrates:—that affair was soon settled—the tailor entered into sureties to indict me at the sessions, and I knew that the worshipful personages on the bench calculated on no slight degree of punishment, as the reward of my correction of Fitman's insolence.

The story of Sir Henry's challenge soon got wind. Those who had been my warmest friends saw something extremely agreeable on the other side of the way, if they met me walking; and remarks neither kind nor gentle assailed my ears as I passed the open windows of the club-houses in St. James's-street. Although I yet had not had the ill-fortune to meet my furious antagonist, I did not know how long it might be before he would return to town, I therefore decided upon quitting it; and driven, as it were, out of society, fixed my abode in one of the prettiest villas in the kingdom, between forty and fifty miles from the metropolis.

How sweet and refreshing were the breezes which swept across that fertile valley, stretching to the feet of the lofty South Downs—what an expanse of view—what brightness and clearness of atmosphere—what serenity—what calm—what comfort! Here was I, domesticated with an amiable family, whose hearts I could read, and whose minds were open to me:—they esteemed, they loved me—When others would oppress and hunt me from the world, their humble home was at my disposal.

My friends had been married many years, and one only daughter was their care and pride. She was fresh and beautiful as a May morning, and her bright eyes sparkled with pleasure as she welcomed me to the cottage; and then, I knew, what years before I had so much desired to know, but never yet believed,

that she loved me. "This effect of my knowledge repays me for all that is past," said I; "now shall I be truly happy."

I soon discovered, however, that although Mary's early affection for me (for we had been much together in our younger days) still reigned and ruled in her heart, that I had a rival, a rival favoured by her parents, for the common and obvious reason, that he was rich; but the moment I saw him, I read his character, and saw the latent workings of his mind—I knew him for a villain.

The unaffected kindness of Mary for her old playmate, and the endearing good nature with which she gathered me the sweetest flowers from her *own* garden; the evident pleasure with which she recurred to days long past, and the marked interest with which she listened to my plans for the future, soon aroused in her avowed lover's breast hatred for me and jealousy of her; and although to herself and the family his manner remained unchanged, I, who could fathom depths beyond the ken of other mortals, watched with dreadful anxiety the progress of his passion; the terrible workings of rage, and doubt, and disappointment, in his mind. Mary saw nothing of this; and considering her marriage with him a settled and fixed event, gave him her society with the unreserved confidence of an affianced bride. And although I knew that she would gladly have left his arm to stroll through the meadows and the groves with me; that, which she considered her duty to her parents, and to her future husband, led her to devote a great proportion of her time to him. Still he was not to be satisfied with what, he could not but feel, was a divided affection; and gradually the love he once bore her, began to curdle on his heart, until it turned, as I at once foresaw, to deadly hate; and the predominant passion of his soul was revenge on me, and on the ill-fated innocent girl for whom he once would have died.

At length the horrid spectacle presented itself to my all-searching and all-seeing eye of two "minds o'erthrown." Mary, as the period fixed for their marriage approached, sickened at the coming event; and too sincere, too intartificial for concealment, owned to me the dread she felt of marrying the lover accepted by her parents:—there she paused, but I knew the rest; and pressing her to my heart, received from her rosy lips the soft kiss of affection and acceptance. She had resolved to fly with me from the home of her parents, rather than fulfil the promise they had made. My prescribed ignorance of my own fate, and of my own affairs, hindered my knowing that her intended husband had overheard this confession. We had fixed the hour for flight the evening following that, on which she owned her love, and preceding the day intended for his marriage. The blow was too powerful for him to resist: rage, jealousy, disappointment, and vengeance, occupied his whole mind; and the moment that my individual and particular conduct was disconnected from his proceedings, I discovered his desperate intention towards my poor Mary.

That evening—the next she would be mine—that evening we had agreed that Mary

should take her usual walk with her lover; and although he had appeared gloomy during the day, I had detected nothing in his thoughts which could justly alarm me; but when the evening closed in, and he by appointment came to fetch her for their ramble, then my power enabled me to foresee the train of circumstances which were to follow. The weapon was concealed in one of his pockets, which was to give his victim her death-blow; its companion, which was to rid him of life, rested in the other. The course of his thoughts, of his intentions, was before me: the spot where he intended to commit the double murder evident to my sight. As she was quitting the garden to meet him, I rushed after her; I entreated, I implored her not to stir. I foretold a storm—I suggested a thousand probable ills which might befall her if she went; but she told me that she had promised to meet Charles, and go she must: it was for the last time, she said—she must go. Was I jealous of her?

"No, no, my sweet girl!" said I: "your life, dearer to me than my own, depends upon your compliance with my desire, that you will stay."

"My life?" said Mary.

"Yes, beloved of my heart!" exclaimed I: "your cruel lover would be your murderer!"

"Charles murder me!" said she, half wild, and quite incredulous: "you are mad."

"No, no; I know it," said I, still holding her.

"This is the height of folly," replied Mary, calmly: "pray let me go—I have promised—it will lull suspicions—am I not yours?"

"Yes, yes, and go you shall not."

"Tell me how you have gained this information," said she, "and I will attend to it."

"If you go, you perish!" said I. "Stay, and the rage which this desperate madman now would vent on you will turn upon himself."

"What a thought!" said the half-distracted girl. "I'll go this instant."

"No, no, my beloved! What shall I say to hinder you?"

"Tell me how or by what means you have attained this knowledge, and, I repeat, I will stay."

I had the power to save her; by confessing it, I should preserve her, but I should lose my envied faculty, the object of my life—was there a moment to doubt?

"Mary," said I, "I have a supernatural knowledge of events—I surrender it—stay!"

At that instant the report of a pistol near the place of appointment roused our attention from ourselves; and running to the place whence the noise proceeded, we found the unhappy victim of jealousy stone dead, and weltering in his blood: the pistol intended to take my Mary's life, was yet clenched in his cold hand.

From this moment my power was gone, and I began again to see the world as my fellow-creatures do. Mary became my wife with the consent of her parents; and as I was returning from church, I saw, amongst the crowd before the village inn, my old friend in green, who accosted me with great good-nature, and congratulated me upon my enviable situation.

"Sir," said I, "I thank you; and I thank you for having, by some means inexplicable by me, gratified the ruling passion of my heart. In the ignorance of my nature, I desired to possess a power incompatible with the finite character of the human mind. I have now learnt by experience that a limit is set to human knowledge for the happiness of man; and in future I shall be perfectly satisfied with the blessings which a wise and good Providence has afforded us, without daring to presume upon the bounty by which we are placed so pre-eminently above all other living creatures."

"A very moral and proper observation," said my friend, evidently displeased with my moralizing.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Saying which, he turned upon his heel, and was lost among the throng.

I have several times since seen the old gentleman walking about London, looking as hale and as hearty as ever, but I have always avoided him; and although I have reason to believe he has seen me, more than once, by a sort of tacit consent we never acknowledge each other.

I returned to my home, blessed with an affectionate wife; hoping for the best, profiting by the past, enjoying the present, and putting our trust in God for the future.

From the London Weekly Review.

SCENES OF WAR; and other Poems. By John Malcolm. Edinburgh, 1828. Oliver and Boyd.

MR. MALCOLM has made himself already pretty well known by his poetical compositions; and the present volume will reflect additional credit on his name. It contains many sweet little poems, and some of a very superior order, that are distinguished by force, beauty, and originality. We have received the volume too late in the week to enter into an elaborate criticism, and must content ourselves with two brief specimens, taken almost at random.

Written in a Lady's Album.

As sweeps the bark before the breeze,
While waters coldly close around,
Till of her pathway through the seas
The track no more is found;
Thus passing down Oblivion's tide,
The beauteous visions of the mind
Fleet as that ocean pageant glide,
And leave no trace behind.
But the pure page may still impart
Some dream of feeling, else untold,—
The silent record of a heart,
E'en when that heart is cold:
Its lorn memorials here may bloom,—
Perchance to gentle bosoms dear,
Like flowers that linger o'er the tomb
Bedewed with Beauty's tear.

I ask not for the meed of fame,
The wreath above my rest to twine,—
Enough for me to leave my name
Within this hallowed shrine;—

To think that o'er these lines thine eye
May wander in some future year,
And Memory breathe a passing sigh
For him who traced them here.

Calm sleeps the sea when storms are o'er,
With bosom silent and serene,
And but the plank upon the shore
Reveals that wrecks have been.
So some frail leaf like this may be
Left floating on Time's silent tide,—
The sole remaining trace of me,—
To tell I lived and died.

[The *Vesper Bell* has been published in the Museum.]

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC.*

No art, cultivated by man, has suffered more in the revolutions of taste and opinion than the art of rhetoric. There was a time when, by an undue extension of this term, it designated the whole cycle of accomplishments which prepared a man for public affairs. From that height it has descended to a level with the arts of alchemy and astrology, as holding out promises which consist in a mixed degree of impostures and of trifles. If we look into the prevailing theory of rhetoric, under which it meets with so degrading an estimate, we shall find that it fluctuates between two different conceptions, according to one of which it is an art of ostentatious ornament, and according to the other an art of sophistry. A man is held to play the rhetorician, when he treats a subject with more than usual gaiety of ornament; and perhaps we may add as an essential element in the idea, with *conscious* ornament. This is one view of rhetoric; and, under this, what it accomplishes is not so much to persuade as to delight; not so much to win the assent, as to stimulate the attention, and captivate the taste. And even this purpose is attached to something separable and accidental in the manner.

But the other idea of rhetoric lays its foundation in something essential to the matter. This is that rhetoric of which Milton spoke, as able "to dash maturest counsels, and to make the worse appear the better reason." Now it is clear, that *argument* of some quality or other must be taken as the principle of this rhetoric; for those must be immature counsels indeed that could be dashed by mere embellishments of manner, or by artifices of diction and arrangement.

Here then we have in popular use two separate ideas of rhetoric, one of which is occupied with the general end of the fine arts; that is to say, intellectual pleasure. The other applies itself more specifically to a definite purpose of utility.

Such is the popular idea of rhetoric, which wants both unity and precision. If we seek these from the formal teachers of rhetoric, our embarrassment is not much relieved. All of them agree that rhetoric may be defined the art of persuasion. But if we inquire what is per-

suation, we find them vague and indefinite, or even contradictory. To wave a thousand of others, Dr. Whately, in the work before us, insists upon the *conviction* of the understanding as "an essential part of persuasion;" and, on the other hand, the author of the *Philosophy of Rhetoric* is equally satisfied that there is no persuasion without an appeal to the *passions*.

Here are two views. We, for our parts, have a third, which excludes both: where conviction begins, the field of rhetoric ends—that is our opinion: and, as to the passions, we contend that they are not within the province of rhetoric, but of eloquence.

In this view of rhetoric and its functions we coincide with Aristotle; as indeed originally we took it up on a suggestion derived from him. But as all parties may possibly fancy a confirmation of their views in Aristotle, we shall say a word or two in support of our own interpretation of that author, which will surprise our Oxford friends.

[The argument upon the interpretation of Aristotle is omitted.]

Whatsoever is certain, or matter of fixed science, can be no subject for the rhetorician: where it is possible for the understanding to be convinced, no field is open for rhetorical persuasion. Absolute certainty, and fixed science, transcend and exclude opinion and probability. The province of rhetoric, whether meant for an influence upon the actions, or simply upon the belief, lies amongst that vast field of cases where there is a *pro* and a *con*, with the chance of right and wrong, true and false, distributed in varying proportions between them. There is also an immense range of truths, where there are no chances at all concerned, but the affirmative and the negative are both true; as, for example, the goodness of human nature and its wickedness; the happiness of human life and its misery; the charms of knowledge, and its hollowness; the fragility of human prosperity, in the eye of religious meditation, and its security, as estimated by worldly confidence and youthful hope. In all these cases the rhetorician exhibits his art by giving an impulse to one side, and by withdrawing the mind so steadily from all thoughts or images which support the other, as to leave it practically under the possession of this partial estimate.

Upon this theory, what relation to rhetoric shall we assign to style and the ornamental arts of composition? In some respect they seem liable to the same objection as that which Aristotle has urged against appeals to the passions; both are extra-essential, or *ἐκ τῆς ἐξουσίας*; they are subjective arts, not objective; that is, they do not affect the thing which is to be surveyed, but the eye of him who is to survey. Yet, in a feast, the epicure holds himself not more obliged to the cook for the venison, than to the physician who braces his stomach to enjoy. And any arts, which conciliate regard to the speaker, indirectly promote the effect of his argument. On this account, and because, (under the severest limitation of rhetoric) they are in many cases indispensable to the perfect interpretation of the thoughts; we may admit arts of style and ornamental composition as the ministerial part of rhetoric. But, with regard to the passions, as contended for by Dr. Camp-

* Elements of Rhetoric. By Richard Whately, D. D. Principal of St. Alban's Hall, and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Oxford, 1823.

bell,—it is a sufficient answer, that they are already preoccupied by what is called *Eloquence*.

Mr. Coleridge, as we have often heard, is in the habit of drawing the line with much philosophical beauty between rhetoric and eloquence. On this topic we were never so fortunate as to hear him: but if we are here called upon for a distinction, we shall satisfy our immediate purpose by a very plain and brief one. By Eloquence, we understand the overflow of powerful feelings upon occasions fitted to excite them. But Rhetoric is the art of aggrandizing and bringing out into strong relief, by means of various and striking thoughts, some aspect of truth which of itself is supported by no spontaneous feelings, and therefore rests upon artificial aids.

Greece, as may well be imagined, was the birth-place of Rhetoric; to which of the Fine Arts was it not? and here, in one sense of the word Rhetoric, the art had its consummation: for the theory, or *ars docens*, was taught with a fulness and an accuracy by the Grecian masters, not afterwards approached. In particular, it was so taught by Aristotle, whose system we are disposed to agree with Dr. Whately, in pronouncing the best, as regards the primary purpose of a teacher; though otherwise, for elegance, and as a practical model in the art he was expounding, neither Aristotle, nor any less austere among the Greek rhetoricians, has any pretensions to measure himself with Quintilian. In reality, for a triumph over the difficulties of the subject, and as a lesson on the possibility of imparting grace to the treatment of scholastic topics, naturally as intractable as that of Grammar or Prosody, there is no such *chef d'œuvre* to this hour in any literature, as the Institutions of Quintilian. Laying this one case out of the comparison, however, the Greek superiority was indisputable.

Yet how is it to be explained, that with these advantages on the side of the Greek rhetoric as an *ars docens*, rhetoric as a practical art (the *ars utens*) never made any advances amongst the Greeks to the brilliancy which it attained in Rome? Up to a certain period, and throughout the palmy state of the Greek republics, we may account for it thus; Rhetoric, in its finest and most absolute burnish, may be called an *eloquentia umbratica*; that is, it aims at an elaborate form of beauty, which shrinks from the strife of business, and could neither arise nor make itself felt in a tumultuous assembly. Certain features, it is well known, and peculiar styles of countenance, which are impressive in a drawing-room, become ineffective on a public stage. The fine tooling, and delicate tracery, of the cabinet artist is lost upon a building of colossal proportions. Extemporaneousness, again, a favourable circumstance to impassioned eloquence, is death to Rhetoric. Two characteristics indeed there were, of a Greek popular assembly, which must have operated fatally on the rhetorician—its fervour, in the first place, and, secondly, the coarseness of a real interest. All great rhetoricians, in selecting their subject, have shunned the determinate cases of real life: and even in the single instance of a deviation from the rule—that of the author (who-

ever he be) of the Declamations attributed to Quintilian, the cases are shaped with so romantic a generality, and so lightly circumstantiated, as to allow him all the benefit of pure abstractions.

We can readily understand, therefore, why the fervid oratory of the Athenian Assemblies, and the intense reality of its interest, should stifle the growth of Rhetoric: the smoke, tarnish, and demoniac glare of Vesuvius, easily eclipse the pallid coruscations of the Aurora Borealis. And in fact, amongst the greater orators of Greece, there is not a solitary gleam of rhetoric: Isocrates may have a little, being (to say the truth) neither orator nor rhetorician in our eminent sense; Demosthenes has none. But when those great thunders had subsided, which reached "to Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne," when the "fierce democracy" itself had perished, and Greece had fallen under the common circumstances of the Roman Empire, how came it that Greek rhetoric did not blossom concurrently with Roman? Vegetate it did: and a rank crop of weeds grew up under the name of Rhetoric, down to the times of the Emperor Julian, and his friend Libanius (both of whom, by the way, were as worthless writers as have ever abused the Greek language). But this part of Greek literature is a desert with no oasis. The fact is, if it were required to assign the two bodies of writers who have exhibited the human understanding in the most abject poverty, and whose works by no possibility emit a casual scintillation of wit, fancy, just thinking, or good writing, we should certainly fix upon Greek rhetoricians, and Italian critics. Amongst the whole mass there is not a page, that any judicious friend to literature would wish to retrieve from destruction. And in both cases, we apprehend that the possibility of so much inanity is due in part to the quality of the two languages. The diffuseness and loose structure of Greek style unfit it for the closeness, condensation, and *το ἀκριβες* of rhetoric; the melodious beauty of the mere sounds, which both in the Italian and in the Greek, are combined with much majesty, dwells upon the ear so delightfully, that in no other language is it so easy as in these two to write with little or no meaning, and to flow along through a whole wilderness of inanity, without particularly rousing the reader's disgust.

In the literature of Rome it is that we find the true El Dorado of rhetoric, as we might expect from the sinewy compactness of the language. Livy, and, above all preceding writers, Ovid, display the greatest powers of rhetoric in forms of composition, which were not particularly adapted to favour that talent. The contest of Ajax and Ulysses, for the arms of Achilles, in one of the latter Books of the *Metamorphoses*, is a *chef d'œuvre* of rhetoric, considering its metrical form; for metre, and especially the flowing heroic hexameter, is no advantage to the rhetorician.* The two Plinys,

* This, added to the style and quality of his poems, makes it the more remarkable that Virgil should have been deemed a rhetorician. Yet so it was. Walsh notices, in the *Life of Virgil*, which he furnished for his friend Dry-

Lucan, (though again under the disadvantage of verse) Petronius Arbitrator, and Quintilian, but above all, the Senecas, (for a Spanish cross appears to improve the quality of the rhetorician) have left a body of rhetorical composition such as no modern nation has rivalled. Even the most brilliant of these writers, however, were occasionally surpassed, in particular *bravuras* of rhetoric, by several of the Latin Fathers, particularly Tertullian, Ambrosius, St. Austin, and a writer whose name we cannot at this moment recall. In fact, a little African blood operated as genially in this respect as Spanish, whilst an Asiatic cross was inevitably fatal. Partly from this cause, and partly because they wrote in an unfavourable language, the Greek Fathers are, one and all, mere Birmingham rhetoricians. Even Gregory Nazianzen is so, with submission to Messieurs of the Port Royal, and other bigoted critics, who have pronounced him at the very top of the tree among the fine writers of antiquity. Undoubtedly, he has a turgid style of mouthily grandiloquence (though often the merest bombast); but for keen and polished rhetoric he is singularly unfitted, by inflated habits of thinking, by loitering diffuseness, and a dreadful trick of calling names. The spirit of personal invective is peculiarly adverse to the coolness of rhetoric. As to Chrysostom and Basil, with less of pomp and swagger than Gregory, they have not at all more of rhetorical burnish and compression. Upon the whole, looking back through the dazzling files of the ancient rhetoricians, we are disposed to rank the Senecas and Tertullian as the leaders of the band: for St. Austin, in his Confessions, and wherever he becomes peculiarly interesting, is apt to be impassioned and fervent in a degree which makes him break out of the proper pace of rhetoric. He is matched to trot, and is continually breaking into a gallop. Indeed, his Confessions have in parts, particularly in those which relate to the death of his young friend, and his own frenzy of grief, all that real passion which is only imagined in the Confessions of Rousseau, under a preconception derived from his known character and unhappy life. By the time of the Emperor Justinian, or in the century between that time and the era of Mahomet, (A.D. 620,) which century we regard as the common *crepusculum* between ancient and modern history, all rhetoric, of every degree and quality, seems to have finally expired.

In the literature of modern Europe, rhetoric has been cultivated with success. But this remark applies only with any force to a period which is now long past; and it is probable, upon various considerations, that such another period will never revolve. The rhetorician's art, in its glory and power, has silently faded away before the stern tendencies of the age; and if, by any peculiarity of taste, or strong determination of the intellect, a rhetorician, *en grand costume*, were again to appear amongst us, it is certain that he would have no better welcome than a stare of surprise as a postureden's Translation, that "his (Virgil's) rhetoric, was in such general esteem, that lectures were read upon it in the reign of Tiberius, and the subject of declamations taken out of him."

maker or balancer, not more elevated in the general estimate, but far less amusing, than the opera-dancer or equestrian gymnast. No—the age of Rhetoric, like that of Chivalry, is gone, and passed amongst forgotten things; and the rhetorician can have no more chance for returning, than the rhapsodist of early Greece, or the Troubadour of romance. So multiplied are the modes of intellectual enjoyment in modern times, that the choice is absolutely distracted; and in a boundless theatre of pleasures, to be had at little or no cost of intellectual activity, it would be marvellous indeed, if any considerable audience could be found for an exhibition which presupposes a state of tense exertion on the part both of auditor and performer. To hang upon one's own thoughts as an object of conscious interest, to play with them, to watch and pursue them through a maze of inversions, evolutions, and Harlequin changes, implies a condition of society either like that in the monastic ages, forced to introvert its energies from mere defect of books; (whence arose the scholastic metaphysics, admirable for its subtlety, but famishing the mind, whilst it sharpened its edge in one exclusive direction;) or, if it implies no absolute starvation of intellect, as in the case of the Roman rhetoric, which arose upon a considerable (though not very various) literature, it proclaims at least a quiescent state of the public mind, unoccupied with daily novelties, and at leisure from the agitations of eternal change.

Growing out of the same condition of society, there is another cause at work which will for ever prevent the resurrection of rhetoric, viz.—the necessities of public business, its vast extent, complexity, fulness of details, and consequent vulgarity, as compared with that of the ancients. The very same cause, by the way, furnishes an answer to the question moved by Hume, in one of his Essays, with regard to the declension of eloquence in our deliberative assemblies. Eloquence, senatorial and forensic, at least, has languished under the same changes of society which have proved fatal to rhetoric. The political economy of the ancient republics, and their commerce, were simple and unelaborate—the system of their public services, both martial and civil, was arranged on the most naked and manageable principles; for we must not confound the perplexity in our modern explanations of these things, with a perplexity in the things themselves. The foundation of these differences was in the differences of domestic life. Personal wants being few, both from climate and from habit, and in the great majority of the citizens, limited almost to the pure necessities of nature; hence arose, for the mass of the population, the possibility of surrendering themselves, much more than with us, either to the one paramount business of the state—war, or to a state of Indian idleness. Rome, in particular, during the ages of her growing luxury, must be regarded as a nation supported by other nations, by largesses, in effect, that is to say, by the plunder of conquest. Living, therefore, upon foreign alms, or upon corn purchased by the product of tribute or of spoils, a nation could readily dispense with that expansive de-

velopment of her internal resources, upon which modern Europe has been forced by the more equal distribution of power amongst the civilized world.

The changes which have followed in the functions of our popular assemblies, correspond to the great revolution here described. Suppose yourself an ancient Athenian, at some customary display of Athenian oratory, what will be the topics? Peace or war, vengeance for public wrongs, or mercy to prostrate submission, national honour and national gratitude, glory and shame, and every aspect of open appeal to the primal sensibilities of man. On the other hand, enter an English Parliament, having the most of a popular character in its constitution and practice, that is any where to be found in the Europe of this day; and the subject of debate will probably be a road-bill, a bill for enabling a coal-gas company to assume certain privileges against a competitor in oil-gas; a bill for disfranchising a corrupt borough, or perhaps some technical point of form in the Exchequer bills' bill. So much is the face of public business vulgarized by details. The same spirit of differences extends to forensic eloquence. Grecian and Roman pleadings are occupied with questions of elementary justice, large and diffusive, apprehensible even to the uninstructed, and connecting themselves at every step with powerful and tempestuous feelings. In British trials, on the contrary, the field is foreclosed against any interest of so elevating a nature, because the rights and wrongs of the case are almost inevitably absorbed to an unlearned eye by the technicalities of the law, or by the intricacy of the facts.

But this is not always the case—doubtless not; subjects for eloquence, and, therefore, eloquence, will sometimes arise in our senate, and our courts of justice. And in one respect our British displays are more advantageously circumstanced than the ancient, being more conspicuously brought forward into effect by their contrast to the ordinary course of business.

"Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet."

But still the objection of Hume remains unimpeached as to the fact, that eloquence is a rarer growth of modern than of ancient civil polity, even in those countries which have the advantage of free institutions. The letter of this objection is sustained, but substantially it is disarmed, so far as its purpose was to argue any declension on the part of Christian nations, by this explanation of ours, which traces the impoverished condition of civil eloquence to the complexity of public business.

But eloquence in one form or other is immortal, and will never perish so long as there are human hearts moving under the agitations of hope and fear, love and passionate hatred. And, in particular to us of the modern world, as an endless source of indemnification for what we have lost in the simplicity of our social systems, we have received a new dowry

of eloquence, and that of the highest order, in the sanctities of our religion—a field unknown to antiquity—for the Pagan religions did not produce much poetry, and of oratory none at all.

On the other hand, that cause, which, operating upon eloquence, has but extinguished it under a single direction, to rhetoric has been unconditionally fatal. Eloquence is not banished from the public business of this country as useless, but as difficult, and as not spontaneously arising from topics such as generally furnish the staple of debate. But rhetoric, if attempted on a formal scale, would be summarily exploded as pure foppery, and trifling with time. Falstaff, on the field of battle, presenting his bottle of sack for a pistol, or Polonius with his quibbles, could not appear a more unseasonable *plaisanteur* than a rhetorician alighting from the clouds upon a public assembly in Great Britain, met for the despatch of business.

Under these malign aspects of the modern structure of society, a structure to which the whole world will be moulded as it becomes civilized, there can be no room for any revival of rhetoric in public speaking; and from the same and other causes, acting upon the standard of public taste, quite as little room in written composition. In spite, however, of the tendencies to this consummation, which have been long maturing, it is a fact, that next after Rome, England is the country in which rhetoric prospered most—at a time when science was unborn as a popular interest, and the commercial activities of after times were yet sleeping in their rudiments. This was in the period from the latter end of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century; and, though the English rhetoric was less true to its own ideal than the Roman, and often modulated into a higher key of impassioned eloquence, yet, unquestionably, in some of its qualities, it remains a monument of the very finest rhetorical powers.

Omitting Sir Philip Sidney, and omitting his friend, Lord Brooke, (in whose prose there are some bursts of pathetic eloquence, as there is of rhetoric in his verse, though too often harsh and affectingly obscure,) the first very eminent rhetorician in the English literature is Donne. Dr. Johnson inconsiderately classes him in company with Cowley, &c., under the title of *Metaphysical Poets*; but *Rhetorical* would have been a more accurate designation. In saying that, however, we must remind our readers, that we revert to the original use of the word *rhetoric*, as laying the principal stress upon the management of the thoughts, and only a secondary one upon the ornaments of style. Few writers have shown a more extraordinary compass of powers than Donne; for he combined what no other man has ever done—the last sublimation of dialectical subtlety and address with the most impassioned majesty. Massy diamonds compose the very substance of his poem on the *Metempsychosis*, thoughts and descriptions which have the fervent and gloomy sublimity of Ezekiel or Æschylus, whilst a diamond dust of rhetorical brilliances is strewn over the whole of his occasional verses and his prose. No criticism was ever

* Shakespeare, Sonnet 52.

more unhappy than that of Dr. Johnson's, which denounces all this artificial display as so much perversion of taste. There cannot be a falser thought than this; for, upon that principle, a whole class of compositions might be vicious, by conforming to its own ideal. The artifice and machinery of rhetoric furnishes in its degree as legitimate a basis for intellectual pleasure as any other; that the pleasure is of an inferior order, can no more attain the idea or model of the composition, than it can impeach the excellence of an epigram that it is not a tragedy. Every species of composition is to be tried by its own laws; and if Dr. Johnson had urged explicitly, (what was evidently moving in his thoughts,) that a metrical structure, by holding forth the promise of poetry, defrauds the mind of its just expectations,—he would have said what is notoriously false. Metre is open to any form of composition, provided it will aid the expression of the thoughts; and the only sound objection to it is, that it has not done so. Weak criticism, indeed, is that which condemns a copy of verses under the ideal of poetry, when the mere substitution of another name and classification suffices to evade the sentence, and to reinstate the composition in its rights as rhetoric. It may be very true that the age of Donne gave too much encouragement to his particular vein of composition; that, however, argues no depravity of taste, but a taste erring only in being too limited and exclusive.

The next writers of distinction, who came forward as rhetoricians, were Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and Milton in many of his prose works. They labour under opposite defects: Burton is too quaint, fantastic, and disjointed. Milton too slow, solemn, and continuous. In the one we see the flutter of a parachute; in the other the stately and voluminous gyrations of an ascending balloon. Agile movement, and a certain degree of fancifulness, are indispensable to rhetoric. But Burton is not so much fanciful as capricious: his motion is not the motion of freedom, but of lawlessness: he does not dance, but caper. Milton, on the other hand, *polonaises* with a grand Castilian air, in paces too sequacious and processional; even in his passages of merriment, and when stung into a quicker motion by personal disdain for an unworthy antagonist, his thoughts and his imagery still appear to move to the music of the organ.

In some measure it is a consequence of these peculiarities, and so far it is the more a duty to allow for them, that the rhetoric of Milton, though wanting in animation, is unusually superb in its colouring; its very monotony is derived from the sublime unity of the presiding impulse; and hence, it sometimes ascends into eloquence of the highest kind, and sometimes even into the raptures of lyric poetry. The main thing, indeed, wanting to Milton, was to have fallen upon happier subjects: for, with the exception of the "Areopagitica," there is not one of his prose works upon a theme of universal interest, or perhaps fitted to be the ground work of a rhetorical display.

But, as it has happened to Milton sometimes to give us poetry for rhetoric, in one instance he has unfortunately given us rhetoric for poe-

try: this occurs in the *Paradise Lost*, where the debates of the fallen angels are carried on by a degrading process of gladiatorial rhetoric. Nay, even the councils of God, though not debated to and fro, are, however, expounded rhetorically. This is astonishing; for no one was better aware than Milton* of the distinction between the *discursive* and *intuitive* acts of the mind as apprehended by the old metaphysicians, and the incompatibility of the former with any but a limited intellect. This indeed was familiar to all the writers of his day: but, as old Gifford has shown, by a most idle note upon a passage in Massinger, that it is a distinction which has now perished (except indeed in Germany),—we shall recall it to the reader's attention. An *intuition* is any knowledge whatsoever, sensuous or intellectual, which is apprehended *immediately*: a notion on the other hand, or product of the discursive faculty, is any knowledge whatsoever which is apprehended *mediately*. All reasoning is carried on discursively; that is, *discurrendo*,—by running about to the right and the left, laying the separate notices together, and thence mediately deriving some third apprehension. Now this process, however glorious a characteristic of the human mind as distinguishing it from the brute, is degrading to any supra-human intelligence, divine or angelic, by arguing limitation. God must not proceed by steps, and the fragmentary knowledge of accretion; in which case, at starting he has all the intermediate notices as so many bars between himself and the conclusion; and even at the penultimate or antepenultimate act, he is still short of the truth. God must *see*, he must *intuit*, so to speak; and all truth must reach him simultaneously, first and last, without succession of time, or partition of acts: just as light, before that theory had been refuted by the Satellites of Jupiter, was held not to be propagated in time, but to be here and there at one and the same indivisible instant. Paley, from mere rudeness of metaphysical skill, has talked of the *judgment* and the *judiciousness* of God: but this is profaneness, and a language unworthily applied even to an angelic being. To judge, that is to subsume one proposition under another,—to be judicious, that is, to collate the means with the end, are acts impossible in the divine nature, and not to be ascribed, even under the license of a figure, to any being which transcends the limitations of humanity. Many other instances there are, in which Milton is taxed with having too grossly sensualized his supernatural agents: some of which, however, the necessities of the action may excuse; and at the worst they are readily submitted to as having an intelligible purpose—that of bringing so mysterious a thing as a spiritual nature or agency within the limits of the representable. But the intellectual degradation fixed on his spiritual beings by the rhetorical debates, is purely gratuitous, neither resulting from the course of the action, nor at all promoting it. Making allowances, however, for the original error in the conception, it must be granted that the execution is in the best style: the mere logic of the debate, indeed, is not bet-

* See the fifth book of the *Par. Lost*, and passages in his prose writings.

ter managed than it would have been by the House of Commons. But the colours of style are grave and suitable to afflicted angels. In the *Paradise Regained*, this is still more conspicuously true: the oratory there, on the part of Satan in the Wilderness, is no longer of a rhetorical cast, but in the grandest style of impassioned eloquence that can be imagined as the fit expression for the movements of an angelic despair: and in particular the speech, on being first challenged by our Saviour, beginning

" 'Tis true, I am that spirit unfortunate,"

is not excelled in sublimity by any passage in the poem.

Milton, however, was not destined to gather the *spolia opima* of English rhetoric: two contemporaries of his own, and whose literary course pretty nearly coincided with his own in point of time, surmounted all competition, and in that amphitheatre became the Protagonistæ. These were Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Brown; who, if not absolutely the foremost in the accomplishments of art, were, undoubtedly, the richest, the most dazzling, and, with reference to their matter, the most captivating of all rhetoricians. In them first, and, perhaps, (if we except occasional passages in the German John Paul Richter) in them only, are the two opposite forces of eloquent passion and rhetorical fancy brought into an exquisite equilibrium, approaching, receding—attracting, repelling—blending, separating—chasing and chased, as in a fugue, and again lost in a delightful interfusion, so as to create a middle species of composition, more various and stimulating to the understanding than pure eloquence, more gratifying to the affections than naked rhetoric. Under this one circumstance of coincidence, in other respects their minds were of the most opposite temperament: Sir Thomas Brown deep, tranquil, and majestic as Milton, silently premeditating, and "disclosing his golden couplets," as under some genial instinct of incubation: Jeremy Taylor, restless, fervid, aspiring, scattering abroad a prodigality of life, not unfolding but creating, with the energy, and the "myriad-mindedness," of Shakspeare. Where, but in Sir T. B., shall one hope to find music so Miltonic, an intonation of such solemn chords as are struck in the following opening bar of a passage in the *Urburial*—"Now, since these bones have rested quietly in the grave, under the drums and trappings of three conquests," &c.—What a melodious ascent as of a prelude to some impassioned requiem breathing from the poms of earth, and from the sanctities of the grave! What a *fluctus decumanus* of rhetoric! Time expounded, not by generations or centuries, but by the vast periods of conquests and dynasties; by cycles of Pharaohs and Ptolemies, Antiochi, and Arsacides! And these vast successions of time distinguished and figured by the uproars which revolve at their inaugurations—by the drums and trappings rolling overhead upon the chambers of forgotten dead—the trepidations of time and mortality vexing, at secular intervals, the everlasting Sabbaths of the grave!—Show us, oh pedant, such another strain from the oratory of Greece or Rome!

For it is not an *'Oυ μὲν τὰς ἐν Μαρσωνί τειχέσσας*, or any such bravura, that will make a fit antiphony to this sublime rapture. We will not, however, attempt a descent upon the merits of Sir T. Brown, after the admirable one by Mr. Coleridge: and as to Jeremy Taylor, we would as readily undertake to put a belt about the ocean as to characterize him adequately within the space at our command. It will please the reader better that he should characterize himself, however imperfectly, by a few specimens selected from some of his rarest works; a method which will, at the same time, have the collateral advantage of illustrating an important truth in reference to this florid or Corinthian order of rhetoric, which we shall have occasion to notice a little further on:—

"It was observed by a Spanish confessor,—that in persons not very religious, the confessions which they made upon their death-beds, were the coldest, the most imperfect, and with less contrition than all which he had observed them to make in many years before. For, so the canes of Egypt, when they newly arise from their bed of mud, and slime of Nilus, start up into an equal and continual length, and uninterrupted but with few knots, and are strong and beautiful, with great distances and intervals; but, when they are grown to their full length, they lessen into the point of a pyramid, and multiply their knots and joints, interrupting the fineness and smoothness of its body. So are the steps and declensions of him that does not grow in grace. At first, when he springs up from his impurity by the waters of baptism and repentance, he grows straight and strong, and suffers but few interruptions of piety; and his constant courses of religion are but rarely intermitted, till they ascend up to a full age, or towards the ends of their life: then they are weak, and their devotions often intermitted, and their breaks are frequent, and they seek excuses, and labour for dispensations, and love God and religion less and less, till their old age, instead of a crown of their virtue and perseverance, ends in levity and unprofitable courses, light and useless as the tufted feathers upon the cane, every wind can play with it and abuse it, but no man can make it useful."

"If we consider the price that the Son of God paid for the redemption of a soul, we shall better estimate of it, than from the weak discourses of our imperfect and unlearned philosophy. Not the spoil of rich provinces—not the estimate of kingdoms—not the price of Cleopatra's draught,—not any thing that was corruptible or perishing; for that, which could not one minute retard the term of its own natural dissolution, could not be a price for the redemption of one perishing soul. When God made a soul, it was only *faciamus hominem ad imaginem nostram*; he spake the word, and it was done. But, when man had lost his soul, which the spirit of God had breathed into him, it was not so soon recovered. It is like the resurrection, which hath troubled the faith of many, who are more apt to believe that God made a man from nothing, than that he can return a man from dust and corruption. But for this resurrection of the soul, for the re-implacing of

the Divine image, for the re-entitling it to the kingdoms of grace and glory, God did a greater work than the creation; He was fain to contract divinity to a span; to send a person to die for us, who of himself could not die, and was constrained to use rare and mysterious arts to make him capable of dying: He prepared a person instrumental to his purpose, by sending his Son from his own bosom—a person both God and man, an enigma to all nations and to all sciences; one that ruled over all the angels, that walked on the pavements of heaven, whose feet were clothed with stars: whose understanding is larger than that infinite space which we imagine in the uncircumscribed distance beyond the first orb of heaven; a person to whom felicity was as essential as life to God. This was the only person that was designed in the eternal decrees, to pay the price of a soul—less than this person could not do it. Nothing less than an infinite excellence could satisfy for a soul lost to infinite ages; who was to bear the load of an infinite anger from the provocation of an eternal God. And yet, if it be possible that Infinite can receive degrees, this is but one-half of the abyss, and I think the lesser."

"It was a strange variety of natural efficacies, that manna could corrupt in twenty-four hours, if gathered upon Wednesday or Thursday, and that it should last till forty-eight hours, if gathered upon the even of the Sabbath; and that it should last many hundreds of years, when placed in the sanctuary by the ministry of the high-priest. But so it was in the Jews' religion; and manna pleased every palate, and it filled all appetites; and the same measure was a different proportion, it was much, and it was little; as if nature, that it might serve religion, had been taught some measures of infinity, which is every where and no where, filling all things, and circumscribed with nothing, measured by one omer, and doing the work of two; like the crowns of kings, fitting the brows of Nimrod and the most mighty warrior, and yet not too large for the temples of an infant prince."

"His mercies are more than we can tell, and they are more than we can feel: for all the world, in the abyss of the Divine mercies, is like a man diving into the bottom of the sea, over whose head the waters run insensibly and unperceived, and yet the weight is vast, and the sum of them is immeasurable: and the man is not pressed with the burden, nor confounded with numbers: and no observation is able to recount, no sense sufficient to perceive, no memory large enough to retain, no understanding great enough to apprehend this infinity."

These passages are not cited, with so vain a purpose as that of furnishing a sea-line for measuring the "soundless deeps," of Jeremy Taylor, but to illustrate that one remarkable characteristic of his style—which we have already noticed—viz. the everlasting strife and fluctuation between his rhetoric and his eloquence, which maintain their alternations with a force and inevitable recurrence, like the systole and diastole—the contraction and expansion—of some living organ. For this charac-

teristic he was indebted in mixed proportions to his own peculiar style of understanding, and the nature of his subject. Where the understanding is not active and teeming, but possessed by a few vast and powerful ideas, (which was the case of Milton,) there the funds of a varied rhetoric are wanting. On the other hand, where the understanding is all alive with the subtlety of distinctions, and nourished (as Jeremy Taylor's was) by casuistical divinity, the variety and opulence of the rhetoric is apt to be oppressive. But this tendency, in the case of Taylor, was happily checked and balanced by the commanding passion, intensity, and solemnity of his exalted theme, which gave a final unity to the tumultuous motions of his intellect. The only very obvious defects of J. Taylor were in the mechanical part of his art, in the mere *technique*; he writes like one who never revises, nor tries the effect upon his ear of his periods as musical wholes; and in the syntax and connexion of the parts seems to have been habitually careless of slight blemishes.

Jeremy Taylor* died in a few years after the

* In retracing the history of English rhetoric, it may strike the reader that we have made some capital omissions. But in these he will find we have been governed by sufficient reasons. Shakspeare is no doubt a rhetorician, *majorum gentium*; but he is so much more, that scarcely an instance is to be found of his rhetoric which does not pass by fits into a higher element of eloquence or poetry. The first and the last acts, for instance, of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, which, in point of composition, is perhaps the most superb work in the language, and beyond all doubt from the loom of Shakspeare, would have been the most gorgeous rhetoric, had they not happened to be something far better. The supplications of the widowed Queens to Theseus, the invocations of their tutelar divinities by Palamon and Arcite, the death of Arcite, &c. are finished in a more elaborate style of excellence than any other almost of Shakspeare's most felicitous scenes. In their first intention, they were perhaps merely rhetorical; but the furnace of composition has transmuted their substance. Indeed, specimens of mere rhetoric would be better sought in some of the other great dramatists, who are under a less fatal necessity of turning every thing they touch into the pure gold of poetry. Two other writers, with great original capacities for rhetoric, we have omitted in our list from separate considerations: we mean Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Bacon. The first will hardly have been missed by the general reader; for his finest passages are dispersed through the body of his bulky history, and are touched with a sadness too pathetic, and of too personal a growth, to fulfil the conditions of a gay rhetoric as an art rejoicing in its own energies. With regard to Lord Bacon the case is different. He had great advantages for rhetoric, being figurative and sensuous, (as great thinkers must always be,) and having no feelings too profound, or of a nature to disturb the balance of a pleasurable activity; but yet, if we except a few letters, and parts of a few speeches, he never comes forward as a rhe-

Restoration. Sir Thomas Brown, though at that time nearly thirty years removed from the first surreptitious edition of his *Religio Medici*, lingered a little longer. But, when both were gone, it may be truly affirmed that the great oracles of rhetoric were finally silenced. South and Barrow, indeed, were brilliant dialecticians in different styles; but, after Tillotson, with his meagre intellect, his low key of feeling, and the snug and scanty draperies of his style, had announced a new era,—English divinity ceased to be the racy vineyard that it had been in ages of ferment and struggle. Like the soil of Sicily, (vide Sir H. Davy's *Agricultural Chemistry*), it was exhausted for ever by the tilth and rank fertility of its golden youth.

Since then, great passions and high thinking have either disappeared from literature altogether, or thrown themselves into poetic forms which, with the privilege of a masquerade, are allowed to assume the spirit of past ages, and to speak in a key unknown to the general literature. At all events, no pulpit oratory of a rhetorical cast, for upwards of a century, has been able to support itself, when stripped of the aids of voice and action. Robert Hall and Edward Irving, when printed, exhibit only the spasms of weakness. Nor do we remember one memorable burst of rhetoric in the pulpit eloquence of the last 150 years, with the exception of a fine oath ejaculated by a dissenting minister of Cambridge, who, when appealing for the confirmation of his words to the grandeur of man's nature, swore—By this and by the other, and at length, "By the Iliad, by the Odyssey"—as the climax, in a long bead-roll of *speciosa miracula*, which he had apostrophized as monuments of human power. As to Foster, he has been prevented from preaching by a complaint affecting the throat; but, judging from the quality of his celebrated Essays, he could never have figured as a truly splendid rhetorician; for the imagery and ornamental parts of his Essays have evidently not grown up in the loom, and concurrently with the texture of the thoughts, but have been separately added afterwards, as so much embroidery or fringe.

Politics, mean time, however inferior in any shape to religion, as an ally of real eloquence, might yet, either when barbed by an interest of intense personality, or on the very opposite footing of an interest comprehensively national, have irritated the growth of rhetoric such as the spirit of the times allowed. In one conspicuous instance it did so; but generally it

torician. The reason is, that being always in quest of absolute truth, he contemplates all subjects—not through the rhetorical fancy, which is most excited by mere seeming resemblances, and such as can only sustain themselves under a single phasis, but through the philosophic fancy, or that which rests upon real analogies. Another unfavourable circumstance, arising in fact out of the plethoric fulness of Lord B.'s mind, is the short-hand style of his composition, in which the connexions are seldom fully developed. It was the lively *mot* of a great modern poet, speaking of Lord B.'s Essays, "that they are not plants, but seeds."

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had little effect, as a cursory glance over the two last centuries will show.

In the reign of James I. the House of Commons first became the theatre of struggles truly national. The relations of the people and the crown were then brought to issue; and under shifting names, continued *sub judice* from that time to 1688; and from that time, in fact, a corresponding interest was directed to the proceedings of Parliament. But it was not until 1642 that any free communication was made of what passed in debate. During the whole of the Civil War, the speeches of the leading members upon all great questions were freely published in occasional pamphlets. Naturally they were very much compressed; but enough survives to show that, from the agitations of the times, and the religious gravity of the House, no rhetoric was sought, or would have been tolerated. In the reign of Charles II., judging from such records as we have of the most critical debates, (that preserved by Locke for instance, through the assistance of his patron Lord Shaftesbury,) the general tone and standard of Parliamentary eloquence had taken pretty nearly its present form and level. The religious gravity had then given way; and the pedantic tone, stiffness, and formality of punctual divisions, had been abandoned for the freedom of polite conversation. It was not, however, until the reign of Queen Anne that the qualities and style of Parliamentary eloquence were submitted to public judgment: this was on occasion of the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, which was managed by members of the House of Commons. The Whigs, however, of that era had no distinguished speakers. On the Tory side, St. John (Lord Bolingbroke) was the most accomplished person in the house. His style may be easily collected from his writings, which have all the air of having been dictated without premeditation; and the effect of so much showy and fluent declamation, combined with the graces of his manner and person, may be inferred from the deep impression which they seem to have left upon Lord Chesterfield, himself so accomplished a judge, and so familiar with the highest efforts of the age of Mr. Pulteney and Lord Chatham. With two exceptions, indeed, to be noticed presently, Lord Bolingbroke came the nearest of all Parliamentary orators who have been particularly recorded, to the ideal of a fine rhetorician. It was no disadvantage to him that he was shallow, being so luminous and transparent; and the splendour of his periodic diction, with his fine delivery, compensated his defect in imagery. Sir Robert Walpole was another Lord Londonderry; like him, an excellent statesman, and a first-rate leader of the House of Commons, but in other respects a plain unpretending man; and, like Lord Londonderry, he had the reputation of a blockhead with all eminent blockheads, and of a man of talents with those who were themselves truly such. "When I was very young," says Burke, "a general fashion told me I was to admire some of the writings against that minister; a little more maturity taught me as much to despise them." Lord Mansfield, "the fluent Murray," was, or would have been, but for the condensation of law, another Bolingbroke. "How sweet an

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Ovid was in Murray lost!" says Pope; and, if the comparison were suggested with any studied propriety, it ascribes to Lord Mansfield the talents of a first-rate rhetorician. Lord Chatham had no rhetoric at all, any more than Charles Fox of the next generation: both were too fervent, too Demosthenic, and threw themselves too ardently upon the graces of nature. Mr. Pitt came nearer to the idea of a rhetorician, in so far as he seemed to have more artifice; but this was only in the sonorous roundness of his periods, which were cast in a monotonous mould; for in other respects he would have been keenly alive to the ridicule of rhetoric in a First Lord of the Treasury.

All these persons, whatever might be their other differences, agreed in this—that they were no jugglers, but really were that which they appeared to be, and never struggled for distinctions which did not naturally belong to them. But next upon the roll comes forward an absolute charlatan—a charlatan the most accomplished that can ever have figured upon so intellectual a stage. This was Sheridan—a mocking-bird through the entire scale, from the highest to the lowest note of the gamut; in fact, to borrow a coarse word, the mere impersonation of humbug. Even as a wit, he has been long known to be a wholesale plagiarist; and the exposures of his kind biographer, Mr. Moore, exhibit him in that line as the most hide-bound and sterile of performers, lying perdue through a whole evening for a casual opportunity, or by miserable stratagem creating an artificial one, for exploding some poor starveling jest; and, in fact, sacrificing to this petty ambition, in a degree never before heard of, the ease and dignity of his life. But it is in the character of a rhetorical orator that he, and his friends in his behalf, have put forward the hollowest pretensions. In the course of the Hastings' trial, upon the concerns of paralytic *Begums*, and ancient *Rannices*, hags that, if ever actually existing, were no more to us and our British sympathies, than we to Hecuba, did Mr. Sheridan make his capital exhibition. The real value of his speech was never at any time misappreciated by the judicious; for his attempts at the grand, the pathetic, and the sentimental, had been continually in the same tone of falsetto and horrible fustian. Burke, however, who was the most double-minded person in the world, cloaked his contempt in hyperbolic flattery; and all the unhappy people who have since written lives of Burke, adopt the whole for mere gospel truth. Exactly in the same vein of tumid inanity, is the speech which Mr. Sheridan puts into the mouth of Rolla the Peruvian. This the reader may chance to have heard upon the stage; or, in default of that good luck, we present him with the following fragrant twaddle from one of the *Begummiads*, which has been enshrined in the praises (si quid sua carmina possunt) of many worthy critics; the subject is *Filial Piety*.—"Filial piety," (Mr. Sheridan said) "it was impossible by words to describe, but description by words was unnecessary. It was that duty which they all felt and understood, and which required not the powers of language to explain. It was in truth more properly to be called a principle than a duty. It required not the aid

of memory; it needed not the exercise of the understanding; it awaited not the slow deliberations of reason; it flowed spontaneously from the fountain of our feelings; it was involuntary in our natures; it was a quality of our being, innate and coeval with life, which, though afterwards cherished as a passion, was independent of our mental powers; it was earlier than all intelligence in our souls; it displayed itself in the earliest impulses of the heart, and was an emotion of fondness that returned in smiles of gratitude the affectionate solicitudes, the tender anxieties, the endearing attentions experienced before memory began, but which were not less dear for not being remembered. It was the sacrament of nature in our hearts, by which the union of the parent and child was sealed and rendered perfect in the community of love; and which, strengthening and ripening with life, acquired vigour from the understanding, and was most lively and active when most wanted."—Now we put it to any candid reader, whether the above Birmingham ware might not be vastly improved by one slight alteration, viz. omitting the two first words, and reading it as a conundrum. Considered as rhetoric, it is evidently fitted "to make a horse sick;" but, as a conundrum in the *Lady's Magazine*, we contend that it would have great success.

How it aggravates the disgust with which these paste diamonds are now viewed, to remember that they were paraded in the presence of Edmund Burke—nay, (*credite posteri!*) in jealous rivalry of his genuine and priceless jewels. Irresistibly one is reminded of the dancing efforts of Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Skeggs, against the native grace of the Vicar of Wakefield's family:—"The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. *They stream, spraveled, languished, and frisked*; but all would not do. The gazers, indeed, owned that it was fine; but neighbour Flamborough observed, that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo." Of Goldsmith it was said in his epitaph,—*Nil tetigit quod non ornarit*: of the Drury-Lane rhetorician it might be said with equal truth. *Nil tetigit quod non fuco adulteravit*. But avant, Birmingham! let us speak of a great man.

All hail to Edmund Burke, the supreme writer of his century, the man of the largest and finest understanding! Upon that word, *understanding*, we lay a stress: for oh! ye immortal donkeys, who have written "about him and about him," with what an obstinate stupidity have ye brayed away for one third of a century about that which ye are pleased to call his "fancy." Fancy in your throats, ye miserable twaddlers! as if Edmund Burke were the man to play with his fancy, for the purpose of separable ornament. He was a man of fancy in no other sense than as Lord Bacon was so, and Jeremy Taylor, and as all large and discursive thinkers are and must be: that is to say, the fancy which he had in common with all mankind, and very probably in no eminent degree, in him was urged into unusual activity under the necessities of his capacious understanding. His great and peculiar distinction was that he viewed all objects of the under-

standing under more relations than other men, and under more complex relations. According to the multiplicity of these relations, a man is said to have a *large* understanding; according to their subtlety, a *fine* one; and in an angelic understanding, all things would appear to be related to all. Now, to apprehend and detect moral relations, or to pursue them steadily, is a process absolutely impossible without the intervention of physical analogies. To say, therefore, that a man is a great thinker, or a fine thinker, is but another expression for saying that he has a *schematizing* (or, to use a plainer but less accurate expression, a figurative) understanding. In that sense, and for that purpose, Burke is figurative: but understood, as he has been understood by the long-cared race of his critics, not as thinking in and by his figures, but as deliberately laying them on by way of enamel or after ornament,—not as *incarnating*, but simply as *dressing* his thoughts in imagery,—so understood, he is not the Burke of reality, but a poor fictitious Burke, modelled after the poverty of conception which belongs to his critics.

It is true, however, that in some rare cases, Burke *did* indulge himself in a pure rhetorician's use of fancy; consciously and profusely lavishing his ornaments for mere purposes of effect. Such a case occurs, for instance, in that admirable picture of the degradation of Europe, where he represents the different crowned heads as bidding against each other at Basle for the favour and countenance of Regicide. Others of the same kind there are in his brilliant letter on the Duke of Bedford's attack upon him in the House of Lords: and one of these we shall here cite, disregarding its greater chance for being already familiar to the reader, upon two considerations; first, that it has all the appearance of being finished with the most studied regard to effect; and secondly, for an interesting anecdote connected with it, which we have never seen in print, but for which we have better authority than could be produced perhaps for most of those which are. The anecdote is, that Burke, conversing with Dr. Lawrence and another gentleman on the literary value of his own writings, declared that the particular passage in the entire range of his works which had cost him the most labour, and upon which, as tried by a certain canon of his own, his labour seemed to himself to have been the most successful, was the following:

After an introductory paragraph which may be thus abridged—"The crown has considered me after long service. The crown has paid the Duke of Bedford by advance. He has had a long credit for any service which he may perform hereafter. He is secure, and long may he be secure, in his advance, whether he performs any services or not. His grants are engrafted on the public law of Europe, covered with the awful hoar of innumerable ages. They are guarded by the sacred rule of prescription. The learned professors of the *Rights of Man*, however, regard prescription not as a title to bar all other claim—but as a bar against the possessor and proprietor. They hold an immemorial possession to be no more than an

aggravated injustice." Then follows the passage in question:

"Such are *their* ideas; such *their* religion: and such *their* law. But as to *our* country and *our* race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our church and state, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple (*Templum in modum arcis**), shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion;—as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall, like the proud keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers, as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land—so long the mounds and dykes of the low, fat, Bedford level† will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers of France. As long as our sovereign lord the king, and his faithful subjects the lords and commons of this realm, the triple cord which no man can break; the solemn sworn constitutional frank-pledge of this nation; the firm guarantees of each other's being, and each other's rights; the joint and several securities, each in its place and order for every kind and every quality of property and of dignity,—as long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe; and we are all safe together;—the high from the blights of envy and the spoliation of rapacity; the low from the iron hand of oppression, and the insolent spurn of contempt. Amen! and so be it: and so it will be,

"Dum domus Æneæ Capitoli immobile saxum Accolet; imperiumque pater Romanus habebit."

This was the sounding passage which Burke alleged as the chef-d'œuvre of his rhetoric; and the argument, upon which he justified his choice, is specious—if not convincing. He laid it down as a maxim of composition, that every passage in a rhetorical performance, which was brought forward prominently, and relied upon as a *key* (to use the language of war) in sustaining the main position of the writer, ought to involve a thought, an image, and a sentiment: and such a synthesis he found in the passage which we have quoted.—This criticism, over and above the pleasure which it always gives to hear a great man's opinion of himself, is valuable, as showing that Burke, because negligent of trivial inaccuracies, was not at all the less anxious about the larger proprieties and decorums; [for this passage, confessedly so laboured, has several instances of slovenliness in trifles;] and that, in the midst of his apparent hurry, he carried out a jealous vigilance upon what he wrote, and the eye of a person practised in artificial effects.

An ally of Burke's upon East Indian politics, ought to have a few words of notice, not so much for any power that he actually had as a rhetorician, but because he is sometimes re-

* Tacitus of the Temple of Jerusalem.

† Bedford level, a rich tract of land so called in Bedfordshire.

puted such. This was Sir Philip Francis, who, under his early disguise of Junius, had such a success as no writer of libels ever will have again. It is our private opinion, that this success rested upon a great delusion which has never been exposed. The general belief is—that Junius was read for his elegance; we believe no such thing. The pen of an angel would not, upon such a theme as personal politics, have upheld the interest attached to Junius, had there been no other cause in co-operation. Language, after all, is a limited instrument; and it must be remembered that Junius, by the extreme narrowness of his range, which went entirely upon matters of fact, and personal interests, still further limited the compass of that limited instrument. For it is only in the expression and management of general ideas, that any room arises for conspicuous elegance. The real truth is this: the interest in Junius travelled downwards; he was read in the lower ranks, because in London it speedily became known that he was read with peculiar interest in the highest. This was already a marvel; for newspaper patriots, under the signatures of Publicola, Brutus, and so forth, had become a jest and a by-word to the real, practical statesman; and any man at leisure to write for so disinterested a purpose as “his country’s good,” was presumed, of course, to write in a garret. But here for the first time a pretended patriot, a Junius Brutus, was anticipated with anxiety, and read with agitation. Is any man simple enough to believe that such a contagion could extend to cabinet ministers, and official persons overladen with public business, on so feeble an excitement as a little reputation in the art of constructing sentences with elegance; an elegance which, after all, excluded eloquence and every other *positive* quality of excellence? That this can have been believed, shows the readiness with which men swallow marvels. The real secret was this:—Junius was read with the profoundest interest by members of the cabinet, who would not have paid half-a-crown for all the wit and elegance of this world, simply because it was most evident that some traitor was amongst them; and that either directly by one of themselves, or through some abuse of his confidence by a servant, the secrets of office were betrayed. The circumstances of this breach of trust are now fully known; and it is readily understood why letters, which were the channel for those perfidies, should interest the ministry of that day in the deepest degree. The existence of such an interest, but not its cause, had immediately become known: it descended, as might be expected, amongst all classes: once excited, it seemed to be justified by the real merits of the letters; which merit again, illustrated by its effects, appeared a thousand times greater than it was; and finally, this interest was heightened and sustained by the mystery which invested the author. How much that mystery availed in keeping alive the reputation of Junius, is clear from this fact, that, since the detection of Junius, the Letters have much declined in popularity; and ornamented editions of them are no longer the saleable article which they were some years ago.

In fact, upon any other principle, the continued triumph of Junius, and his establishment as a classical author, is a standing enigma. One talent, undoubtedly, he had in a rare perfection—the talent of sarcasm. He stung like a scorpion. But, besides that such a talent has a narrow application, an interest of personality cannot be other than fugitive, take what direction it may; and malignity cannot embalm itself in materials that are themselves perishable. Such were the materials of Junius. His vaunted elegance was, in a great measure, the gift of his subject: general terseness, short sentences, and a careful avoiding of all awkwardness of construction—these were his advantages. And from these he would have been dislodged by a higher subject, or one that would have forced him out into a wider compass of thought. Rhetorician he was none, though he has often been treated as such; for, without sentiment, without imagery, without generalization, how should it be possible for rhetoric to subsist? It is an absolute fact, that Junius has not one principle, aphorism, or remark of a general nature in his whole armoury—not in a solitary instance did his barren understanding ascend to an abstraction, or general idea, but lingered for ever in the dust and rubbish of individuality, amongst the tangible realities of things and persons. Hence, the peculiar absurdity of that hypothesis which discovered Junius in the person of Burke. The opposition was here too pointedly ludicrous between Burke, who exalted the merest personal themes into the dignity of philosophic speculations, and Junius, in whose hands the very loftiest dwindled into questions of person and party.

Last of the family of rhetoricians, and in a form of rhetoric as florid as the age could bear, came Mr. Canning. “Sufficit,” says a Roman author, “in una civitate esse unum rhetorem.” But, if more were in his age unnecessary, in ours they would have been intolerable. Three or four Mr. Cannings would have been found a nuisance: indeed, the very admiration which crowned his great displays, manifested of itself the unsuitableness of his style to the atmosphere of public affairs; for it was of that kind which is offered to a young lady rising from a brilliant performance on the piano-forte. Something, undoubtedly, there was of too juvenile an air, too gaudy a flutter of plumage, in Mr. Canning’s more solemn exhibitions; but much indulgence was reasonably extended to a man, who, in his class, was so complete. He was formed for winning a favourable attention by every species of popular fascination: to the eye he recommended himself almost as much as the Bolingbroke of a century before: his voice, and his management of it, were no less pleasing: and upon him, as upon St. John, the air of a gentleman sate with a native grace. Scholarship and literature, as far as they belong to the accomplishments of a gentleman, he too brought forward in the most graceful manner: and, above all, there was an impression of honour, generosity, and candour, stamped upon his manner, agreeable rather to his original character, than to the wrench which it had received from an ambition resting too much on mere personal merits. What a pity that this “gay creature of the elements” had

not taken his place contentedly, where nature had assigned it, as one of the ornamental performers of the time! His station was with the lilies of the field, which toil not, neither do they spin. He should have thrown himself upon the admiring sympathies of the world as the most dazzling of rhetorical artists, rather than have challenged their angry passions in a vulgar scuffle for power. In that case he would have been alive at this hour—he would have had a perpetuity of that admiration which to him was as the breath of his nostrils; and would not, by forcing the character of rhetorician into an incongruous alliance with that of trading politician, have run the risk of making both ridiculous.

In thus running over the modern history of rhetoric, we have confined ourselves to the literature of England: the rhetoric of the continent would demand a separate notice, and chiefly on account of the French pulpit orators. For, laying them aside, we are not aware of any distinct body of rhetoric—properly so called—in modern literature. Four continental languages may be said to have a literature regularly mounted in all departments, viz. the French, Italian, Spanish, and German; but each of these have stood under separate disadvantages for the cultivation of an ornamented rhetoric. In France, whatever rhetoric they have, (for Montaigne, though lively, is too gossiping for a rhetorician,) arose in the age of Louis XIV.; since which time, the very same development of science and public business, operated there and in England, to stifle the rhetorical impulses, and all those analogous tendencies in arts and in manners which support it. Generally it may be assumed that rhetoric will not survive the age of the ceremonious in manners, and the gorgeous in costume. An unconscious sympathy binds together the various forms of the elaborate and the fanciful, under every manifestation. Hence it is that the national convulsions by which modern France has been shaken, produced orators, Mirabeau, Isnard, the Abbé Maury, but no rhetoricians. Florian, Chateaubriand, and others, who have written the most florid prose that the modern taste can bear, are elegant sentimentalists, sometimes maudlin and semi-poetic, sometimes even eloquent, but never rhetorical. There is no eddying about their own thoughts; no motion of fancy self-sustained from its own activities; no flux and reflux of thought, half meditative, half capricious; but strains of feeling, genuine or not, supported at every step from the excitement of independent external objects.

With respect to the German literature, the case is very peculiar. A chapter upon German rhetoric would be in the same ludicrous predicament as Van Troil's chapter on the snakes of Iceland, which delivers its business in one summary sentence, announcing, that snakes in Iceland—there are none. Rhetoric, in fact, or any form of ornamented prose, could not possibly arise in a literature, in which prose itself had no proper existence till within these seventy years. Lessing was the first German who wrote prose with elegance; and even at this day, a decent prose style is the rarest of accomplishments in Germany. We doubt, in-

deed, whether any German has written prose with grace, unless he had lived abroad, (like Jacobi, who composed indifferently in French and German,) or had at least cultivated a very long acquaintance with English and French models. Frederick Schlegel has been led, by his comprehensive knowledge of other literatures, to observe this singular defect in that of his own country. Even he, however, must have fixed his standard very low, when he could praise, as elsewhere he does, the style of Kant. Certainly in any literature, where good models of prose existed, Kant would be deemed a monster of vicious diction, so far as regards the construction of his sentences. He does not, it is true, write in the hybrid dialect, which prevailed up to the time of our George the First, when every other word was Latin, with a German inflexion; but he has in perfection that obtuseness which renders a German taste insensible to all beauty in the balancing and structure of periods, and to the art by which a succession of periods modify each other. Every German regards a sentence in the light of a package, and a package not for the mail-coach, but for the wagon, into which his privilege is to crowd as much as he possibly can. Having framed a sentence, therefore, he next proceeds to *pack* it, which is effected partly by unwieldy tails and codicils, but chiefly by enormous parenthetical involutions. All qualifications, limitations, exceptions, illustrations, are stuffed and violently rammed into the bowels of the principal proposition. That all this equipage of accessories is not so arranged as to assist its own orderly development, no more occurs to a German as any fault, than that in a package of shawls or of carpets, the colours and patterns are not fully displayed. To him it is sufficient that they are *there*. And Mr. Kant, when he has succeeded in packing up a sentence which covers three close-printed octavo pages, stops to draw his breath with the air of one who looks back upon some brilliant and meritorious performance. Under these disadvantages, it may be presumed that German rhetoric is a nonentity; but these disadvantages would not have arisen, had there been a German bar or a German senate, with any public existence. In the absence of all forensic and senatorial eloquence, no standard of good prose style—nay, which is more important, no example of ambition directed to such an object—has been at any time held up to the public mind in Germany; and the pulpit style has been always either rustically negligent, or bristling with pedantry.

These disadvantages with regard to public models of civil eloquence, have in part affected the Italians; the few good prose writers of Italy have been historians; and it is observable that no writers exist in the department of what are called *moral Essayists*; a class which, with us and the French, were the last depositaries of the rhetorical faculty, when depressed to its lowest key. Two other circumstances may be noticed as unfavourable to an Italian rhetoric; one, to which we have adverted before, in the language itself—which is too loitering for the agile motion, and the *rapidity* of rhetoric; and the other in the constitution of the national mind, which is not reflective,

nor remarkably fanciful—the two qualities most indispensable to rhetoric. As a proof of the little turn for reflection which there is in the Italian mind, we may remind the reader that they have no meditative or philosophic poetry, such as that of our Young, Cowper, &c.; a class of poetry which existed very early indeed in the English literature (e. g. Sir T. Davies, Lord Brooke, Henry More, &c.); and which, in some shape, has arisen at some stage of almost every European literature.

Of the Spanish rhetoric, *à priori*, we should have augured well: but the rhetoric of their pulpit in past times, which is all that we know of it, is vicious and unnatural; whilst, on the other hand, for eloquence profound and heartfelt, measuring it by those many admirable proclamations issued in all quarters of Spain during 1808-9, the national capacity must be presumed to be of the very highest order.

We are thus thrown back upon the French pulpit orators as the only considerable body of modern rhetoricians out of our own language. No writers are more uniformly praised; none are more entirely neglected. This is one of those numerous hypocrisis so common in matters of taste, where the critic is always ready with his good word, as the readiest way of getting rid of the subject. To blame might be hazardous; for blame demands reasons; but praise enjoys a ready dispensation from all reasons and from all discrimination. Superstition, however, as it is, under which the French rhetoricians hold their reputation, we have no thought of attempting any disturbance to it in so slight and incidental a notice as this. Let critics by all means continue to invest them with every kind of imaginary splendour. Meantime let us suggest, as a judicious caution, that French rhetoric should be praised with a reference only to its own narrow standard: for it would be a most unfortunate trial of its pretensions, to bring so meagre a style of composition into a close comparison with the gorgeous opulence of the English rhetoric of the same century. Under such a comparison, two capital points of weakness would force themselves upon the least observant of critics—first, the defect of striking imagery; and, secondly, the slenderness of the thoughts. The rhetorical manner is supported in the French writers chiefly by an abundance of *ohs* and *ahs*—by interrogatories—apostrophes—and startling exclamations: all which are mere mechanical devices for raising the style: but in the substance of the composition, apart from its dress, there is nothing properly rhetorical. The leading thoughts in all pulpit eloquence being derived from religion, and, in fact, the common inheritance of human nature,—if they cannot be novel, for that very reason cannot be undignified: but, for the same reason, they are apt to become unaffecting and trite, unless varied and individualized by new infusions of thought and feeling. The smooth monotony of the leading religious topics, as managed by the French orators, under the treatment of Jeremy Taylor, receives at each turn of the sentence a new flexure—or what may be called a separate articulation:—old thoughts are sur-

vayed from novel stations and under various angles: and a field absolutely exhausted throws up eternally fresh verdure under the fractifying lava of burning imagery. *Human life, for example, is short—human happiness is frail: how trite, how obvious a thesis!* Yet, in the beginning of the *Holy Dying*, upon that simplest of themes how magnificent a descant! Variations the most original upon a ground the most universal, and a sense of novelty diffused over truths coeval with human life! Finally, it may be remarked of the imagery in the French rhetoric, that it is thinly sown, common-place, deficient in splendour, and, above all, merely ornamental; that is to say, it does no more than echo and repeat what is already said in the thought which it is brought to illustrate; whereas, in Jeremy Taylor, and in Burke, it will be found usually to extend and amplify the thought, or to fortify it by some indirect argument of its truth. Thus, for instance, in the passage above quoted, from J. Taylor, upon the insensibility of man to the continual mercies of God, at first view the mind is staggered by the apparent impossibility that so infinite a reality, and of so continual a recurrence, should escape our notice; but the illustrative image, drawn from the case of a man standing at the bottom of the ocean, and yet insensible to that world of waters above him, from the uniformity and equality of its pressure, flashes upon us with a sense of something equally marvellous, in a case which we know to be a physical fact. We are thus reconciled to the proposition, by the same image which illustrates it.

In a single mechanical quality of good writing, that is, in the structure of their sentences, the French rhetoricians, in common with French writers generally of that age, are superior to ours. This is what in common parlance is expressed (though inaccurately) by the word *style*, and is the subject of the third part of the work before us. Dr. Whately, however, somewhat disappoints us by his mode of treating it. He alleges, indeed, with some

what it is that constitutes the peculiar and characterizing circumstance in Burke's manner of composition. It is this,—that under his treatment every truth, be it what it may, every thesis of a sentence, *grows* in the very act of unfolding it. Take any sentence you please from Dr. Johnson, suppose, and it will be found to contain a thought—good or bad—fully preconceived. Whereas, in Burke, whatever may have been the preconception, it receives a new determination or inflexion at every clause of the sentence. Some collateral adjunct of the main proposition, some temperament or restraint, some oblique glance at its remote affinities, will invariably be found to attend the progress of his sentences—like the spray from a waterfall, or the scintillations from the iron under the blacksmith's hammer. Hence, whilst a writer of Dr. Johnson's class seems only to look back upon his thoughts, Burke looks forward—and does in fact advance and change his own station concurrently with the advance of the sentences. This peculiarity is no doubt in some degree due to the habit of extempore speaking, but not to that only.

* We may take the opportunity of noticing

plausibility, that his subject bound him to consider style no further than as it was related to the purpose of persuasion. But besides that it is impossible to treat it with effect in that mutilated section—even within the limits assumed, we are not able to trace any outline of the law or system by which Dr. Whately has been governed in the choice of his topics: we find many very acute remarks delivered, but all in a desultory way, which leave the reader no means of judging how much of the ground has been surveyed, and how much omitted. We regret also that he has not addressed himself more specifically to the question of English style, a subject which has not yet received the comprehensive discussion which it merits. In the age of our great rhetoricians, it is remarkable that the English language had never been made an object of conscious attention. No man seems to have reflected that there was a wrong and a right in the choice of words—in the choice of phrases—in the mechanism of sentences—or even in the grammar. Men wrote eloquently, because they wrote feelingly: they wrote idiomatically because they wrote naturally, and without affectation: but if a false or acephalous structure of sentences, if a barbarous idiom—or an exotic word happened to present itself, no writer of the 17th century seems to have had any such scrupulous sense of the dignity belonging to his own language, as should make it a duty to reject it, or worth his while to remodel a line. The fact is, that verbal criticism had not as yet been very extensively applied even to the classical languages: the Scaligers, Casaubon, and Salmasius, were much more critics on things than critics philologically. However, even in that age, the French writers were more attentive to the cultivation of their mother tongue, than any other people. It is justly remarked by Schlegel that the most worthless writers amongst the French as to matter, generally take pains with their diction; or perhaps it is more true to say, that with equal pains, in their language it is more easy to write well than in one of great compass. It is also true, that the French are indebted for their greater purity from foreign idioms, to their much more limited acquaintance with foreign literature. Still, with every deduction from the merit, the fact is as we have said; and it is apparent, not only by innumerable evidences in the *concrete*, but by the superiority of all their *abstract* auxiliaries in the art of writing. We English, even at this day, have no learned grammar of our language; nay, we have allowed the blundering attempt, in that department, of an imbecile Yankee, to supersede the learned (however imperfect) works of our Wallis, Lowth, &c.; we have also, no sufficient dictionary; and we have no work at all, sufficient or insufficient, on the phrases and idiomatic niceties of our language, corresponding to the works of Vaugelas and others, for the French.

Hence an anomaly, not found perhaps in any literature but ours, that the most eminent English writers do not write their mother tongue without continual violations of propriety. With the single exception of Mr. Wordsworth, who has paid an honourable attention to the purity and accuracy of his English, we believe that

there is not one celebrated author of this day who has written two pages consecutively, without some flagrant impropriety in the grammar, (such as the eternal confusion of the preterite with the past participle, confusion of verbs transitive with intransitive, &c. &c.) or some violation more or less of the vernacular idiom. If this last sort of blemish does not occur so frequently in modern books, the reason is,—that since Dr. Johnson's time, the freshness of the idiomatic style has been too frequently abandoned for the lifeless mechanism of a style purely bookish and artificial.

The practical judgments of Dr. Whately are such as will seldom be disputed. Dr. Johnson for his triads and his antithetic balances, he taxes more than once with a plethoric and tautologic tympny of sentence; and, in the following passage, with a very happy illustration:—"Sentences, which might have been expressed as simple ones, are expanded into complex ones by the addition of clauses which add little or nothing to the sense; and which have been compared to the false handles and key-holes with which furniture is decorated, that serve no other purpose than to *correspond to the real ones*. Much of Dr. Johnson's writing is chargeable with this fault."

We recollect a little biographic sketch of Dr. Johnson, published immediately after his death, in which, amongst other instances of desperate tautology, the author quotes the well-known lines from the imitation of Juvenal—

"Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;"

and contends, with some reason, that this is saying in effect,—*Let observation with extensive observation observe mankind extensively.*" Certainly Dr. Johnson was the most faulty writer in this kind of inanity that ever has played tricks with language.* On the other hand, Burke was the least so; and we are petrified to find him described by Dr. Whately as a writer "*qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam*," and as on that account offensive to good taste. The understanding of Burke was even morbidly impatient of tautology: progress and motion—everlasting motion—was a mere necessity of his intellect. We will venture to offer a king's ransom for one unequivocal case of tautology from the whole circle of Burke's writings. The *principium indiscernibilium*, upon which Leibnitz affirmed the impossibility

* The following illustration, however, from Dr. J.'s critique on Prior's *Solomon*, is far from a happy one: "He had infused into it much knowledge and much thought; had often polished it to elegance, dignified it with splendour, and sometimes heightened it to sublimity; he perceived in it many excellencies, and did not perceive that it wanted that, without which all others are of small avail,—the power of engaging attention, and alluring curiosity." The parts marked in italics are those to which Dr. W. would object as tautologic. Yet this objection can hardly be sustained: the ideas are all sufficiently discriminated: the fault is, that they are applied to no real corresponding differences in Prior.

of finding any two leaves of a tree that should be mere duplicates of each other, may be applied to Burke as safely as to nature; no two propositions, we are satisfied, can be found in him, which do not contain a larger variety than is requisite to their justification.

Speaking of the advantages for energy and effect in the license of arrangement open to the ancient languages, especially to the Latin, Dr. Whately cites the following sentence from the opening of the 4th Book of Q. Curtius:—*Darius tanti modo exercitus rex, qui, triumphantis mojis quam dimicantis more, curru sublimis inerat praelium, per loca, quae prope immensis agminibus compleverat, jam inania, et ingenti solitudine vasta fugiebat.* "The effect," says he, "of the concluding verb, placed where it is, is most striking." The sentence is far enough from a good one: but, confining ourselves to the sort of merit for which it is here cited, as a merit peculiar to the Latin, we must say that the very same position of the verb, with a finer effect, is attainable, and, in fact, often attained in English sentences: see, for instance, the passage in the Duke of Gloucester's soliloquy—*Now is the winter of our discontent*—and ending, *In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.* See also another at the beginning of Hooker's Eccles. Polity on the thanklessness of the labour employed upon the foundations of truth, which, says he, like those of buildings, "are in the bosom of the earth concealed." The fact is, that the common cases of inversion, such as the suspension of the verb to the end, and the anticipation of the objective case at the beginning, are not sufficient illustrations of the Latin structure. All this can be done as well by the English. It is not mere power of inversion, but of self-intrication, and of self-dislocation, which mark the extremity of the artificial structure; that power by which a sequence of words, that naturally is directly consecutive, commences, interrupts, and reappears at a remote part of the sentence, like what is called drake-stone on the surface of a river. In this power the Greek is almost as much below the Latin as all modern languages; and in this, added to its elliptic brevity of connexion and transition, and to its wealth in abstractions "the long-tailed words is *osit* and *ation*," lie the peculiar capacities of the Latin for rhetoric.

Dr. W. lays it down as a maxim in rhetoric, that "elaborate stateliness is always to be regarded as a worst fault than the slovenliness and languor which accompany a very loose style." But surely this is a rash position:—stateliness the most elaborate, in an absolute sense, is no fault at all; though it may happen to be so in relation to a given subject, or to any subject under given circumstances. "Belshazzar the king made a great feast for a thousand of his lords." Reading these words, who would not be justly offended in point of taste, had his feast been characterized by elegant simplicity? Again, at a coronation, what can be more displeasing to a philosophic taste than

a pretended chastity of ornament, at war with the very purposes of a solemnity essentially magnificent? An imbecile friend of ours, in 1825, brought us a sovereign of a new coinage, "which" (said he) "I admire, because it is so elegantly simple." This, he flattered himself, was thinking like a man of taste. But mark how we sent him to the right about; "and that, weak-minded friend, is exactly the thing which a coin ought not to be: the duty of a golden coin is to be as florid as it can, rich with Corinthian ornaments, and as gorgeous as a peacock's tail." So of rhetoric, imagine that you read these words of introduction, "And on a set day, Tullius Cicero returned thanks to Caesar on behalf of Marcus Marcellus," what sort of a speech is reasonably to be expected? The whole purpose being a festal and ceremonial one, thanksgiving its sole burden first and last, what else than the most "elaborate stateliness?" If it were not stateliness, and to the very verge of the pompous, Mr. Wolf would have had one argument more than he had, and a better than any he has produced, for suspecting the authenticity of that thrice famous oration.

In the course of his dissertation on style, Dr. W., very needlessly, enters upon the thorny question of the *quiddity* or characteristic difference, of poetry as distinguished from prose.* We could much have wished that he had forbore to meddle with a *quæstio vexata* of this nature, both because, in so incidental and cursory a discussion, it could not receive a proper investigation; and because Dr. Whately is apparently not familiar with much of what has been written on that subject. On a matter so slightly discussed, we shall not trouble ourselves to enter farther, than to express our astonishment that a logician like Dr. Whately should have allowed himself to deliver so nugatory an argument as this which follows:—"Any composition in *verse*, (and none that is not,) is always called whether good or bad, a poem, by all who have no favourite hypothesis to maintain." And the inference manifestly is, that it is rightly so called. Now, if a man has taken up any fixed opinion on the subject, no matter whether wrong or right, and has reasons to give for his opinion, this man comes under the description of those who have a fa-

* As distinguished from prose. Here is one of the many instances in which a false answer is prepared beforehand, by falsely shaping the question. The necessary circumstance, as "distinguished from prose," already prepares a false answer by the very terms of the problem. Poetry cannot be distinguished from prose without presupposing the whole question at issue. Those who deny that metre is the characteristic distinction of poetry, deny, by implication, that prose can be truly opposed to prose. Some have imagined, that the proper opposition was between poetry and science; but suppose that this is an imperfect opposition, and suppose even that there is no adequate opposition, or counterpole, this is no more than happens in many other cases. One of two poles is often without a name, even where the idea is fully assignable in analysis. But at all events the expression, as "distinguished from prose," is a subtle instance of a *petitio principii*.

* We wish, that in so critical a notice of an effect derived from the fortunate position of a single word, Dr. W. had not shocked our ears by this hideous collision of a double "is."

yourite hypothesis to maintain. It follows, therefore, that the only class of people whom Dr. Whately will allow as unbiassed judges on this question—a question not of fact, but of opinion—are those who have, and who profess to have, no opinion at all upon the subject; or, having one, have no reasons for it. But, apart from this contradiction, how is it possible that Dr. Whately should, in *any case*, plead a popular usage of speech, as of any weight in a philosophic argument? Still more, how is it possible in *this case*, where the accuracy of the popular usage is the very thing in debate, so that—if pleaded at all—it must be pleaded as its own justification? Alms-giving—and nothing but alms-giving—is universally called *charity*, and mistaken for the charity of the Scriptures, by all who have no favourite hypothesis to maintain—i. e. by all the inconsiderate. But Dr. Whately will hardly draw any argument from this usage in defence of that popular notion.

In speaking thus freely of particular passages in Dr. Whately's book, we are so far from meaning any disrespect to him, that, on the contrary, if we had not been impressed with the very highest respect for his talents, by the acuteness and originality which illuminate every part of his book, we could not have allowed ourselves to spend as much time upon the whole, as we have, in fact, spent upon single paragraphs. In reality, there is not a section of his work which has not furnished us with occasion for some profitable speculations; and we are, in consequence, most anxious to see his *Logic*, which treats a subject so much more important than *rhetoric*, and so obstinately misrepresented, that it would delight us much to anticipate a radical exposure of the errors on this subject, taken up from the days of Lord Bacon. It has not fallen in our way to quote much from Dr. Whately *totidem verbis*; our apology for which will be found in the broken and discontinuous method of treatment by short sections and paragraphs, which a subject of this nature has necessarily imposed upon him. Had it coincided with our purpose to go more into detail, we could have delighted our readers with some brilliant examples of philosophical penetration, applied to questions interesting from their importance or difficulty, with the happiest effect. As it is, we shall content ourselves with saying, that, in any elementary work, it has not been our fortune to witness a rarer combination of analytical acuteness, with severity of judgment; and when we add that these qualities are recommended by a scholar-like elegance of manner, we suppose it hardly necessary to add, that Dr. Whately's is incomparably the best book of its class, since the days of Campbell's *Philosophy of Rhetoric*.

From the Keepsake.

FERDINANDO EBOLI.—A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANKENSTEIN.

DURING this quiet time of peace, we are fast forgetting the excitements and astonishing events of the last war; and the very

names of Europe's conquerors are becoming antiquated to the ears of our children. Those were more romantic days than these; for the revulsions occasioned by revolution or invasion were full of romance; and travellers in those countries in which these scenes had place hear strange and wonderful stories, whose truth so much resembles fiction, that, while interested in the narration, we never give implicit credence to the narrator. Of this kind is a tale I heard at Naples. The fortunes of war perhaps did not influence its actors; yet it appears improbable that any circumstances so out of the usual routine could have had place under the garish daylight that peace sheds upon the world.

When Murat, then called Gioacchino, king of Naples, raised his Italian regiments, several young nobles, who had before been scarcely more than vine-dressers on the soil, were inspired with a love of arms, and presented themselves as candidates for military honours. Among these was the young Count Eboli. The father of this youthful noble had followed Ferdinand to Sicily; but his estates lay principally near Salerno, and he was naturally desirous of preserving them; while the hopes that the French government held out of glory and prosperity to his country made him often regret that he had followed his legitimate but imbecile king to exile. When he died, therefore, he recommended his son to return to Naples, to present himself to his old and tried friend, the Marchese Spina, who held a high office in Murat's government, and through his means to reconcile himself to the new king. All this was easily achieved. The young and gallant Count was permitted to possess his patrimony; and, as a further pledge of good fortune, he was betrothed to the only child of the Marchese Spina. The nuptials were deferred till the end of the ensuing campaign.

Meanwhile the army was put in motion, and Count Eboli only obtained such short leave of absence as permitted him to visit for a few hours the villa of his future father-in-law, there to take leave of him and his affianced bride. The villa was situated on one of the Apennines to the north of Salerno, and looked down over the plain of Calabria, in which Paestum is situated, on to the blue Mediterranean. A precipice on one side, a brawling mountain torrent, and a thick grove of ilex, added beauty to the sublimity of its site. Count Eboli ascended the mountain path in all the joy of youth and hope. His stay was brief. An exhortation and a blessing from the Marchese, a tender farewell, graced by gentle tears, from the fair Adalinda, were the recollections he was to bear with him, to inspire him with courage and hope in danger and absence. The sun had just sunk behind the distant isle of Istria, when, kissing his lady's hand, he said a last "Addio," and with slower steps, and more melancholy mien, rode down the mountain on his road to Naples.

That same night Adalinda retired early to her apartment, dismissing her attendants; and then, restless from mingled fear and hope, she threw open the glass door that led to a balcony looking over the edge of the hill upon the torrent, whose loud rushing often lulled her to

sleep; but whose waters were concealed from sight by the ilex trees, which lifted their topmost branches above the guarding parapet of the balcony.

Leaning her cheek upon her hand, she thought of the dangers her lover would encounter, of her loneliness the while, of his letters, and of his return. A rustling sound now caught her ear: was it the breeze among the ilex trees? her own veil was unwaved by every wind, her tresses even, heavy in their own rich beauty only, were not lifted from her cheek. Again those sounds. Her blood retreated to her heart, and her limbs trembled. What could it mean? Suddenly the upper branches of the nearest tree were disturbed; they opened, and the faint starlight showed a man's figure among them. He prepared to spring from his hold, on to the wall. It was a feat of peril. First the soft voice of her lover bade her "fear not," and on the next instant he was at her side, calming her terrors, and recalling her spirits, that almost left her gentle frame, from mingled surprise, dread, and joy. He encircled her waist with his arm, and pouring forth a thousand passionate expressions of love, she leant on his shoulder, and wept from agitation; while he covered her hand with kisses, and gazed on her with ardent adoration.

Then in calmer mood they sat together; triumph and joy lighted up his eyes, and a modest blush glowed on her cheek; for never before had she sat alone with him, nor heard unrestrained his impassioned assurances of affection. It was indeed Love's own hour. The stars trembled on the roof of his eternal temple; the dashing of the torrent, the mild summer atmosphere, and the mysterious aspect of the darkened scenery, were all in unison, to inspire security and voluptuous hope. They talked of how their hearts, through the medium of divine nature, might hold commune during absence; of the joys of re-union, and of their prospect of perfect happiness.

The moment at last arrived when he must depart. "One tress of this silken hair," said he, raising one of the many curls that clustered on her neck. "I will place it on my heart, a shield to protect me against the swords and balls of the enemy." He drew his keen-edged dagger from its sheath. "Ill weapon for so gentle a deed," he said, severing the lock, and at the same moment many drops of blood fell fast on the fair arm of the lady. He answered her fearful inquiries by showing a gash he had awkwardly inflicted on his left hand. First he insisted on securing his prize, and then he permitted her to bind his wound, which she did half laughing, half in sorrow, winding round his hand a riband loosened from her own arm. "Now farewell," he cried; "I must ride twenty miles ere dawn, and the descending Bear shows that midnight is past." His descent was difficult, but he achieved it happily, and the stave of a song, whose soft sounds rose like the smoke of incense from an altar, from the dell below, to her impatient ear, assured her of his safety.

As is always the case when an account is gathered from eye-witnesses, I never could ascertain the exact date of these events. They

occurred however while Murat was king of Naples, and when he raised his Italian regiments, Count Eboli, as aforesaid, became a junior officer in them, and served with much distinction; though I cannot name either the country, or the battle in which he acted so conspicuous a part, that he was on the spot promoted to a troop.

Not long after this event, and while he was stationed in the north of Italy, Gioacchino, sending for him to head-quarters late one evening, intrusted him with a confidential mission, across a country occupied by the enemy's troops, to a town possessed by the French. It was necessary to undertake the expedition during the night, and he was expected to return on that, succeeding the following day. The king himself gave him his despatches and the word; and the noble youth, with modest firmness, protested that he would succeed, or die, in the fulfilment of his trust.

It was already night, and the crescent moon was low in the west, when Count Ferdinando Eboli mounting his favourite horse, at a quick gallop, cleared the streets of the town; and then, following the directions given him, crossed the country among the fields planted with vines, carefully avoiding the main road. It was a beautiful and still night; calm, and sleep, occupied the earth; war, the blood-hound, slumbered; the spirit of love alone had life at that silent hour. Exulting in the hope of glory, our young hero commenced his journey, and visions of aggrandizement and love formed his reveries. A distant sound roused him; he checked his horse and listened; voices approached; when recognising the speech of a German, he turned from the path he was following, to a still straighter way. But again the tone of an enemy was heard, and the trampling of horses. Eboli did not hesitate; he dismounted, tied his steed to a tree, and, skirting along the enclosure of the field, trusted to escape thus unobserved. He succeeded after an hour's painful progress, and arrived on the borders of a stream, which, as the boundary between two states, was the mark of his having finally escaped danger. Descending the steep bank of the river, which, with his horse, he might perhaps have forded, he now prepared to swim. He held his despatch in one hand, threw away his cloak, and was about to plunge into the water, when from under the dark shade of the *argine*, which had concealed them, he was suddenly arrested by unseen hands, cast on the ground, bound, gagged and blinded, and then placed in a little boat, which was sculled with infinite rapidity down the stream.

There seemed so much of premeditation in the act that it baffled conjecture, yet he must believe himself a prisoner to the Austrian. While, however, he still vainly reflected, the boat was moored, he was lifted out, and the change of atmosphere made him aware that they entered some house. With extreme care and celerity, yet in the utmost silence, he was stripped of his clothes, and two rings he wore drawn from his fingers; other habiliments were thrown over him; and then no departing footstep was audible: but soon he heard the splash of a single oar, and he felt himself

alone. He lay perfectly unable to move; the only relief his captor or captors had afforded him being the exchange of the gag for a tightly bound handkerchief. For hours he thus remained, with a tortured mind, bursting with rage, impatience, and disappointment; now writhing, as well as he could, in his endeavours to free himself, now still, in despair. His despatches were taken away, and the period was swiftly passing when he could by his presence have remedied in some degree this evil. The morning dawned; and though the full glare of the sun could not visit his eyes, he felt it play upon his limbs. As the day advanced, hunger preyed on him, and though amidst the visitation of mightier, he at first disdained this minor, evil; towards evening, it became, in spite of himself, the predominant sensation. Night approached, and the fear that he should remain, and even starve, in this unvisited solitude had more than once thrilled through his frame, when feminine voices and a child's gay laugh met his ear. He heard persons enter the apartment, and he was asked in his native language, while the ligature was taken from his mouth, the cause of his present situation. He attributed it to banditti: his bonds were quickly cut, and his bandied eyes restored to sight. It was long before he recovered himself. Water brought from the stream, however, was some refreshment, and by degrees he resumed the use of his senses, and saw that he was in a dilapidated shepherd's cot; with no one near him save the peasant girl and a child who had liberated him. They rubbed his ankles and wrists, and the little fellow offered him some bread, and eggs; after which refreshment, and an hour's repose, Ferdinando felt himself sufficiently restored to revolve his adventure in his mind, and to determine on the conduct he was to pursue.

He looked at the dress which had been given him in exchange for that which he had worn. It was of the plainest and meanest description. Still no time was to be lost; and he felt assured that the only step he could take was to return with all speed to the headquarters of the Neapolitan army, and inform the king of his disasters and his loss.

It were long to follow his backward steps, and to tell all of indignation and disappointment that swelled his heart. He walked painfully but resolutely all night, and by three in the morning entered the town where Gioacchino then was. He was challenged by the sentinels; he gave the word confided to him by Murat, and was instantly made prisoner by the soldiers. He declared to them his name and rank, and the necessity he was under of immediately seeing the king. He was taken to the guard-house, and the officer on duty there listened with contempt to his representations, telling him that Count Ferdinando Eboli had returned three hours before, ordering him to be confined for further examination as a spy. Eboli loudly insisted that some impostor had taken his name; and while he related the story of his capture, another officer came in, who recognised his person; other individuals acquainted with him joined the party; and as the impostor had been seen by

none but the officer of the night, his tale gained ground.

A young Frenchman of superior rank, who had orders to attend the king early in the morning, carried a report of what was going forward to Murat himself. The tale was so strange that the king sent for the young Count; and then, in spite of having seen and believed in his counterfeit a few hours before, and having received from him an account of his mission, which had been faithfully executed, the appearance of the youth staggered him, and he commanded the presence of him who, as Count Eboli, had appeared before him a few hours previously. As Ferdinando stood beside the king, his eye glanced at a large and splendid mirror. His matted hair, his blood-shot eyes, his haggard looks, and torn and mean dress, derogated from the nobility of his appearance; and still less did he appear like the magnificent Count Eboli, when, to his utter confusion and astonishment, his counterfeit stood beside him.

He was perfect in all the outward signs that denoted high birth; and so like him whom he represented, that it would have been impossible to discern one from the other apart. The same chestnut hair clustered on his brow; the sweet and animated hazel eyes were the same; the one voice was the echo of the other. The composure and dignity of the pretender gained the suffrages of those around. When he was told of the strange appearance of another Count Eboli, he laughed in a frank good humoured manner, and turning to Ferdinand, said, "You honour me much in selecting me for your personation; but there are two or three things I like about myself so well, that you must excuse my unwillingness to exchange myself for you." Ferdinand would have answered, but the false Count, with greater haughtiness, turning to the king, said, "Will your majesty decide between us? I cannot bandy words with a fellow of this sort." Irritated by scorn, Ferdinand demanded leave to challenge the pretender; who said, that if the king and his brother officers did not think that he should degrade himself and disgrace the army by going out with a common vagabond, he was willing to chastise him, even at the peril of his own life. But the king, after a few more questions, feeling assured that the unhappy noble was an impostor, in severe and menacing terms reprehended him for his insolence, telling him that he owed it to his mercy alone that he was not executed as a spy, ordering him instantly to be conducted without the walls of the town, with threats of weighty punishment if he ever dared to subject his impostures to further trial.

It requires a strong imagination, and the experience of much misery, fully to enter into Ferdinand's feelings. From high rank, glory, hope, and love, he was hurled to utter beggary and disgrace. The insulting words of his triumphant rival, and the degrading menaces of his so lately gracious sovereign, rang in his ears; every nerve in his frame writhed with agony. But, fortunately for the endurance of human life, the worst misery in early youth is often but a painful dream, which we cast off when slumber quits our eyes. After a strug-

gle with intolerable anguish, hope and courage revived in his heart. His resolution was quickly made. He would return to Naples, relate his story to the Marchese Spina, and through his influence obtain at least an impartial hearing from the king. It was not, however, in his peculiar situation, an easy task to put his determination into effect. He was penniless; his dress bespoke poverty; he had neither friend nor kinsman near, but such as would behold in him the most impudent of swindlers. Still his courage did not fail him. The kind Italian soil, in the autumnal season now advanced, furnished him with chestnuts, arbutus berries, and grapes. He took the most direct road over the hills, avoiding towns, and indeed every habitation; travelling principally in the night, when, except in cities, the officers of government had retired from their stations. How he succeeded in getting from one end of Italy to the other it is difficult to say; but certain it is, that after the interval of a few weeks, he presented himself at the Villa Spina.

With considerable difficulty he obtained admission to the presence of the Marchese, who received him standing, with an inquiring look, not at all recognising the noble youth. Ferdinand requested a private interview, for there were several visitors present. His voice startled the Marchese, who complied, taking him into another apartment. Here Ferdinand disclosed himself, and, with rapid and agitated utterance, was relating the history of his misfortunes, when the tramp of horses was heard, the great bell rang, and a domestic announced "Count Ferdinando Eboli." "It is himself," cried the youth, turning pale. The words were strange, and they appeared still more so, when the person announced entered; the perfect semblance of the young noble, whose name he assumed, as he had appeared, when last, at his departure, he trod the pavement of the hall. He inclined his head gracefully to the baron, turning with a glance of surprise, but more disdain, towards Ferdinand, exclaiming, "Thou here!"

Ferdinand drew himself up to his full height. In spite of fatigue, ill fare, and coarse garments, his manner was full of dignity. The Marchese looked at him fixedly, and started as he marked his proud mien, and saw in his expressive features the very face of Eboli. But again he was perplexed when he turned and discerned, as in a mirror, the same countenance reflected by the new comer, who underwent this scrutiny somewhat impatiently. In brief and scornful words, he told the Marchese that this was a second attempt in the intruder to impose himself as Count Eboli; that the trick had failed before, and would again; adding, laughing, that it was hard to be brought to prove himself to be himself, against the assertion of a *briccone*, whose likeness to him, and matchless impudence, were his whole stock in trade.

"Why, my good fellow," continued he, sneeringly, "you put me out of conceit with myself, to think that one, apparently so like me, should get on no better in the world."

The blood mounted into Ferdinand's cheeks on his enemy's bitter taunts; with difficulty he restrained himself from closing with his

foe, while the words "traitorous impostor!" burst from his lips. The baron commanded the fierce youth to be silent, and, moved by a look that he remembered to be Ferdinand's, he said, gently, "By your respect for me, I adjure you to be patient; fear not but that I will deal impartially." Then turning to the pretended Eboli, he added that he could not doubt but that he was the true Count, and asked excuse for his previous indecision. At first the latter appeared angry, but at length he burst into a laugh, and then, apologizing for his ill breeding, continued laughing heartily at the perplexity of the Marchese. It is certain, his gaiety gained more credit with his auditor than the indignant glances of poor Ferdinand. The false Count then said that, after the king's menaces, he had entertained no expectation that the farce was to be played over again. He had obtained leave of absence, of which he profited to visit his future father-in-law, after having spent a few days in his own palazzo at Naples. Until now, Ferdinand had listened silently with a feeling of curiosity, anxious to learn all he could of the actions and motives of his rival; but at these last words he could no longer contain himself. "What!" cried he, "hast thou usurped my place in my own father's house, and dared assume my power in my ancestral halls?" A gush of tears overpowered the youth; he hid his face in his hands. Fierceness and pride lit up the countenance of the pretender. "By the eternal God and the sacred cross, I swear," he exclaimed, "that palace is my father's palace; those halls the halls of my ancestors!" Ferdinand looked up with surprise; "And the earth opens not," he said, "to swallow the perjured man." He then, at the call of the Marchese, related his adventures, while scorn mantled on the features of his rival. The Marchese, looking at both, could not free himself from doubt. He turned from one to the other: in spite of the wild and disordered appearance of poor Ferdinand, there was something in him that forbade his friend to condemn him as the impostor; but then it was utterly impossible to pronounce such the gallant and noble looking youth, who could only be acknowledged as the real Count by the disbelief of the other's tale. The Marchese, calling an attendant, sent for his fair daughter. "This decision," said he, "shall be made over to the subtle judgment of a woman, and the keen penetration of one who loves." Both the youths now smiled—the same smile; the same expression—that, of anticipated triumph. The baron was more perplexed than ever.

Adalinda had heard of the arrival of Count Eboli, and entered, resplendent in youth and happiness. She turned quickly towards him who resembled most the person she expected to see; when a well known voice pronounced her name, and she gazed aghast on the double appearance of the lover. Her father, taking her hand, briefly explained the mystery, and bade her assure herself which was her affianced husband.

"Signorina," said Ferdinand, "disdain me not because I appear before you thus in disgrace and misery. Your love, your goodness will restore me to prosperity and happiness."

"I know not by what means," said the wondering girl, "but surely you are Count Eboli."

"Adalinda," said the rival youth, "waste not your words on a villain. Lovely and deceived one, I trust, trembling I say it, that I can with one word assure you that I am Eboli."

"Adalinda," said Ferdinand, "I placed the nuptial ring on your finger; before God your vows were given to me."

The false Count approached the lady, and bending one knee, took from his heart a locket, enclosing hair tied with a green riband, which she recognised to have worn, and pointed to a slight scar on his left hand.

Adalinda blushed deeply, and turning to her father, said, motioning towards the kneeling youth,

"He is Ferdinand."

All protestations now from the unhappy Eboli were vain. The Marchese would have cast him into a dungeon; but, at the earnest request of his rival, he was not detained, but thrust ignominiously from the villa. The rage of a wild beast newly chained was less than the tempest of indignation that now filled the heart of Ferdinand. Physical suffering, from fatigue and fasting, was added to his internal anguish; for some hours madness, if that were madness which never forgets its ill, possessed him. In a tumult of feelings there was one predominant idea: it was, to take possession of his father's house, and to try, by ameliorating the fortuitous circumstances of his lot, to gain the upper hand of his adversary. He expended his remaining strength in reaching Naples, entered his family palace, and was received and acknowledged by his astonished domestics.

One of his first acts was to take from a cabinet a miniature of his father encircled with jewels, and to invoke the aid of the paternal spirit. Refreshment and a bath restored him to some of his usual strength; and he looked forward with almost childish delight to one night to be spent in peace under the roof of his father's house. This was not permitted. Ere midnight the great bell sounded: his rival entered as master, with the Marchese Spina. The result may be divined. The Marchese appeared more indignant than the false Eboli. He insisted that the unfortunate youth should be imprisoned. The portrait, whose setting was costly, found on him, proved him guilty of robbery. He was given into the hands of the police, and thrown into a dungeon. I will not dwell on the subsequent scenes. He was tried by the tribunal, condemned as guilty, and sentenced to the galleys for life.

On the eve of the day when he was to be removed from the Neapolitan prison to work on the roads in Calabria, his rival visited him in his dungeon. For some moments both looked at the other in silence. The impostor gazed on the prisoner with mingled pride and compassion: there was evidently a struggle in his heart. The answering glance of Ferdinand was calm, free, and dignified. He was not resigned to his hard fate, but he disdained to make any exhibition of despair to his cruel

and successful foe. A spasm of pain seemed to wrench the bosom of the false one; and he turned aside, striving to recover the hardness of heart which had hitherto supported him in the prosecution of his guilty enterprise. Ferdinand spoke first.

"What would the triumphant criminal with his innocent victim?"

His visitant replied haughtily, "Do not address such epithets to me, or I leave you to your fate; I am that which I say I am."

"To me this boast," cried Ferdinand, scornfully; "but perhaps these walls have ears."

"Heaven, at least, is not deaf," said the deceiver; "favouring Heaven, which knows and admits my claim. But a truce to this idle discussion. Compassion—a distaste to see one so very like myself in such ill condition—a foolish whim, perhaps, on which you may congratulate yourself—has led me hither. The bolts of your dungeon are drawn; here is a purse of gold; fulfil one easy condition, and you are free."

"And that condition?"

"Sign this paper."

He gave to Ferdinand a writing, containing a confession of his imputed crimes. The hand of the guilty youth trembled as he gave it; there was confusion in his mien, and a restless uneasy rolling of his eye. Ferdinand wished in one mighty word, potent as lightning, loud as thunder, to convey his burning disdain of this proposal: but expression is weak, and calm is more full of power than storm. Without a word, he tore the paper in two pieces, and threw them at the feet of his enemy.

With a sudden change of manner, his visitant conjured him, in voluble and impetuous terms, to comply. Ferdinand answered only by requesting to be left alone. Now and then a half word broke uncontrollably from his lips; but he curbed himself. Yet he could not hide his agitation when, as an argument to make him yield, the false Count assured him that he was already married to Adalinda. Bitter agony thrilled poor Ferdinand's frame; but he preserved a calm mien, and an unaltered resolution. Having exhausted every menace and every persuasion, his rival left him, the purpose for which he came unaccomplished. On the morrow, with many others, the refuse of mankind, Count Ferdinando Eboli was led in chains to the unwholesome plains of Calabria, to work there at the roads.

I must hurry over some of the subsequent events; for a detailed account of them would fill volumes. The assertion of the usurper of Ferdinand's right, that he was already married to Adalinda, was, like all else he said, false. The day was, however, fixed for their union, when the illness and the subsequent death of the Marchese Spina delayed its celebration. Adalinda retired, during the first months of mourning, to a castle belonging to her father not far from Arpino, a town of the kingdom of Naples, in the midst of the Apennines, about fifty miles from the capital. Before she went, the deceiver tried to persuade her to consent to a private marriage. He was probably afraid that, in the long interval that was about to ensue before he could secure her, she would discover his imposture. Besides, a rumour

had gone abroad that one of the fellow-prisoners of Ferdinand, a noted bandit, had escaped, and that the young count was his companion in flight. Adalinda, however, refused to comply with her lover's entreaties, and retired to her seclusion with an old aunt, who was blind and deaf, but an excellent duenna.

The false Eboli seldom visited his mistress; but he was a master in his art, and subsequent events showed that he must have spent all his time disguised in the vicinity of the castle. He contrived by various means, unsuspected at the moment, to have all Adalinda's servants changed for creatures of his own; so that, without her being aware of the restraint, she was, in fact, a prisoner in her own house. It is impossible to say what first awakened her suspicions concerning the deception put upon her. She was an Italian, with all the habitual quiescence and lassitude of her countrywomen in the ordinary routine of life, and with all their energy and passion when roused. The moment the doubt darted into her mind, she resolved to be assured; a few questions relative to scenes that had passed between poor Ferdinand and herself sufficed for this. They were asked so suddenly and pointedly that the pretender was thrown off his guard; he looked confused, and stammered in his replies. Their eyes met, he felt that he was detected, and she saw that he perceived her now confirmed suspicions. A look such as is peculiar to an impostor, a glance that deformed his beauty, and filled his usually noble countenance with the hideous lines of cunning and cruel triumph, completed her faith in her own discernment. "How," she thought, "could I have mistaken this man for my own gentle Eboli?" Again their eyes met: the peculiar expression of his terrified her, and she hastily quitted the apartment.

Her resolution was quickly formed. It was of no use to attempt to explain her situation to her old aunt. She determined to depart immediately for Naples, throw herself at the feet of Gioacchino, and to relate and obtain credit for her strange history. But the time was already lost when she could have executed this design. The contrivances of the deceiver were complete—she found herself a prisoner. Excess of fear gave her boldness, if not courage. She sought her jailer. A few minutes before, she had been a young and thoughtless girl, docile as a child, and as unsuspecting. Now she felt as if she had suddenly grown old in wisdom, and that the experience of years had been gained in that of a few seconds.

During their interview she was wary and firm; while the instinctive power of innocence over guilt gave majesty to her demeanour. The contriver of her ills for a moment cowered beneath her eye. At first he would by no means allow that he was not the person he pretended to be: but the energy and eloquence of truth bore down his artifice, so that, at length driven into a corner, he turned—a stag at bay. Then it was her turn to quail; for the superior energy of a man gave him the mastery. He declared the truth. He was the elder brother of Ferdinand, a natural son of the old Count Eboli. His mother, who had

been wronged, never forgave her injurer, and bred her son in deadly hate for his parent, and a belief that the advantages enjoyed by his more fortunate brother were rightfully his own. His education was rude; but he had an Italian's subtle talents, swiftness of perception, and guileful arts.

"It would blanch your cheek," he said to his trembling auditors, "could I describe all that I have suffered to achieve my purpose. I would trust to none—I executed all myself. It was a glorious triumph, but due to my perseverance and my fortitude, when I and my usurping brother stood, I, the noble, he, the degraded outcast, before our sovereign."

Having rapidly detailed his history, he now sought to win the favourable ear of Adalinda, who stood with averted and angry looks. He tried by the varied shows of passion and tenderness to move her heart. Was he not, in truth, the object of her love? Was it not he who scaled her balcony at Villa Spina? He recalled scenes of mutual overflow of feeling to her mind, thus urging arguments the most potent with a delicate woman: pure blushes tinged her cheek, but horror of the deceiver predominated over every other sentiment. He swore that as soon as they should be united he would free Ferdinand, and bestow competency, nay, if so she willed it, half his possessions, on him. She coldly replied, that she would rather share the chains of the innocent and misery, than link herself with imposture and crime. She demanded her liberty, but the untamed and even ferocious nature that had borne the deceiver through his career of crime now broke forth, and he invoked fearful imprecations on his head, if she ever quitted the castle except as his wife. His look of conscious power and unbridled wickedness terrified her; her flashing eyes spoke abhorrence: it would have been far easier for her to have died than have yielded the smallest point to a man who made her feel for one moment his irresistible power, arising from her being an unprotected woman, wholly in his hands. She left him, feeling as if she had just escaped from the impending sword of an assassin.

One hour's deliberation suggested to her a method of escape from her terrible situation. In a wardrobe at the castle lay in their pristine gloss the habiliments of a page of her mother, who had died suddenly, leaving these unworn relics of his station. Dressing herself in these, she tied up her dark shining hair, and even, with a somewhat bitter feeling, girded on the slight sword that appertained to the costume. Then, through a private passage leading from her own apartment to the chapel of the castle, she glided with noiseless steps, long after the Ave Maria sounded at twenty-four o'clock, had, on a November night, given token that half an hour had passed since the setting of the sun. She possessed the key of the chapel door—it opened at her touch; she closed it behind her, and she was free. The pathless hills were around her, the starry heavens above, and a cold wintry breeze murmured around the castle walls; but fear of her enemy conquered every other fear, and she tripped lightly on, in a kind of ecstacy, for many a long hour over the stony mountain-

path—she, who had never before walked more than a mile or two at any time of her life,—till her feet were blistered, her slight shoes cut through, her way utterly lost. At morning's dawn she found herself in the midst of the wild ilex-covered Apennines, and neither habitation nor human being apparent.

She was hungry and weary. She had brought gold and jewels with her; but here were no means of exchanging these for food. She remembered stories of banditti; but none could be so ruffian-like and cruel as him from whom she fled. This thought, a little rest, and a draught of water from a pure mountain-spring, restored her to some portion of courage, and she continued her journey. Noonday approached; and, in the south of Italy, the noon-day sun, when unclouded, even in November, is oppressively warm, especially to an Italian woman, who never exposes herself to its beams. Faintness came over her. There appeared recesses in the mountain-side along which she was travelling, grown over with bay and arbutus: she entered one of these, there to repose. It was deep, and led to another that opened into a spacious cavern lighted from above: there were dates, grapes, and a flagon of wine, on a rough hewn table. She looked fearfully around, but no inhabitant appeared. She placed herself at the table, and, half in dread, ate of the food presented to her, and then sat, her elbow on the table, her head resting on her little snow-white hand; her dark hair shading her brow and clustering round her throat. An appearance of languor and fatigue diffused through her attitude, while her soft black eyes filled at intervals with large tears, as pitying herself, she recurred to the cruel circumstances of her lot. Her fanciful but elegant dress, her feminine form, her beauty and her grace, as she sat pensive and alone in the rough unwhewn cavern, formed a picture a poet would describe with delight, an artist love to paint.

"She seemed a being of another world; a seraph, all light and beauty; a Ganymede, escaped from his thrall above to his natal Ida. It was long before I recognised, looking down on her from the opening hill, my lost Adalinda." Thus spoke the young Count Eboli, when he related this story; for its end was as romantic as its commencement.

When Ferdinando had arrived a galley-slave in Calabria, he found himself coupled with a bandit, a brave fellow, who abhorred his chains, from love of freedom, as much as his fellow-prisoner did, from all the combination of disgrace and misery they brought upon him. Together they devised a plan of escape, and succeeded in effecting it. On their road, Ferdinando related his story to the outlaw, who encouraged him to hope a favourable turn of fate; and meanwhile invited and persuaded the desperate man to share his fortunes as a robber among the wild hills of Calabria.

The cavern where Adalinda had taken refuge was one of their fastnesses, whither they betook themselves at periods of imminent danger for safety only, as no booty could be collected in that unpeopled solitude; and there, one afternoon, returning from the chase, they found the wandering, fearful, solitary, fugi-

tive girl; and never was lighthouse more welcome to tempest-tost sailor than was her own Ferdinand to his lady-love.

Fortune, now tired of persecuting the young noble, favoured him still further. The story of the lovers interested the bandit chief, and promise of reward secured him. Ferdinand persuaded Adalinda to remain one night in the cave, and on the following morning they prepared to proceed to Naples; but at the moment of their departure they were surprised by an unexpected visitant: the robbers brought in a prisoner—it was the impostor. Missing on the morrow her who was the pledge of his safety and success, but assured that she could not have wandered far, he despatched emissaries in all directions to seek her; and himself, joining in the pursuit, followed the road she had taken, and was captured by these lawless men, who expected rich ransom from one whose appearance denoted rank and wealth. When they discovered who their prisoner was, they generously delivered him up into his brother's hands.

Ferdinand and Adalinda proceeded to Naples. On their arrival, she presented herself to Queen Caroline; and, through her, Murat heard with astonishment the device that had been practised on him. The young Count was restored to his honours and possessions, and within a few months afterwards was united to his betrothed bride.

The compassionate nature of the Count and Countess led them to interest themselves warmly in the fate of Ludovico, whose subsequent career was more honourable but less fortunate. At the intercession of his relative, Giocchino permitted him to enter the army, where he distinguished himself, and obtained promotion. The brothers were at Moscow together, and mutually assisted each other during the horrors of the retreat. At one time overcome by drowsiness, the mortal symptom resulting from excessive cold, Ferdinando lingered behind his comrades; but Ludovico refusing to leave him, dragged him on in spite of himself, till, entering a village, food and fire restored him, and his life was saved. On another evening, when wind and sleet added to the horror of their situation, Ludovico, after many ineffectual struggles, slid from his horse lifeless; Ferdinando was at his side, and, dismounting, endeavoured by every means in his power to bring back pulsation to his stagnant blood. His comrades went forward, and the young Count was left alone with his dying brother in the wide boundless waste. Once Ludovico opened his eyes and recognised him; he pressed his hand, and his lips moved to utter a blessing as he died. At that moment the welcome sounds of the enemy's approach roused Ferdinand from the despair into which his dreadful situation plunged him. He was taken prisoner, and his life was thus saved. When Napoleon went to Elba, he, with many others of his countrymen, was liberated, and returned to Naples.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

FRENCH HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION.*

IN the year 1756, Hume published the second volume of his History of England, containing the period from the death of Charles I. to the Revolution. At that time he had access only to such materials as the Library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh afforded. A selection from the correspondence of Davaux, the ambassador of France to the States, had indeed lately been published, of which the historian availed himself; but he was ignorant of those invaluable stores of historical information which existed at Paris, in the archives of the Scotch College, and in the *Dépôt des Affaires Etrangères*. On his subsequent visit to that metropolis, he appears to have seen,† and to have been delighted with some important manuscript memoirs, preserved in the Scotch College, consisting of original papers in the hand-writing of James II., and of a more formal narrative, apparently drawn up by some person under the directions of James or his son. These papers had also been previously examined by Carte the historian, who made considerable extracts from them, which afterwards fell into the hands of Mr. Macpherson, who himself visited Paris, for the purpose of examining the original documents. The extracts were printed by him in his *Original Papers*, and are there said to be copied from the Memoirs in James's own hand. It seems certain, however, that these extracts were made from the formal narrative, and not from the original documents. The latter, at the time of the French Revolution, were lost, but the narrative was preserved, and forms the "*Life of James II.*" published by the Rev. J. S. Clarke, in pursuance of the desire of His Majesty, then Prince Regent, into whose possession the original MSS. had come. Of the value of this publication it is unnecessary to speak; all who are versed in English history know how to appreciate it. Nor does this work form the only addition to the materials for a history of the Revolution, which has been made since the time of Hume. Sir John Dalrymple, with great industry collected in the appendix to his History, a large and most important correspondence relating to the political transactions of that period, and amongst the rest, gave many of the letters of Barillon, the French ambassador at St. James's, to his court. The importance of the latter induced Mr. Fox, when engaged on his *History of the Reign of James II.* to make a strenuous exertion to procure the whole of that correspondence. Accordingly, on the restoration of peace in 1802, he visited Paris, and passed a great part of every morning in the *Dépôt des Affaires Etrangères*, accompanied by his friends, Lord St. John, Mr. Adair and Mr. Trotter, who assisted him in transcribing the original papers.

"The correspondence of Barillon," says Lord Holland, "did not disappoint his expectations.

* Histoire de la Révolution de 1688, en Angleterre. Par F. A. J. Mazure, Inspecteur-Général des Etudes. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1825.

† See Dugald Stewart's Life of Robertson.

He thought the additional information contained in those parts of it, which Sir J. Dalrymple had omitted to extract, or to publish, so important, that he procured copies of them all. He observed to one of his correspondents, 'My studies at Paris, have been useful beyond what I can describe;' and his expression to me was, 'Barillon's letters were worth their weight in gold.'—*Preface*, p. xxxiv.

The copies thus made by Mr. Fox, are printed (so far as the period of his history extends) at the end of his work, and from the expressions used by Lord Holland, we should have supposed, that this formed a complete collection of the correspondence during this period. The researches of M. Mazure have shown that this is not the case.*

At length a native of France has undertaken the task of illustrating from original sources, the most important and interesting period of our national history. On an examination of the mass of original documents which the archives of France contained relative to this great Revolution, M. Mazure discovered so much that had been overlooked by other historians, that he resolved to give to the world the History now before us—a work highly creditable to his industry and talents, and which certainly forms by far the best narrative of those great events which are still, "in our flowing cups freshly remembered." In the composition of this history, the author has not only availed himself of the correspondence of Barillon, but has made much use of the other state papers which the archives of Paris contain, relative to the reign of James II. He has also, of course, consulted "*The Life of James II.*" of which we have given some account. No previous writer, therefore, has possessed materials so copious, so authentic, and so valuable as those which M. Mazure has had the good fortune to command; and it is no slight commendation to say, that he has displayed both candour and judgment in the use of these valuable materials.

The greater part of M. Mazure's first volume, is devoted to the reign of Charles II.—a narrative essentially necessary to the correct understanding of the subsequent portion of his history. But as this part of the work is more in the nature of a sketch, we shall pass at once to the commencement of the reign of James II., being guided in the observations and extracts which we shall make, by that which we con-

* "Mr. Fox went somewhat further; but he abandoned his researches to copyists, or merely indicated them by a pencil mark: it was not therefore difficult to find what he had not even suspected."—*Preface*, p. ix. We have been at the trouble of examining the omissions in Barillon's correspondence, as published in the appendix to Mr. Fox's History, so far as we can gather them from Mazure's references. There are wanting, 1. a letter giving an account of the battle of Sedgemoor, (*Mazure*, vol. i. p. 471.); 2. two letters of 23d and 26th July, 1685, giving an account of Monmouth's interview with the king, (*Mazure*, vol. ii. p. 7.); 3. a letter of the 3d July, also relating to Monmouth, (*ib.* p. 10.); 4. a letter of 30th August, relating to the policy of James towards the states, (*ib.* p. 39.) There are probably other omissions.

ceive to be the peculiar value of the work before us, viz. the information which M. Mazure has derived from his researches into the important documents, preserved in the archives of Paris and St. Germain's.

When James II. left the chamber of his dead brother, there was not in Christendom a more powerful prince than himself. The undisputed successor to a splendid and now tranquil throne, the sovereign of a people, who in wealth as well as in valour, vied with the first nations of Europe, he held the balance in which the great powers of the civilized world were weighed against each other. Hitherto his life had been full of vicissitudes, but the diadem which at length encircled his brows, seemed also to have crowned his fortunes. The murmurs of those who had attempted to exclude him from his inheritance were no longer heard; the principles which had led the virtue of Russel, and the bravery of Sidney to the block seemed extinguished, and even the enthusiasts who had made Oates their apostle, did not venture to express their abhorrence of the royal papist. Under these auspicious circumstances did James ascend his throne, the foundations of which it seemed almost impossible for him to shake. But the objects upon which, from the commencement of his reign, his whole affections were fixed, were precisely those which were calculated to destroy him. He selected the only two courses which could have led to his ruin—the establishment of the Catholic faith, and of absolute power. It is possible that either of those dangerous projects, if separately attempted, might have been achieved; but the union of them was fatal. It has been the subject of much grave argument amongst our historians, whether bigotry or tyranny, was James's prevailing incentive; but it would be just as reasonable to inquire, whether it be her form or her fortune, which attracts the lover to his rich and beautiful mistress. It is a task of no ordinary difficulty to analyze the motives by which men are actuated, and the only conclusion at which we can arrive is, that James devoted himself most passionately to the attainment of both his favourite objects.

His first care upon his accession, was to secure the countenance and assistance of Louis XIV. The sovereign who revoked the edict of Nantes, was a fitting ally for him who authorized the cruelties of the Scottish Privy Council. Two days after the death of his brother, James took Barillon, the French ambassador, to his closet, and explained to him the whole of the unconstitutional scheme which he had resolved to carry into effect. He was to display a wise and magnanimous forgetfulness of injuries; he was to summon a Parliament without delay; he was to affect a respect for the laws; but the real object of all these fair and specious promises was, without scruple, declared to the agent of the French king. It is in this view that the correspondence of Barillon is so truly valuable, and that in resorting to the archives of his own nation, M. Mazure may be said to have reached the fountain-head of the history of these times.

The motives which actuated James in calling together the representatives of the people immediately after his accession, were fully de-

tailed to him by Barillon, on the 18th of February, 1684, only two days after his brother's death. He then told him that he had determined to call a Parliament immediately, without which it would be difficult for him to maintain himself in the possession of the revenues, which had legally ceased on the death of the late king, and that this measure would not prevent him, if circumstances admitted it, either from putting off the meeting of Parliament, or from adopting such other means as might appear more convenient. He added, that had he delayed to summon a Parliament, the opposition of the people might have compelled him to levy the customs by force, instead of which he should now pretend to have the law in his favour, and it would be very easy to reduce those who opposed him. Desirous of strengthening James in these good resolutions, Louis hastened to afford him the pecuniary assistance which he so importunately craved, and bills of exchange for the sum of 500,000 livres were transmitted to Barillon. The manner in which the king received the intelligence of this mean subsidy is thus related by the ambassador, and furnishes a striking and memorable picture of the real servility and baseness of those who affect to be tyrants.

"The king was extremely surprised, and said to me, with tears in his eyes, 'No one but the king your master could act in so noble a manner, and so full of kindness to me; I confess to you that I feel more sensibly what he has done on this occasion, than any thing which can happen to me during the rest of my life; for I see clearly the bottom of his heart, and how desirous he is that my affairs should prosper; he has met all my wishes and anticipated all my wants; I can never be sufficiently grateful for such a mode of proceeding; testify my gratitude to him, and be a guarantee of the attachment which I shall feel towards him during the whole of my life.'"

The temper of the Parliament seemed at first to be altogether such as James desired. They displayed a degree of subserviency to his wishes which might have satisfied the appetite of any ordinary monarch, and it was only when the subject of religion arose, that they showed the least disposition to thwart the royal will. Notice whatever was taken of the illegal measures which had been pursued with regard to the levying of the customs after the death of the late king, and so far were the Commons from resenting this outrage upon their first and most valuable privilege, that they immediately proceeded to bestow upon the king a far more magnificent revenue than any of his predecessors had yet enjoyed.

The revenue being thus secured by law, on a footing so liberal as to render all further applications for the parsimonious supplies of the French king unnecessary and inexcusable, and the parliament displaying a devotion to his wishes which might have led James to hope for the final accomplishment of all his designs, what more could he desire? It is difficult to credit the fact, but the testimony of Barillon cannot be doubted, he longed for a rebellion! The letter of the French ambassador, mentioning this singular aspiration, is not given by Mr. Fox, and M. Mazure is the first historian by

whom it has been noticed. The detestable desire was gratified, in the insurrection of Argyle in Scotland, and that of Monmouth in England. Of these transactions M. Mazure has given a clear and succinct relation, in which he has made use of a letter of Barillon, omitted by Mr. Fox, relating to the interview of the duke with the king, and his demeanour on that occasion. In consequence of a letter addressed to him by Monmouth, James resolved to admit the duke to his presence; "une chose," says Barillon, "bien extraordinaire et fort opposée à l'usage des autres nations." To this it may be added, that it was equally opposed to the usages of this country, which forbid the sovereign from calling to his presence, unless for the purposes of mercy, the sufferer whom the law has devoted to death. The old and merciful distich,

"A king's face
Should show grace,"

was forgotten by James—the uncle beheld his weeping nephew without pity, and the sovereign his repentant subject without pardon. It is a fact related by Barillon, which does not, we believe, appear in the other narratives of this interview, that Monmouth was ushered into the presence with his arms bound behind him, but with his hands free; a fact, which if correct, and there is no reason to doubt its correctness, betrays the cowardice as well as the cruelty of the king. The account which is preserved in the Memoirs of James II., taken from his own papers, is in itself sufficiently revolting, but with the addition of the circumstances mentioned by Barillon, it presents a picture of the darkest colours. "When the Duke of Monmouth," say the Memoirs, "was brought before the king, he fell upon his knees, crawling upon them to embrace those of His Majesty, and forgetting the character of a hero, which he had so long pretended to, behaved himself with the greatest meanness and abjection imaginable, omitting no humiliation or pretence of sorrow or repentance to move the king to compassion and mercy." Of what materials must the heart of that man have been made, who could first witness such a spectacle, and then record it!

So far, politically speaking, the wish expressed by James for a rebellion seemed to have been founded in what statesmen call wisdom. The blood of Monmouth and of Argyle had cemented the edifice of his power. But the feelings of aversion and distrust which misgovernment could not awaken in the minds of the people, were roused at once by the voice of zeal and bigotry. In his address to the council immediately after the death of his brother, and in his speech on the opening of parliament, James had solemnly promised to protect and support the church of England. The clergy exulted at this declaration, they had the word of a king, "a word never yet broken," and in this they placed the most implicit faith. The mode in which James proceeded to redeem the pledge thus solemnly given was singular. At first he contented himself with the open exercise of his religion in the royal chapel. He then established persons of the Catholic faith in places of trust about his person,

and introduced them into the privy council. By degrees the commissions in the army were filled up with their names; while every endeavour was made, by promises and menaces, to obtain from Parliament an abolition of the test laws. The progress of the design is well traced by M. Mazure, who has fully explained the part taken by the French king in these schemes, and the motives by which he was actuated. With regard to the ultimate objects of James himself, there is little doubt that he looked not merely to the toleration of the Catholic faith, but to its supremacy in this country. With what circumstances of persecution towards the professors of a different faith such a supremacy would have been accompanied at that time, may be well imagined, when the stern character of the monarch himself and the furious bigotry of his nearest advisers are considered. The recent persecutions of the Protestants in France afforded an example which James would doubtless have followed, the moment he found that he might with safety adopt such a course, an assertion for which we have the authority of Barillon: "On feroit ici," he observes in a despatch to Louis, "ce qui se fait en France, si l'on pouvoit espérer de réussir."—(vol. ii. p. 127.) Amongst other schemes suggested to the king by the more zealous Catholics, was that of converting the Princess Anne to the faith of Rome; and of altering the succession in her favour. This design was contemplated so early as the month of March, 1685, as appears from a letter of Barillon to his master, dated on the 12th of that month, overlooked by Mr. Fox, and unknown to other historians.—(vol. i. p. 417.) Of the intemperate zeal with which James followed up his designs, some other instances are given in the volumes before us, unnoticed by our own native writers. The king had promoted by every means in his power the establishment of chapels for the use of the Catholics. Encouraged by the favour shown at court to these establishments, the minister of the Elector Palatine, an English Catholic, began to build a chapel of his own in the city. This attempt immediately attracted the attention of the Lord Mayor, who, accompanied by the sheriffs, visited the new building, and forbade the workmen to continue their labours. The Elector Palatine himself, being informed of the opposition made to his agent's proceedings, addressed a letter to the king, stating that he was unwilling to be the cause of any popular disturbance, and that he had commanded his minister to build the chapel in a place less exposed to public observation. "Mais le roi," says Barillon, "se moqua de la lettre de l'Electeur, comme indigne d'un prince Catholique, et fit continuer les travaux." The consequence naturally was, that the opening of the chapel occasioned a formidable riot. Another instance of the king's want of discretion occurred about the same time. The French ambassador had represented to him that a seditious pamphlet, injurious to the reputation of his master, had been introduced into this country, and intreated that it might be ordered to be burnt by the hangman. The matter was debated in council, and even Jefferies submitted to the king, that it would be somewhat extraordinary to burn a work written in French

and printed in Holland, containing nothing injurious to England. In answer to this remonstrance the king made use of a popular figure of speech, which, as M. Mazure observes, "it would be difficult to express with any dignity."

"Dogs defend each other, when one of them is attacked. Kings ought to do as much. I have other reasons for not suffering a libel of this kind against the king of France."

No answer was made to this, "but," adds Barillon, "some persons were desirous of stating, that as the book in question was principally directed against the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, it would give the king's enemies the power of saying that he approved of the persecution of the Protestants." "Nothing," continues the ambassador, "has produced so great an impression since the king came to the throne." The conduct of the French monarch on this occasion was curiously contrasted with that of our own sovereign. He blamed the officious zeal which had led Barillon to demand the suppression of the libel in England, and exhibited a good sense on the subject well worthy of the imitation of later monarchs.

"I desire," said he to his ambassador, "that you will take no step to procure this piece to be burnt, or to prevent its being translated into English. *Books of this kind usually lose their credit from the little attention paid to them, and are only sought after in consequence of the pains taken to suppress them.*"

Not only did James outstrip the French king in zeal, but displayed a greater eagerness to promote the Catholic faith than even the Holy See itself. He had long been desirous that Count D'Adda, the Pope's Nuncio, a young man who had before resided at the English court in a secular capacity, should assume his ecclesiastical habit; but the Nuncio, having a regard at once to his safety and to his appearance, for some time resisted the king's pious importunities. At length James, who thought it somewhat scandalous that the Emperor of Morocco should have an envoy publicly accredited at his court, while the Head of all Christendom was not permitted to send any ostensible representative, prevailed upon the Nuncio to be consecrated archbishop *in partibus* of Amasia, at the chapel of St. James's, and to make a public entry into Windsor. The king afterwards found, as he tells us in his Memoirs, that it would have been more prudent to have waived "this outward ostentation;" but despising the consequences, he resolved that the ceremony should be performed with all due solemnity. M. Mazure has given a curious account of this transaction from the letters of Barillon.

"The ceremony was publicly performed amidst a concourse of English of all persuasions. At night after supper, the Nuncio made his appearance in the queen's apartments in his episcopal dress. The king and queen went upon their knees to him. 'This,' says Barillon in a note in cypher, 'gave great surprise to many persons who have never seen other monarchs ask for the Nuncio's benediction. His Britannic majesty remarked this, and said that it was not as nuncio but as archbishop that his benediction was required.' James II. ex-

pressed himself in terms of great satisfaction with this ceremony, to the French ambassador. 'The king, your master,' said he to Barillon, 'will doubtless feel great pleasure on hearing that a Catholic prelate has been publicly consecrated at my court;' and on quitting him, he added, 'You see that I omit nothing in my power. I hope that the king your master will assist me, and that we shall in concert do great things for religion.'—vol. ii. p. 239.

It cannot be alleged in excuse of James that he was not aware of the fatal consequences of his measures. He early foresaw and prepared for the struggle into which he knew that his outraged subjects must be plunged. Some singular proofs of this fact are given by M. Mazure, drawn from the correspondence of Barillon and Bonrepaus, and unknown to our own historians. Besides making preparations for war in Ireland, (of which we shall speak hereafter,) James had early in 1687 begun to fortify Portsmouth, from an evident apprehension of civil disturbances. During the king's progress into the west, in which Bonrepaus, the French envoy, accompanied him, the royal party visited Portsmouth, and on the envoy expressing his admiration of the manner in which the town was fortified, and of the impossibility of annoying it from the sea—

"The precautions," said the king, "are not against the bombs which may be discharged from the sea, but entirely against the land side; and it is my firm intention to put the fortifications of Portsmouth in such a state that I shall have no apprehension of being insulted in it."

Bonrepaus adds, that in all conversations which had taken place between the king and himself, he perceived that James had no intention of employing his navy, and that, on the contrary, in all his proceedings his object was to fortify himself on land against his subjects. (Mazure, vol. ii. p. 253.) It should not be forgotten that this letter of the French envoy was written before the trial of the Seven Bishops, and before the people manifested any of those indubitable signs of resistance which might have justified such a jealousy.

The policy pursued by James with regard to Ireland is fully developed in the correspondence of the French ministers. From the commencement of his reign he had employed himself in putting that island into such a state, that, should he be driven from his English dominions, he might find a refuge amongst his Irish subjects. Of this fact, an incontestable proof remains in the French archives, in the shape of a report on the military strength of that country made by Lord Dartmouth, who received a commission for that purpose from the king.

"To complete what relates to Ireland," says our author, "James II., at the very beginning of his reign, had a survey made of all the military fortifications of that island by Lord Dartmouth, Master-general of the Ordnance. His report, which is now before us, proves the existence of an express plan of wresting the preponderance from the English, and of establishing in Ireland a system of defence for a hypothesis which was afterwards realized; namely, the necessity of the king's taking refuge amongst the Irish Catholics. *The same plan*

must one day be followed by the first nation of the continent in endeavouring to separate Ireland from England; it will and must be that of France, if France is ever endangered by the policy of England."—vol. ii. p. 115.

We particularly recommend the last sentence to the consideration of those who do not hesitate still to support that system of exasperation, which at this time had nearly thrown Ireland into the hands of France, and which must always expose her to the solicitations of our enemies. The warning given by M. Mazure is not to be regarded as the threat of a demagogue.

While James was thus rendering Ireland a citadel for himself in case of distress, his lieutenant, Tyrconnel, was plotting to render that island a province of France. The account of this intrigue (taken from the letters of Bonrepaus) is so curious that we give it at length.

"The king's designs upon Ireland embraced a period of five years. That time appeared necessary to him, in order to fortify that kingdom, and to prepare an asylum in it for the Catholics, independent of his successor, if the Prince of Orange succeeded to him. But the Duke of Tyrconnel had views of less distant completion. An English nobleman who possessed his entire confidence, and who treated with the king respecting all the affairs of Ireland, made a proposal to Bonrepaus to repair to Chester. Tyrconnel had allowed him to open his mind to him. 'The plans of the viceroy,' he said, 'were subordinate to the life of James II., and he was taking measures under all circumstances to place himself under the protection of the King of France. Meanwhile he was warmly urging the King of England to form magazines of arms and ammunition of every description; and already a vessel had just been sent to Ireland laden with gunpowder and howitzers.' Bonrepaus, who had not yet received the answer of the Marquis de Seignelay, durst not venture to repair to Chester, and to expose himself unauthorized to such confidential communications. Shortly afterwards he received from France the requisite powers. 'His majesty,' said M. de Seignelay, 'regards the business as most important. If the person you mention has positive credentials from my Lord Tyrconnel, you may tell him that the king assents to the propositions which he makes, and that in the event of the death of the King of England, if he should be strong enough to keep his ground in Ireland, he may rely on considerable succours from his majesty, who will give orders for preparing whatever is necessary at Brest for that purpose. But as a matter of that importance demands the closest secrecy, it is proper that you should assure him that M. de Barillon shall know nothing of it. (Tyrconnel's agent was too closely connected with Sunderland,) and that you take measures for opening a direct correspondence with Lord Tyrconnel, in order that we may, if necessary, settle with him as to the conditions under which his majesty might grant him his demands and the necessary assistance in order to maintain the Catholic religion in Ireland, and separate that kingdom from the rest of England, in the event of a Protestant prince succeeding to the throne.' Thus

authorized, Bonrepaus lost no time, and Tyrconnel communicated to him that before a year was over, every thing should be prepared in Ireland, and that for that purpose he would send a secret agent to the court of France. As to Scotland, Bonrepaus, whose embassy in England was about to expire, again renewed his first propositions for the establishment of a republic there, and announced to the Marquis de Seignelay that he would discuss the subject with him verbally."—vol. ii. p. 288.

The proceedings in the case of Magdalen College perhaps tended more than any other act of the king to shake the foundation of his throne. Those proceedings are so fully related by our own historians, and may be found at such length in Mr. Howell's edition of the State Trials, that M. Mazure can scarcely be expected to throw any additional light on the subject. His account of the king's interview with the fellows at Oxford, taken from the correspondence of Bonrepaus, is however curious, not only as a proof of the fidelity with which the French agents transmitted to their court intelligence of important occurrences, but as showing that, even in the opinion of his French friends, the conduct of James was considered not only as rash, but as destructive of the ends which he himself had in view. It appears also, from Bonrepaus' account of this interview, that James was so transported with anger, that he was even obliged to retire in order to calm himself. An attack like this upon the rights of the university at once roused the indignation of the churchmen, who only submitted under the influence of actual compulsion.

While the domestic policy of the king was thus imprudent and dangerous, he was not more successful in his relations with foreign powers. Notwithstanding the incessant protestations of friendship and affection which he lavished upon the French king, he yet failed to secure the confidence of that sovereign, who, as appears from the diplomatic correspondence of the time, placed no kind of reliance on the good faith of his ally. With the States James had indeed a difficult part to act; and, with a singular want of discretion, he confided his interest there to the hands of D'Albeville—a man of the most corrupt principles and of the most shallow capacity. The intrigues and mistakes of this miserable person are exposed at length in the narrative of M. Mazure, who is particularly full, as might be expected, in his relation of James's foreign policy. In his conduct towards the Prince of Orange, James was singularly unfortunate. Neither confiding in him nor defying him, he pursued towards him that temporising system which demonstrated his sense of his own weakness. So destructive, indeed, was the existence of the prince to the views entertained by James, that M. Mazure is inclined to believe that the king was implicated in an attempt, contemplated in the early part of the year 1688, against the life of the prince. The particulars of this transaction, which, as M. Mazure informs us, is only to be traced in the correspondence of Davaux, are so interesting that we do not hesitate to lay them before our readers.

"A native of Osnaburg, named Grousfeldt," says Davaux, "applied to him (the Prince of

Orange) for a protection in order to disclose to him a plan formed against his life. This man was brought before him, and deposed, that being in a state of extreme wretchedness at Amsterdam, and mortified at finding himself reduced to beggary, after having served so long during the war, he was frequently giving vent to his despair, and saying that he was ready to undertake any thing. One day a stranger, overhearing him talk in this manner, gave him some money. Shortly afterwards, he said, this stranger offered to make his fortune, if he would undertake to poison the person whom he would name to him. Grousfeldt, having assented to the proposition, received next day a phial of poison. The stranger told him that this poison neither altered the taste nor the colour of wine; and that he must make the experiment of its effects on his landlord, who would die of it in two hours. 'This man,' said the stranger to him, 'is a poor wretch, too obscure to make his fate excite any notice; if you make a trial of the poison upon him this very evening, to-morrow morning a person wearing a white plume will bring you two hundred guineas, and will give you every security for receiving ten thousand, if you poison the Prince of Orange.' Grousfeldt took the phial, and went to his lodging; but being seized with remorse, he departed the next day, and returned to his native country, from whence he wrote to the Prince of Orange for the means of coming and making this disclosure.

"The Prince," observes M. Mazure, "had treated this information with utter contempt, thinking that, in all probability, Grousfeldt had merely hatched this plot out of his own brain, in order to obtain some reward; but at the last Hague fair, Grousfeldt felt himself struck in the crowd, and called out, 'I am wounded:' he had actually received a thrust of a stiletto in the loins, of an inch deep.

"This event naturally attracted the attention of the Prince of Orange. The police made inquiries, to ascertain if it was true that Grousfeldt had dined, in the tavern which he mentioned, with the person whose description he had given, and who had paid his reckoning. 'This was all the clue that they could have,' says the Count Davaux, 'as Grousfeldt had declared that he had no knowledge of where this stranger lived: he neither knew his name nor his country; he only said, that the stranger spoke French badly, and he thought him an Englishman.'

"Count Davaux, who relates these facts, examines the circumstances which can throw any reasonable doubts on the existence of a plot for assassinating the Prince of Orange. How is it that Grousfeldt did not seek to make himself better acquainted with the name, residence, and country of the stranger? Having taken the poison, and having been touched with remorse so immediately afterwards, why did not he immediately go and reveal it to the prince, or at least to a magistrate? Why did not he keep the poison? 'But,' adds the count, 'as men do not always act with presence of mind on such occasions, no certain inference can be thence derived. Besides, according to Grousfeldt's declaration, the stranger, on being informed next day that the promised trial had

not been made, had urged him to keep his promise, and threatened him that if he failed, he would learn to his cost that communications of this nature were not made with impunity, and it was in consequence of this menace that Grousfeldt finally quitted Amsterdam that very day.'

"After all these details, Count Davaux adds, but in cypher, a private circumstance connected with the Marquis d'Albeville; 'I have learned from him that an Englishman residing at Amsterdam had been security for Grousfeldt; that this same Englishman came to the Marquis de Albeville last week (Letter of May 31,) and informed him of the whole affair, at which he was alarmed, because they had come to inter-rogate him as to his motives for becoming security for this man.'

"Count Davaux gives no farther details, and the only result of this mysterious affair was to afford the Prince the opportunity of having guards assigned him when he quitted the Hague to go to his castle at Loo.

"No doubt, we may venture to say with the Count Davaux, that this conspiracy against the life of the Prince of Orange was only imaginary; no other trace of it is discoverable than that which is afforded by his own correspondence, and the enemies of the English monarch did not venture to charge him with this. But in times of political or religious fanaticism there are men to be found who hold the execrable maxim, that *killing is no murder*. It is quite certain, that after the Revolution was completed, there were real conspiracies against William's life, with which there are undeniable proofs that King James was acquainted, and that if he did not authorize or approve them, he at least tolerated them."—vol. ii. p. 420.

M. Mazure then refers to a note at the conclusion of his History which we shall have occasion to mention hereafter.

The obscurity in which this transaction is enveloped, will probably never be removed; but there are some circumstances not noticed by M. Mazure, which render the affair still more singular. He does indeed allude to a previous attempt upon the person of the Prince, contemplated "by a gentleman of Piedmont who had killed his colonel." The same design is mentioned by Burnet; but there was, we believe, no particular narrative of it published, until Mr. Seward, in the fourth volume of his "*Anecdotes of distinguished Persons*," printed an original letter from Nicolas Facio, the celebrated mathematician, containing an account of the proposed attempt, communicated to Facio by the "Piedmontese gentleman" himself, Count Fenil. This person, having killed his commanding officer, fled from the French service into which he had entered; but being desirous of returning, he addressed a letter to Louvois, the French minister, proposing to seize the Prince of Orange and deliver him into the hands of the French. Louvois received the proposal with eagerness, wrote to Fenil a letter in his own hand (which was seen by Facio) holding out the greatest promises, and desiring him to come to Paris. These facts were, strangely enough, communicated to Facio, who acquainted Burnet with them, under a promise of secrecy, and ultimately in-

formed the Prince himself, who, in consequence, suffered himself to be attended with a guard. The above is the outline of Facio's narrative, which agrees with Burnet's short relation of the same affair. What became of Fenil does not appear. Six years after the discovery of this attempt, (viz. in 1692,) another conspiracy was formed against the life of William. The account of it given by Burnet is, that one Grandval had been in treaty with Louvois to perpetrate this act, and that on Louvois' death his son found a memorandum of the design amongst his father's papers, and sending for Grandval persuaded him to renew it. However, before the attempt could be accomplished, it was discovered, and Grandval, being seized, was tried in Flanders by a court-martial, and executed. The whig writers have not hesitated to assert James's participation in this scheme.* Of the justice of such an accusation it is difficult to form an opinion; but from all the circumstances of the case we are inclined to think that these designs originated with the French Court rather than with James.

It does not seem improbable that Fenil, and Grousfeldt, and Grandval, were one and the same person. We know that Count Fenil communicated his design by letter to Louvois, and that it was amongst his papers that the plan of the proposed assassination was found, on which Louvois the younger proceeded in 1692. The name of Grousfeldt too would be easily converted by the French into Grandval; but, after all, this is and must be merely matter of speculation.

There are, unfortunately, more substantial grounds for believing that James was implicated in the conspiracy against William, discovered in the year 1696, and for which several persons were tried and suffered. The most important evidence of James's guilt has been brought to light by M. Mazure, who has devoted a note at the conclusion of his volume to the subject. The account given of the transaction by James himself is as follows:—

"That about the end of the year 1693, a proposal had been made to the King, by one newly come out of England, of seizing and bringing away the Prince of Orange, and of making a rising in and about London, but his Majesty would not hear of it, looking upon the project as impracticable, and exposing his friends when he had no prospect of seconding them. The same thing some time after was proposed again, and again rejected; notwithstanding which, in the beginning of the year 1695, it was a third time moved by one Crosby, or Clench, who came from people that wished the king well (as he pretended), though another set of men than those the King had hitherto corresponded with; these persons, he said, made no doubt of seizing the Prince of Orange and bringing him off, but desired a warrant by his Majesty to empower them to do it; this the king again rejected, and charged him not to meddle in any such matter."

James then proceeds to relate the manner in which Crosby disobeyed these injunctions, and excited Sir William Parkins, Charnock, and

others, to the attempt in which they lost their lives. He then gives a narrative of Sir George Berkeley, and the commission which that person held from him, for the purpose of showing, that though he had authorized his adherents to levy war against William, he had never assented to the attempt upon his person.

In searching among the papers relating to James II., at Saint Germain, M. Mazure discovered a very extraordinary document, which necessarily raises a doubt as to the correctness of the above statement. The date (in pencil) was 1693, and it purported to be a commission from James II. It ran thus—

"You are hereby authorized and required to seize and secure the person of the Prince of Orange, and to bring him before us, taking to your assistance such others of our faithful subjects in whom you may have the most confidence; and we order and command all such lieutenants, deputy lieutenants, mayors, sheriffs, and other officers, civil and military, to be assistant to you in the due execution of these presents, and for your so doing this shall be your warrant."

In the margin of the same paper is written—*"Prendre l'ordre du Roi pour écrire au Gouverneur de Boulogne en faveur du Sieur C."*

From a letter given by M. Mazure, there appears to be little doubt that the *Sieur C.* was the Crosby whose offers are said by James to have been rejected by him; and if that be correct, it is difficult to reconcile the existence of the document discovered at St. Germain, with the statement in James's memoirs. It is possible, indeed, that although the draft of the commission may have been prepared, the scruples which James professes may have operated to prevent the completion of the instrument. It is certain that all the conspirators who suffered in 1696, denied at the scaffold, that the commission under which they acted contained any authority to seize the person of William.

The interesting nature of the inquiry will excuse the above digression; but we shall now resume the narrative of M. Mazure, with his spirited picture of the trial of the seven bishops. He has, however, brought to light no new facts, and we only advert to the subject, for the purpose of giving an extract from a letter to Barrillon, who seems to have been quite convinced that the bishops and their councils were in the right.

"It seems," says the ambassador, speaking of the trial, "as if there had been a sort of trial of strength between the two parties, and that the popular cause has completely triumphed over that of the king. The counsel for the bishops seized the opportunity which was offered them for agitating the question of the dispensing power. They maintained that this power could never be granted to the king, without entirely overturning the laws and the established form of government, which is at an end if the laws can be suspended by any other power than that which made them, namely, the Parliament. This doctrine was received with universal applause and great acclamation. The advocates of the royal prerogative were not prepared to reply, or to refute the arguments brought forward by the most learned lawyers of England, who were opposed to them."—vol. ii. p. 409.

* See Burnet and Kennett, vol. iii. p. 617, 644. † Life of James II. vol. ii. p. 545.

The birth of the Prince of Wales, which happened two days after the bishops had been committed to the Tower, hastened the crisis of James's fortunes; and the event which he had so long and so earnestly desired as that which was to strengthen and confirm his power, was in fact the immediate cause of his overthrow. The enemies of Catholicism, who had looked with hope and confidence to the Protestant heirs, now beheld themselves deprived even of this remote consolation, and in their dread of a Popish successor, they did not hesitate to invite the immediate interposition of the Prince of Orange. With consummate skill and caution that able statesman had prepared himself and his resources for this great emergency, and the call of the English nation for deliverance found a prompt answer. Never was so bold and so noble an enterprise achieved with more wisdom and valour. Although himself exposed to the vigorous assaults of France, William successfully protected the States against the menaced danger, and left himself free for the accomplishment of his great task in England. While thus, on the one hand, all that prudence could suggest and energy execute was pressed into the service of the Prince, the proceedings of James were marked with an imbecility and an inertness which almost amounted to infatuation. Undecided whether to press forward or to retrace his fatal footsteps, James *ferme dans ses irresolutions*, to use a phrase of M. Mazure, seemed willing to persuade himself that the threatened danger would yet pass away. Though forewarned, both by the French ambassador and by D'Albeville, of the preparations making in Holland, which it was but too obvious were destined for England, he still persisted in asserting that the Prince would not venture upon so perilous an enterprise; and when Louis XIV. menaced the States with war in case an attempt should be made upon England, James had the folly to resent as impertinent an interference upon which all his hopes must have depended. And yet there was in this some show of royal feeling not unbecoming a king of England:—"I need not a protector," said he to Van Aers, the ambassador of the States; "I have no wish to be treated like the Cardinal of Furstenberg"—(a creature of Louis XIV.) But upon whom was he to rely? He had alienated the affections of the great majority of his people: he had offended the Church of England, till in the extremity of her wrath she forgot even her own principles of non-resistance; he had failed to conciliate the sovereign pontiff, who, in common with all the moderate and sensible Catholics of England, looked with regret upon measures so little calculated to promote the true interests of the Church of Rome. Under these circumstances, France seemed the only power to which James could turn with confidence for assistance and support, and yet he slighted the efforts thus made by Louis in his favour; nay, as the danger approached nearer, he abandoned altogether the idea of succours from that sovereign, and endeavoured to conciliate the States, by expressing his readiness to join with them in preserving the peace of Nimeguen. The memoir which James despatched at this period to the States, given by

M. Mazure from the correspondence of Barillon, is a very remarkable document, and betrays the extremity to which the king was reduced. In consequence of the adoption of this line of policy by James, Louis XIV. suspended his intention of declaring war against the States—a fact which is now for the first time brought to light. At the same time we cannot altogether coincide with our author in the eulogy which he takes this occasion of passing upon the magnanimity of Louis XIV. whose conduct in this affair ought, he tells us, to inspire us with veneration for his character. That sovereign was fully aware that it deeply interested himself to preserve the crown of England upon the brows of James, and in forbearing at this time to press his warlike designs against Holland, he was doubtless governed by the expectation that James would probably, by his new policy, be enabled to prevent the threatened descent of the Prince of Orange. Had Louis at once declared war against the States, it would have been impossible that the repudiation by James of a connexion with France could have gained any credit, and the design of the Prince of Orange upon England would have been forwarded with double vigour. The cautious policy of the two monarchs was doomed to be unsuccessful, and the fair promises of the king of England produced no change in the conduct of the States. Thus deprived alike of his hopes of succour from France, and of forbearance from Holland, James was driven to the unpalatable necessity of retracing those steps in his domestic policy which had led him to the brink of ruin. Even this attempt failed. Those measures of restitution, so grateful to the people, were attributed to *his highness*, and not to *his majesty*, whose good faith in retracting what had cost him so much to achieve was more than suspected. In this state of things the fleet of the Prince of Orange sailed for England.

When the intelligence of this hostile armament, and of its approach to the shores of England, reached the ears of the king, all brave men expected to see him hastening to meet the invaders at the head of his army. Now came the time when the reputation for courage, which he had, perhaps, not unjustly acquired, was to be put to the test. Energy, promptitude and resolution might yet preserve the throne, which was trembling beneath him. To place himself without delay in front of his troops, and to strike a speedy and vigorous blow, was the bold and wise exhortation of the French king.

"The more a king exhibits greatness of soul in peril," said Louis, in a letter to his ambassador, "the more he strengthens the fidelity of his subjects. Let the king of England exhibit the intrepidity which is natural to him, and he will make himself formidable to his enemies, and cause them to repent of their enterprise." vol. iii. p. 266.

Again, in a subsequent letter, Louis regretted that the king hesitated to take the personal command of his forces, and finding that he had resolved to place another person at their head, he offered to despatch to James's assistance, under the title of envoy extraordinary, a marshal of France, or a lieutenant general of his

army. This degrading proposition was made too late to be accepted, nor is it probable that the king would have assented to it, since it must have heightened that jealousy which the nation had already begun to entertain of a connexion with France.

In this state of supineness James suffered the Prince of Orange to land without opposition. The disaffected, whose spirits might have been awed by a show of resolution in the king, gathered fresh hopes from the success of his enemies. To forsake the banners of a king who did not venture to lead his followers to the field was not unnatural, and the example of Lord Cornbury was quickly followed. This was the last blow to all James's hopes. That army, which it had cost him so much to create, and which he had regarded as the great engine by which all his designs in the end were to be effected, was now converted into the instrument of his destruction. Desertion followed desertion; doubt and distrust of those who still gathered under his standards rendered every idea of effective resistance vain; and, without striking a single blow in his defence, James beheld his sceptre wrenched from his hands.

In estimating the character of this great transaction, and of those who played the principal parts in it, M. Mazure has, we think, displayed some harshness and injustice towards William. The circumstance of his relationship and near connexion with James appears to have had an undue weight upon the mind of the historian. It is well that the tender charities and affections of private life should in social intercourse be inviolably observed; but when the happiness and welfare of nations are thrown into the opposite scale, who can blame the man who yields to such paramount claims? In other respects also, the character of William seems to be displeasing to the historian; his imperturbable coldness, his utter want of vivacity, and perhaps, more than all, his irreconcilable aversion to France, have arrayed the prejudices of M. Mazure against him.

In closing the volume before us we cannot avoid expressing our regret, or rather our shame, that the literature of England possesses no worthy history of the greatest revolution ever wrought upon English soil. The public have long looked in vain for the performance of this task to the genius of Mackintosh; but we confess that there is another pen which we should even with more satisfaction see employed in tracing this neglected but noble history.

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